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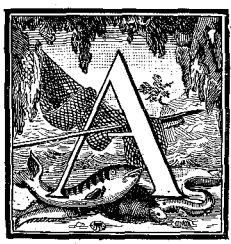
THE LAND OF THE WINANISHE.

By Leroy Milton Yale and J. G. Aylwin Creighton.



ABOUT one hundred miles nearly due north of Quebec lies Lake St. John, some twenty-six miles long by twenty wide. It is of no great depth, hence its Indian name, Pikouagami, "the Flat Lake," which expresses well the appearance of its shores and its function as a settling basin for the silt of a dozen rivers which pour into it the waters of a tract the size of the State of Maine. Fed by innumerable lakes and streams, most of these rivers are large. Three of them—the Ashuapmouchouan, "the river where they watch the moose," the Mistassini, or "river of the great rock," and the Peribonca, "the curious river"—come from great lakes on the summit of the watershed between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay, receive large tributaries, are from 200 to 250 miles long, and are over a mile wide at their mouths, which are close together at the northwestern end of the lake. The Ashuapmouchouan, the smallest of the three, is sometimes erroneously marked on maps as the upper part of the Saguenay, but this name really belongs to none of them. This immense volume of water, which raises the lake at times twenty-five feet, has but one outlet, divided for the first eight miles into two branches by Alma Island, at the foot of which the Grande Décharge, after a circuit of twelve miles in mighty rapids, unites with the Petite Décharge—straighter and held in check by dams for the safe passage of timber—to form La Décharge du Lac St. Jean, a mighty stream, which, after a turbulent course of some thirty miles more, wrenches asunder the syenite at Les Terres Rompues, seven miles above Chicoutimi, and expanding into fjord-like reaches becomes the Saguenay.

Near the lake the scenery is tame, but beyond the boundaries of the prehistoric sea, which probably discharged by the St. Maurice instead of by the Saguenay, there is a land of mountain and forest, lake and river. The ranges are low, except up the Peribonca and to the south, where the Laurentians are massed, but every stream cuts its way in falls and rapids of great size, beauty, and endless variety.

This region was better known to the French colonists two centuries ago than it is to the average Canadian to-day. Traders had their eyes on the supposed El Dorado as early as Roberval's ill-fated expedition in 1543, and as soon as Champlain established La Nouvelle France the post at Tadoussac attracted the Indians from the upper Saguenay. The "Relations des Jésuites" for 1647 and 1652 give accounts of Père De Quen's voyages to Lake St. John. In the Relation of 1658, the various river routes to Hudson's Bay are described with much greater accuracy than in the would-be discoveries of sensational writers of the present time. In 1661, Fathers Gabriel Druillettes and Claude Dablon, in "the first voyage made toward the Northern

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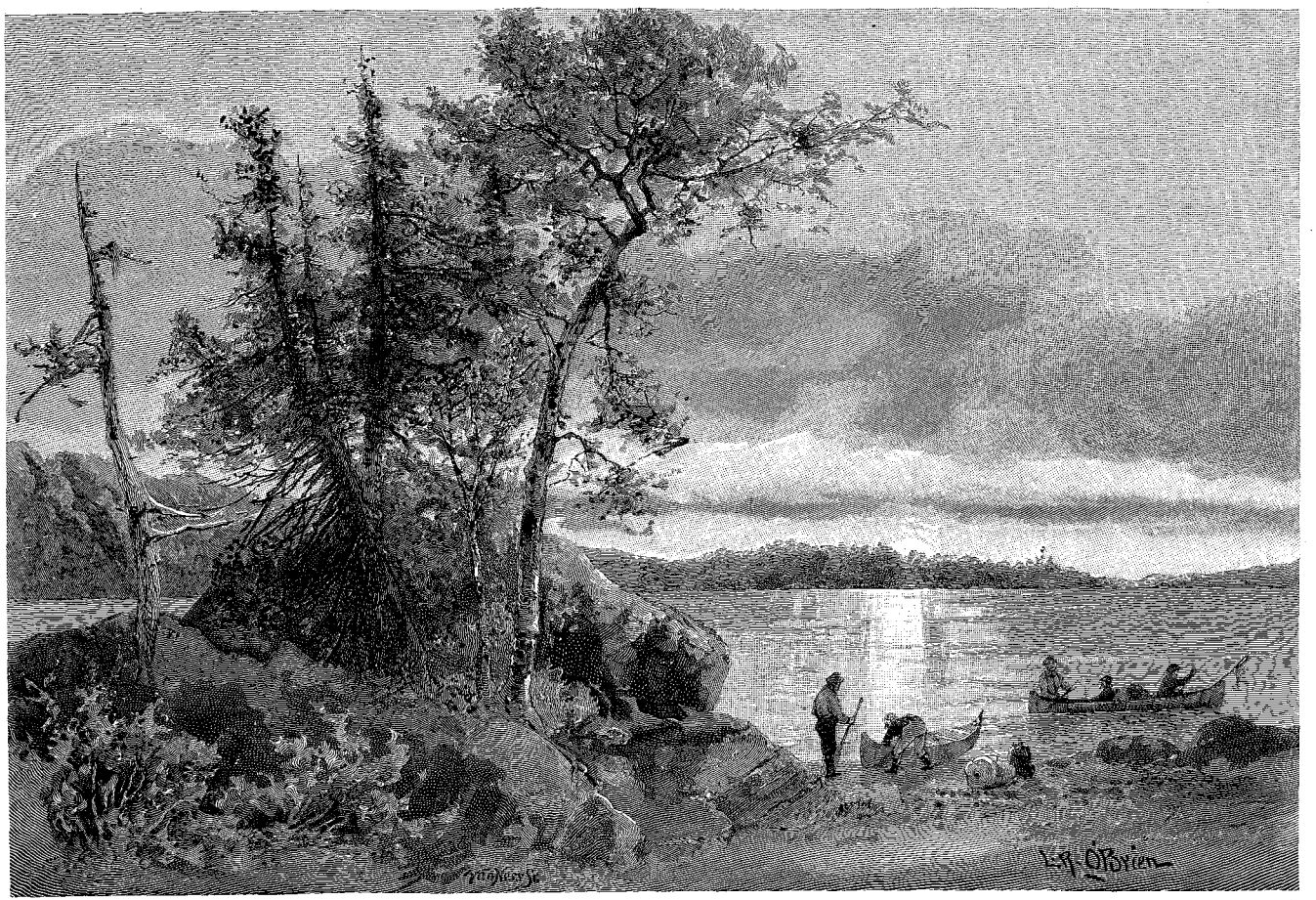

Lake St. John—an early start.

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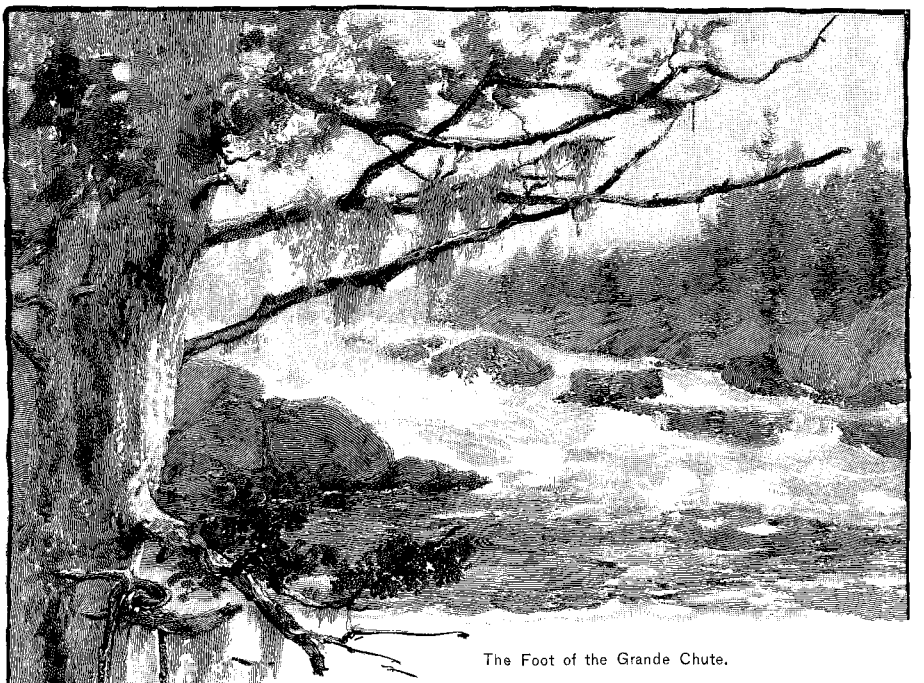

The Foot of the Grande Chute.

Sea," got as far as Lake Nikoubau at the head of the Ashuapmouchouan, where a great trading fair was held annually by the Indians. But for fear of the Iroquois, who were then on the war-path, they would have anticipated Père Albanel's journey to Hudson's Bay in 1672. In 1680 an adventurer named Peltier had a trading post at Nikoubau.

It was not till 1842 that the expiration of the lease of the King's Posts to the Hudson's Bay Company, the successors of the Northwest Company and of the farmers of the Domaine du Roi, ended two centuries of monopoly which had represented the region to be an Arctic desert. But the energy of the Prices, "the Lumber Kings," and of colonization societies, formed in the counties along the lower St. Lawrence among the descendants of the Normans and Bretons who gave English blood its strongest strain of adventure, has filled the triangle between Ha Ha Bay, Chicoutimi, and Lake St. John with thickly settled parishes, and strung out a chain of settlements round the south and west shores of the lake to 120 miles from Chicoutimi. Except the missions and posts which connected Tadoussac with Mistassini and Hudson's Bay, there was not a settlement on the Saguenay till 1838. Ten years later the colonists were at Lake St. John, and now the population is over 40,000. Protected from the cold winds of the Gulf, with a climate and winter better and shorter than at Quebec, and a soil in which the long hot days of the brief northern summer bring to quick maturity such semi-tropical products as maize, melons, hemp, and tobacco, the region has developed slowly, because so isolated. To get to Quebec

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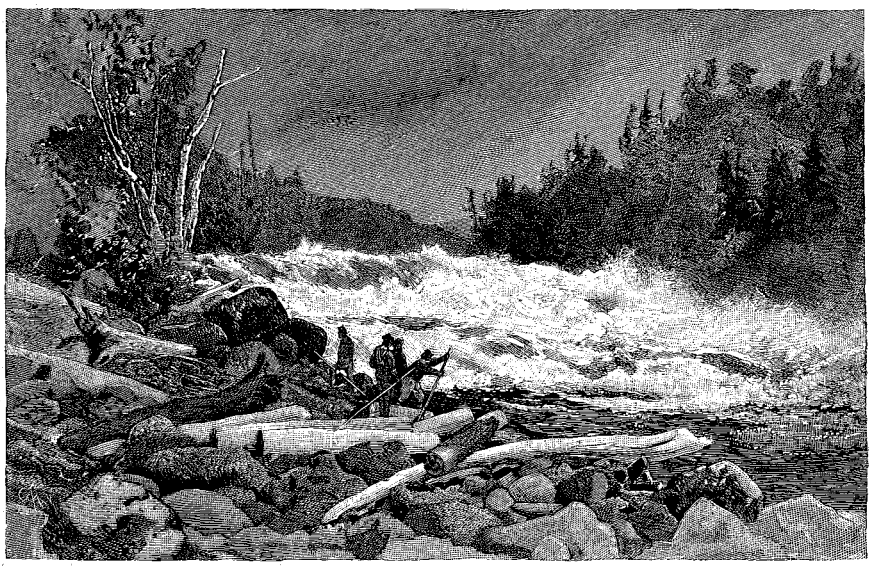
there were the Saguenay steamers in summer or a long round over the mountains by roads impassable for weeks in autumn and spring, and running through a hundred miles of wilderness.

But whatever value the region may have for the settler or charms for the eye of the tourist, it has for the angler an unique attraction—it is the land of the winanishe. And what is a winanishe?

The winanishe—or ouinaniche, according to French spelling—is a fish, and a fish of great interest to both naturalist and angler. The etymology of the name, which is said to be Indian for "saumon de l'eau douce," is untraceable in either Montagnais or Cree: the most probable derivation is that which assigns it to an Indian attempt to pronounce "saumon" with the addition of the well-known diminutive "ishe." This exactly describes the fish—the little salmon—for to the naturalist it is simply an Atlantic salmon of small size which is not anadromous, that is, does not periodically run up from the sea. The same fish is found in parts of Maine, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick and known as the land-locked salmon, and is probably identical with the land-locked salmon of Sweden. *Salmo salar, variety Sebago,* is its scientific name, the latter part of the appellation coming from a lake in Maine where it attains its greatest size. The identity of the winanishe with the *Salmo salar* is quite settled by its anatomy. Size and color, always uncertain and variable characteristics in the *Salmonidæ,* are affected by locality, and the habits of a fish are adapted, if possible, to surroundings. The real problem in each case of "land-locking" is how it happened, which cannot be discussed here.

In the Saguenay there is no reason why the fish should not go to the sea—in fact, they do descend to the tideway in large numbers every spring with the heavy floods, but whether they remount is as yet undetermined; the falls and heavy rapids may be insuperable even for their activity and strength, but we are inclined to think they return to spawn in the Décharge. Stray individuals have been caught in the Saguenay rivers, at Tadoussac and even in the St. Lawrence above the Saguenay, but they are the exception which proves the rule that the winanishe is peculiar to Lake St. John and its streams. In the lake itself they are abundant in spring. When the high water begins to fall they approach the shores and are taken in great numbers at the mouths of the rivers. In June, the great body of the fish seem to descend into the Grande Décharge—before the barring of the Petite Décharge



The Head of the Vache Caille Rapid.

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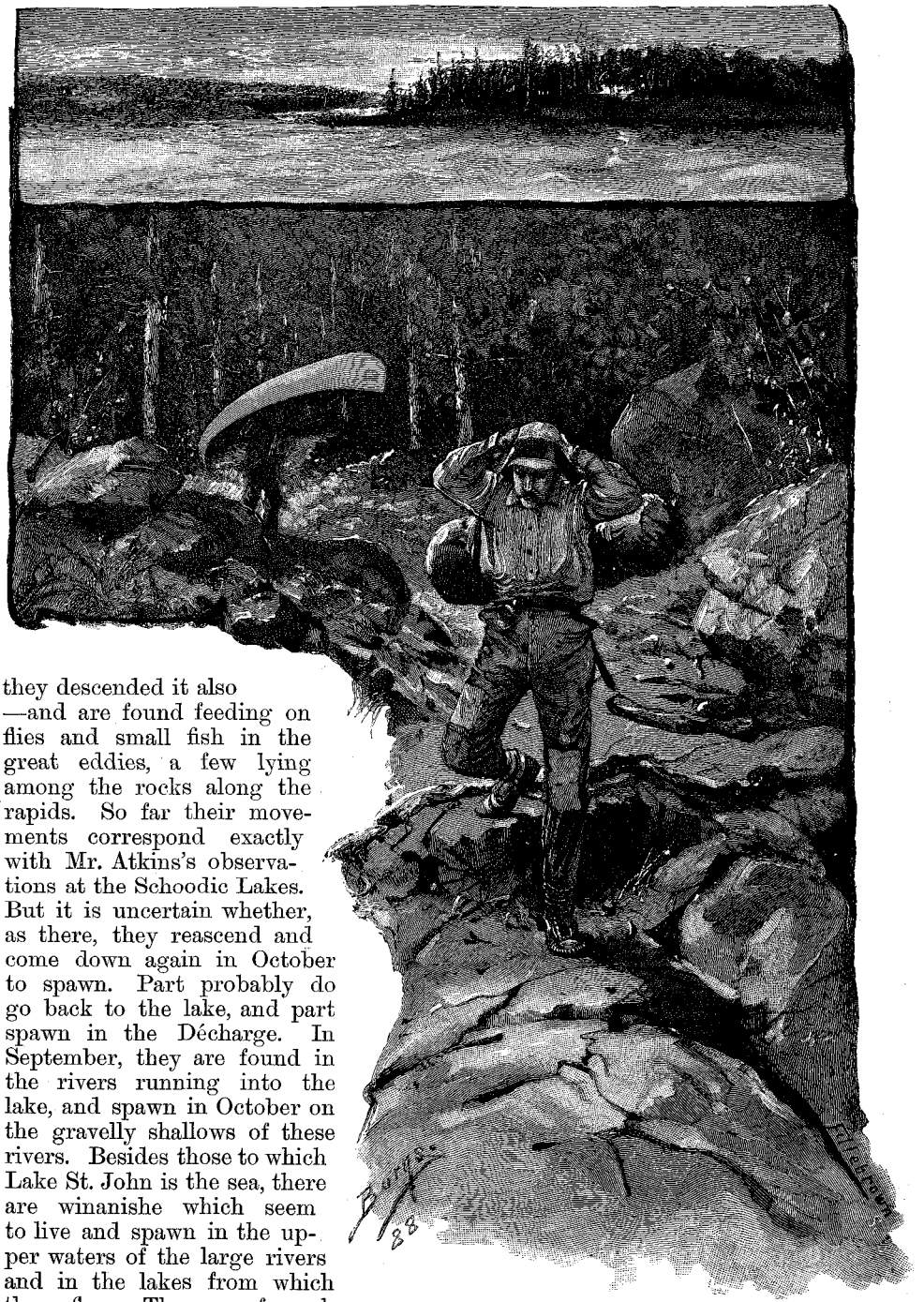

The Union of the Two Décharges—On the Portage.

they descended it also —and are found feeding on flies and small fish in the great eddies, a few lying among the rocks along the rapids. So far their movements correspond exactly with Mr. Atkins's observations at the Schoodic Lakes. But it is uncertain whether, as there, they reascend and come down again in October to spawn. Part probably do go back to the lake, and part spawn in the Décharge. In September, they are found in the rivers running into the lake, and spawn in October on the gravelly shallows of these rivers. Besides those to which Lake St. John is the sea, there are winanishe which seem to live and spawn in the upper waters of the large rivers and in the lakes from which these flow. They are of much larger average size in these lakes, but refuse the fly at all seasons, and can be taken only by bait or trolling. In all probability the fish has a wide range to the north, but confusion of nomenclature, the rare opportunity for skilled observation, and the difficulty

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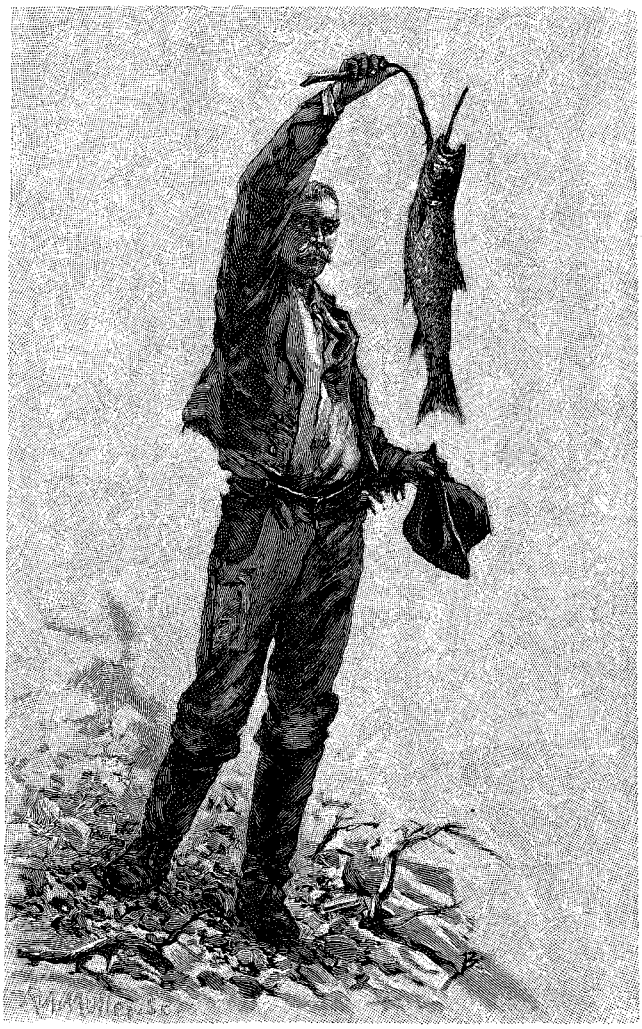
of getting reliable information from Indians and lumbermen, leave a good field for investigation.



The Voyageur Type.

Now let us see what points the winanishe has for the angler, who regards the look and ways of a fish rather than its bones. In appearance a fresh-run salmon and a fresh-run winanishe do not differ much more than salmon from different rivers. The back of a winanishe is greener blue, and in a fish just out of water can be seen to be marked with olive spots, something like the vermiculations on a trout; the silvery sides are more iridescent, the X-marks are more numerous and less sharply defined; the patches of bronze, purple, and green on the gill-covers are larger and more brilliant, and with them are several large round black spots. As the water grows warm the bright hues get dull, and toward autumn the rusty red color and hooked lower jaw of the spawning salmon develop. As the winanishe, unlike the salmon, feeds continuously, and in much heavier and swifter water than salmon lie in, it has a slimmer body and larger fins, so that a five-pound winanishe can leap higher and oftener than a grilse and fight like a ten-pound salmon. The

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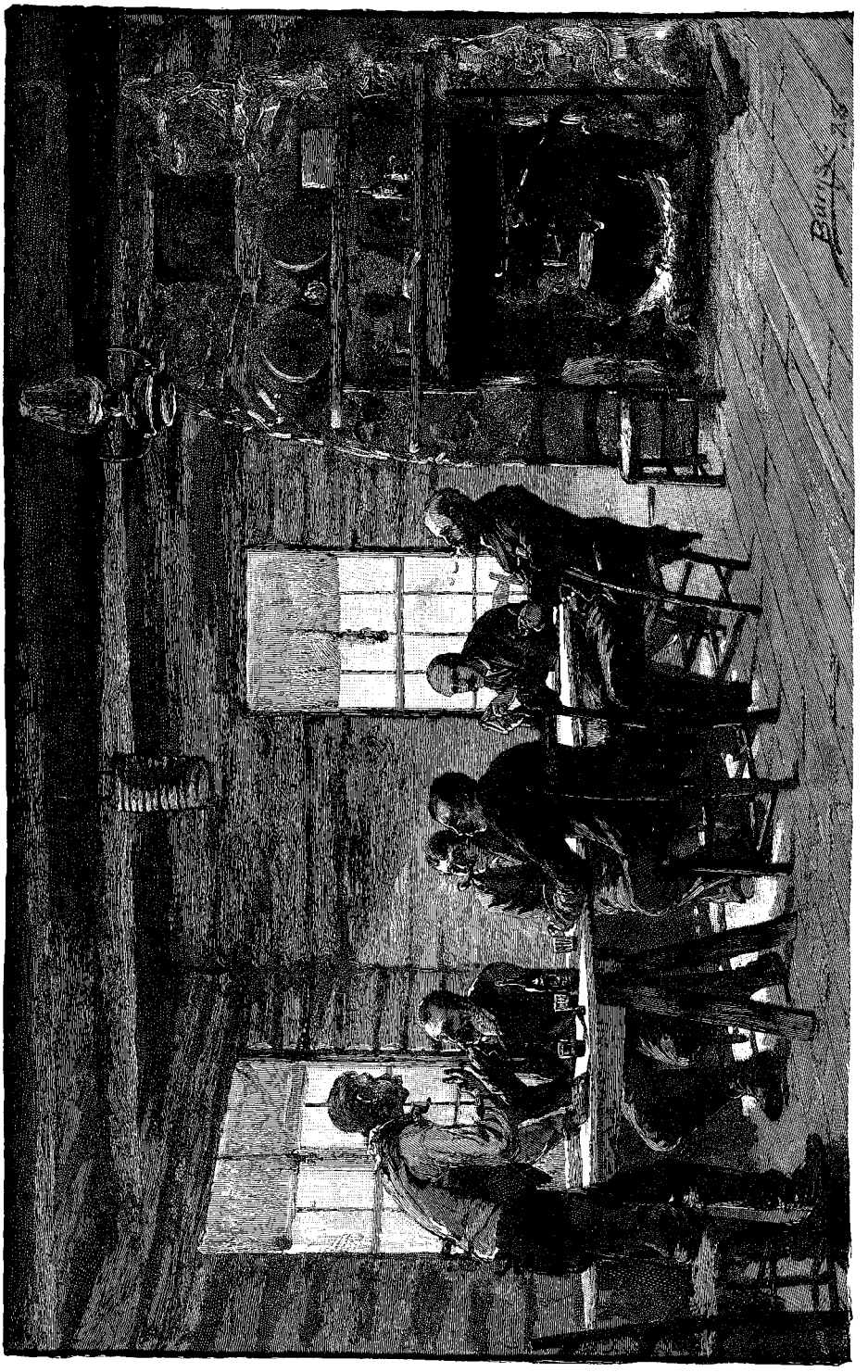

In the Lodge.

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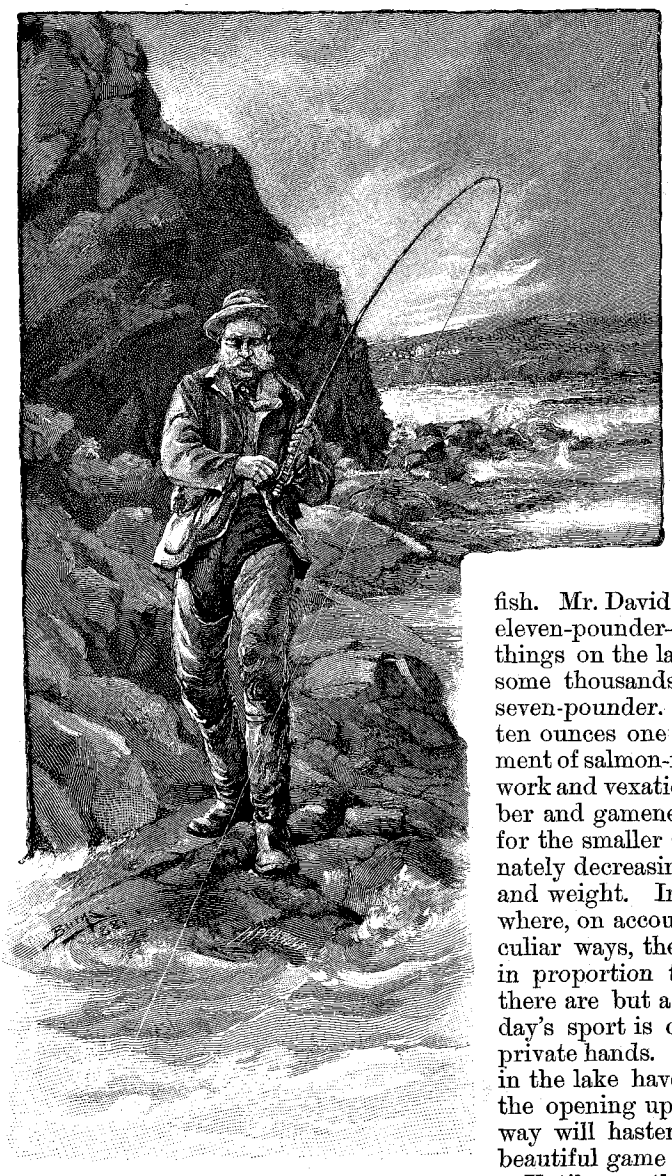
variety of its habits, which are a compound of those of the trout and those of the salmon, with some peculiarities of its own, gives great charm to winanishe-angling, and opportunity for every style from the "floating fly" on tiny hooks to the "sink and draw" of the salmon cast. It takes the fly readily when in the humor, though wary and capricious like all its relations, and fights hard, uniting the dash of the trout with the doggedness and ingenuity of the salmon.

In railway and hotel prospectuses, the winanishe weighs from five to fourteen pounds. In Lake St. John and the Décharge, the average is two and a half; four-pounders are large and not too plentiful, while six-pounders are scarce. The winanishe is, however, much longer than a trout of the same weight; a five-pounder, for example, is twenty-five inches long, twelve in girth, and looks like an eight-pound salmon. Now and then solitary fish of great size are seen, old *habitants* dating from "les premières années" when "ça en bouillait, Monsieur, des grosses comme des carcajous" (it just boiled, sir, with ones as big as wild-cats), but they are intensely wary and carefully guarded by the demon of ill-luck. Oh! the agonizing memory of that winanishe which, after a two hours' fight, made even tough old Theodose lose his head and—the fish. Mr. David Price is credited with an eleven-pounder—the Prices always did things on the largest scale—but among some thousands we have seen only one seven-pounder. With a rod of eight to ten ounces one gets almost the excitement of salmon-fishing—without its hard work and vexation of spirit, for the number and gameness of the fish make up for the smaller size. They are unfortunately decreasing fast, both in number and weight. In the Grande Décharge, where, on account of the winanishe's peculiar ways, the pools were always few in proportion to the extent of water, there are but a few places now where a day's sport is certain, and these are in private hands. Settlement and netting in the lake have had a great effect, and the opening up of markets by the railway will hasten the extinction of this beautiful game fish.



Rock Fishing.

Until recently the Décharge could be

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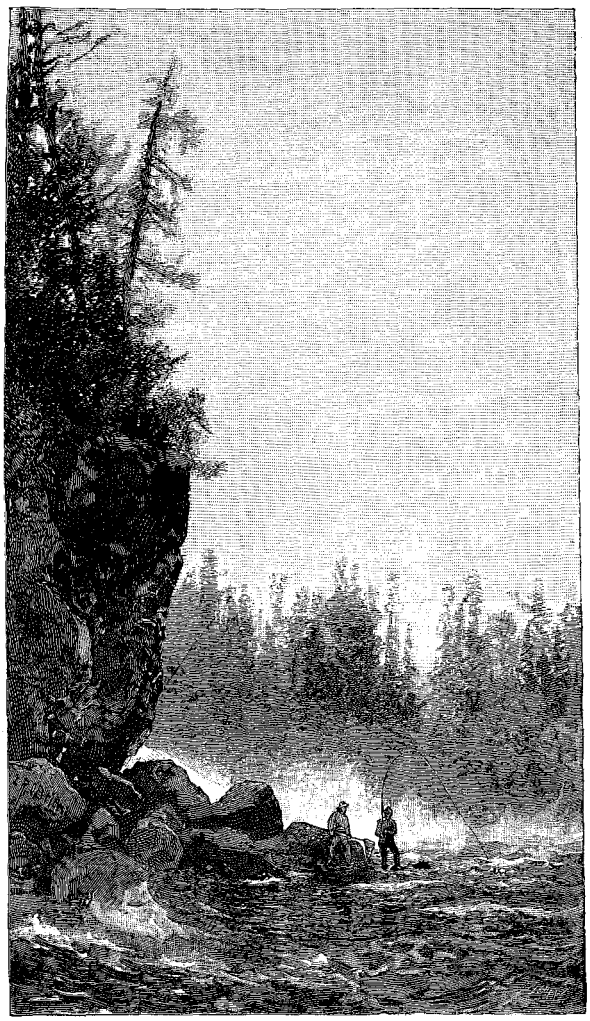
reached only by way of Chicoutimi. There the traveller had a choice of routes. To the angler who finds more joy in the haunts of fish than in fishing, the ascent of the Saguenay by canoe is well worth the time taken from his angling, but the man who dislikes rough water and rocky portages must take a tedious drive of sixty miles *viâ* Hébertville. Last year the completion of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway as far as the lake afforded a new route, which we took, partly to see the country and partly to make sure of being on the water before the winanishe, which, as becomes a fish peculiar to so French-Canadian and devout a region, makes a point to spend the national feast-day, St. John the Baptist, with his expectant friends; or, failing to keep this tryst, that of St. Peter and St. Paul, which for obvious reasons seems the more appropriate time.

Early on a mid-June morning—if indeed in that latitude and season any hour can be called early—we met at the railway station at Quebec. The first fifty miles of the road sweeps off to the west through a fairly settled farming country. As there is nothing of especial interest without, we turn to that solace of the traveller, the time-table and map.



"The hill covered with dark pines is the point of Ile Maligne."

All roads led to Rome, all new railways run to the "Sportsman's Paradise." As he reads the old familiar tale, our reactionist—who envies the Jesuits because they got here before him and died before railways were known—says something about "beholding heaven and feeling hell" and "sportsmen's curse." But perhaps he meant the mosquitoes, black flies, and sandflies; they are plentiful. So are trout, and big ones, too—in due place and season. The prospectus, however, is judiciously reticent as to these details, leaving the stranger to learn them for himself, along with colloquial French and the ways of Indian guides.

But what an epitome of Canadian history is this little list of stations! Here and there an Indian name survives, telling of the original inhabitants. Valcartier, Roberval, and Stadacona carry us back to the first bold but fruitless attempt of the sixteenth century, while Hébertville is a monument to the Curé who led the settlers of Lake St. John, and incidentally to the fecundity of the first *habitant* of the New France of Champlain. Dablon and De Quen now stand side by side on the railway-table, as those names did once in the roll of the Socie-

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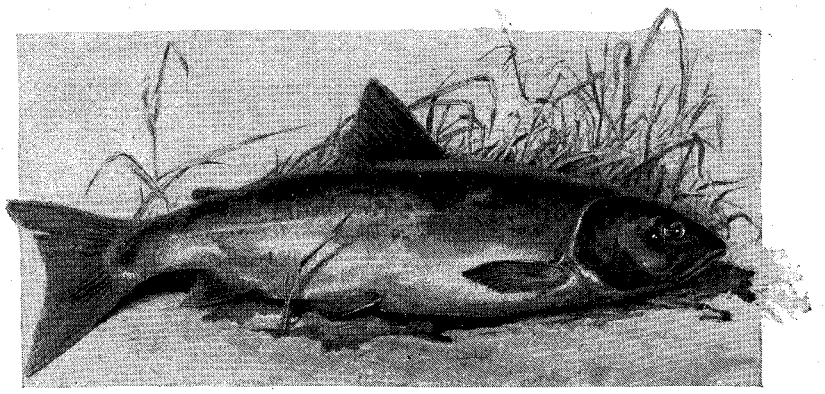
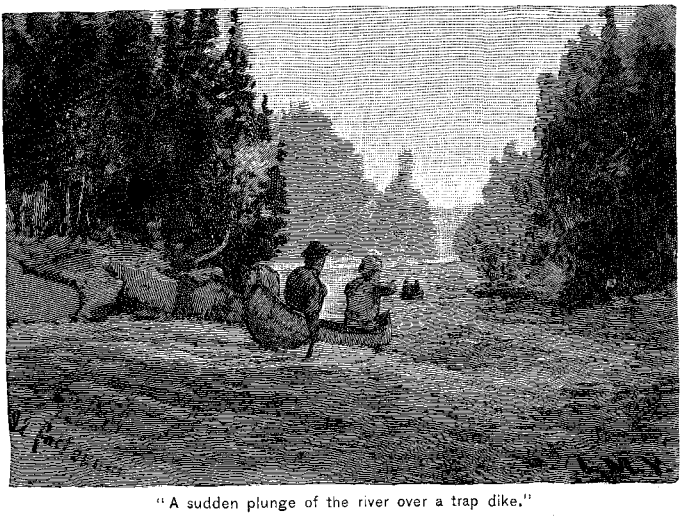
tas Militans. And how are the old trapper and to-day's man of business confronted in Lac Gros Visons and Skroder's Mills!



A Winanishe.

From the Rivière à Pierre to De Quen is a stretch of more than one hundred miles which, except for the railway, is an unbroken wilderness. Occasionally the train halts for a sportsman whose canoe waits at the lake beside which we are running. The valley of the wild river Batiscan leads up to the head of Lac Edouard, where we dine and are told tales of wonderful trout-fishing to be had for the asking, as the lake is leased by the railway company. At the end of the afternoon we arrived at a cross-road, which at that unfinished state of the line was "nowhere in particular," but presented the only feasible way of getting to the highway which, skirting the lake, gives access to the parishes east and west. Passengers and luggage were deposited upon a rocky bank, at the foot of which, in a slough, were gathered a goodly number of *quatre roues*—the buck-boards of the locality, a seat in the middle of a plank with a rude and jointless chaise-top above. After a due amount of haggling, we found transport through two miles of hub-deep mud to the village of Pointe aux Trembles, one of the many of that name in the province, and were left at "Poole's," "le vrai hôtel pour les Messieurs," a freshly made log-house hurried up by the energy of the proprietor, who had for some time moved along with the railway.



"A sudden plunge of the river over a trap dike."

It was an evening's work to find conveyance to St. Joseph d'Alma on the Petite Décharge, within which parish our fishing lay. If an arrangement were concluded it would then turn out that half a day was wanted to mend the wagon or to send for a set of harness. The little crowd which always gathers on such important occasions was so actively and volubly interested that it

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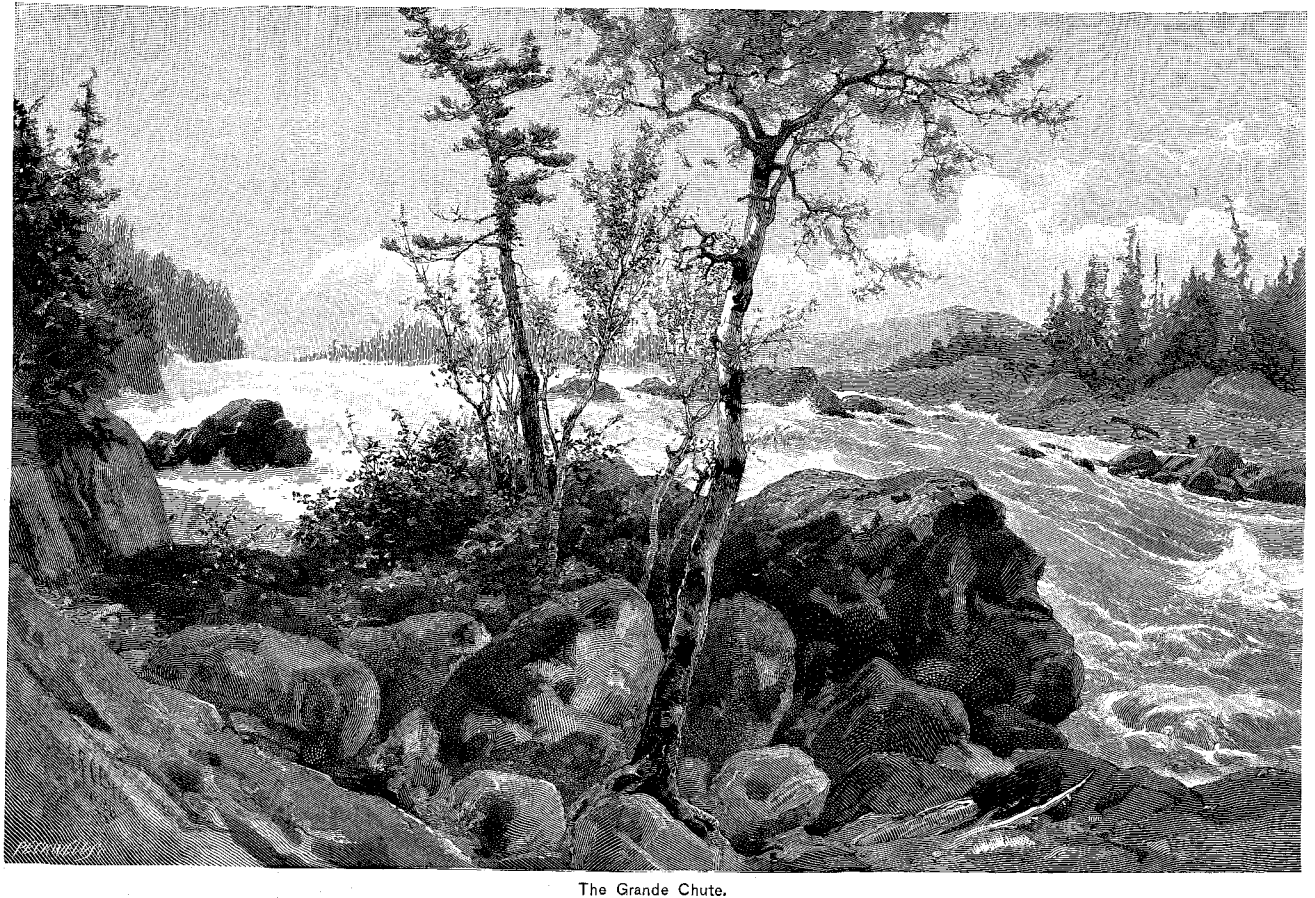

The Grande Chute.

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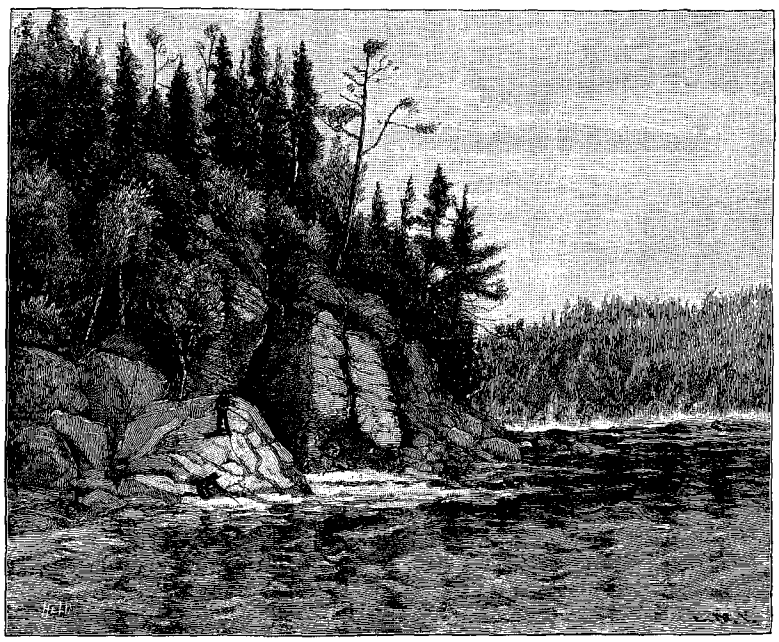
was hard to get in a word of our own. The claims of rival candidates were warmly discussed by their respective friends. doors, and—there was an election coming—anticipating the political orations after mass which afford keen excitement



The Foot of Ile Maligne Portage.

"It is not everybody who should pretend that he is capable of conducting Messieurs, who, as one easily sees, are truly des Messieurs." Everybody, however, was "bēn gréyé" (well-rigged). One driver had a buck-board and great experience: "It is he, sir, who drove un grand Monsieur de Bāston, two years ago," and perhaps he could get a neighbor's horse. Another had one of the finest mares in the parish, but it was keenly debated whether her foal could make the journey. A third could borrow a *quatre roue*, "a fine one, all but the wheels," but then one always risks something, and what easier for the Messieurs than to hire another on the way if some accident arrives; it is not as with poor men, *par exemple*, who must look at five cents.

However, we got off in good time next morning. As we passed the village church the congregation was gathering for the weekly gossip before service, discussing the notices which the *huissier* (bailiff and crier) was affixing to the church for the argumentative and voluble *habitant*.

The road lies pleasantly near the border of the lake, and its course can be traced, right and left, round the oval contour, by the slender white thread of houses on the slopes that lead from the broad sand beaches to the low hills which close in the landscape on three sides. At intervals the sparkle of tin-covered spires shows where the churches bring the wide-scattered parishes to a focus. To the west a snowy patch, visible from all round the lake, like the topsail of a ship hull down, marks the three-hundred feet fall of the Ouiatchouan; Ile des Couleuvres and Ile de la Traverse appear only as stripes of lighter green against the dark forests of the mainland; Roberval is high enough on its slaty bed studded with corallites and madrepores to be seen as a cluster of white dots; but Pointe Bleue is a mere bank of indigo cloud on the far horizon, and only an Indian's eyes could distinguish the Hudson's Bay Post and the

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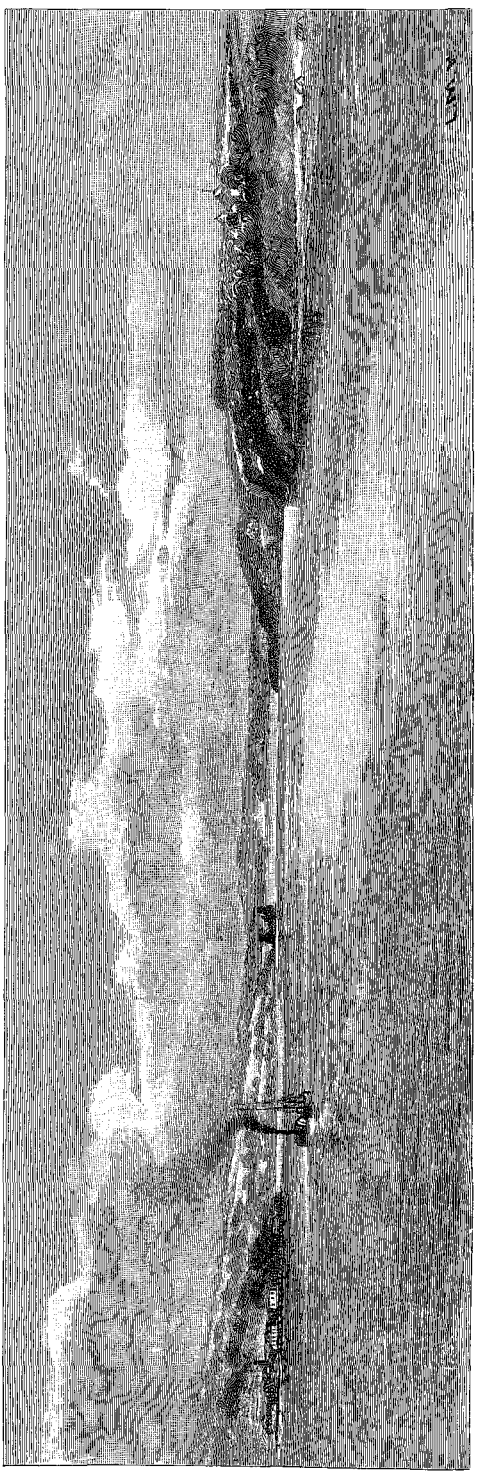
buildings on the Indian Reserve from the crests of the waves which even a light summer breeze raises so fast and high. An outpost flash from the church of St. Prime just indicates where, at the mouth of the Ashuapmouchouan, Fathers Druillettes and Dablon started "on the road to enter for good and all into the lands of Sathan," but northward there is nothing but water and sky, for the sand dunes and *savannes* of the unsettled northern shore are far below the horizon. Eastward the long curve of yellow sand, banded red and black with beds of iron ore rich in garnets, ends in the low blue bluffs and rocky islets that guard the mouths of the Décharges, and is backed by the wooded ridge between the lake and the Saguenay, over which rise the distant peaks that border the Shipshaw.

The houses differ little from the ordinary French-Canadian farmhouses of other sparsely settled districts. Built of squared logs well calked with the beaten bark of the white cedar or with oakum, they are frequently sheathed with large pieces of birch-bark held in place by hand-split laths of cedar, while the curved-eaved roof, in default of shingles, is covered in the same manner. The barns are often thatched with straw, but the outbuildings frequently present a greater appearance of thrift than the houses. One picturesque outbuilding always catches the eye—the oven. That altar of weekly burnt-offering which was the glory of the New England kitchen is here set up out-of-doors, as if to give it the sanctity of isolation. On a substructure of logs the oven is built of stones plastered over with clay; over all, if the family can afford it, is a pent-roof of boards.

Galloping up and down the short rough hills jolted us smartly, and a bag of angler's valuables was missed some miles on our way. Thereupon ensued a wordy war between the carter and the passen-



The End of the Canoe-journey

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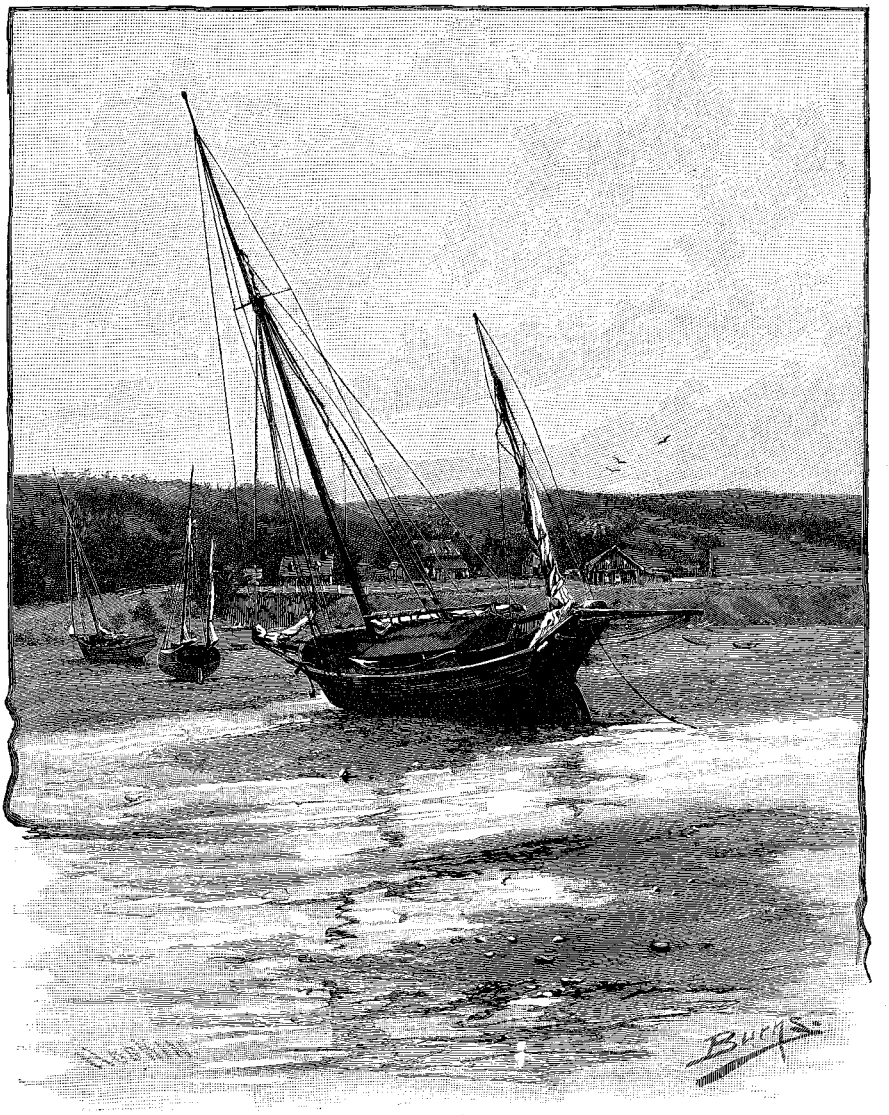

Tadoussac—Low Tide.

ger whose command of *habitant* French was most nearly equal to the occasion. "It does not do to offend the Bon Dieu," said the carter solemnly; "this has come of not hearing mass before starting." His opponent maintained that the loss was due to the most patent carelessness in tying. The by-stander was impressed by the frequently recurring "Sacré bateau," probably an invocation of the original "vessel of wrath;" but he was presently left with the luggage while the disputants drove back to search for the bag. When the returning vehicle was visible through the mosquito-cloud, it was evident that the search had been successful, and as it drew near the conversation had softened down from an interchange of "gros mots" to a discussion of responsibility and criminal negligence.

The vehicle reloaded, the discussion was resumed, and the carter, finding his legal footing insecure, as his adversary was a man of law, shifted to moral grounds. Turning his back upon his

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horse, whose pace was an entirely safe one, he proposed to argue the matter out, with the by-stander as the judge. Proposition first: There is one God, for rich and poor, for Protestant and Catholic alike. Accepted without objection. Second: It is the duty of all to worship him. Therefore the bag fell off because the driver had not assisted at mass. Here the advocate demurred. "If you neglected the mass it was of your own free will and the responsibility abides with you." "Nay," responded the carter, "I am poor, I must have bread for my wife and children. God grants this liberty to the poor, and the responsibility recoils upon the rich who offer to hire me and who can afford to wait." And so the debate waged till the steep bank of the river Metabetchouan brought it to a close. The rope ferry took us across, and a few miles more brought us to a belated dinner at St. Jerome. The afternoon wore away without incident, while the road took us across La Belle Rivière, that old highway of the Jesuit missionaries, and by St. Gédéon.

The rustic mind seems everywhere to have a common trait, an inability to give accurate and clear information concerning the road you wish to travel. If we asked the distance to any point, one responded "di (deux) lieues;" another, "trois lieues et encore," and the third "trois pipes," the time required to smoke a pipe being a measure of distance. As everything in that country is governed by the inexorable "coutume," it is possible that the size of pipes and the quality of tobacco are sufficiently uniform to be thus used. On one occasion only did the group questioned agree, and then they sent us several miles out of our way. Finding this out, we debated turning back, when a passer-by directed us to proceed and to cross a certain bridge which would bring us back to our road more quickly. On nearing the bridge we were warned that it was impassable from the high water. Our informant further insisted that we should return several miles as M. M——, the proprietor, no longer allowed passing across his fields, and had that day so announced from the church steps, and, as the tenant of M. M——, he was bound to obstruct us. Despite his shrill remonstrance we persevered in our trespassing. As we crossed the farm, our carter was moved to a flight of eloquence. His wrathful thought went back to the old man who had sent us down to the bridge. "What liars they are, gentlemen, in this parish! Why did that old man send us to the bridge? To engulf us, gentlemen. I assure you, gentlemen, it was such as he who crucified our Lord." Instead of the expected angry remonstrances we received a warm welcome from M. M——, who claimed acquaintance with the advocate, on the strength of an altercation about a fishing license some eight or ten years before. Some parish politics were discussed, but our names were not on the voting list, and we were soon bidden good-day.

But we were already descending the Petite Décharge within hearing of its roar, and soon we had come into the village, had spoken with some of the handsome black-eyed boys, one of whom assured us that "les ouinaniches sautent," and had called on the postmaster. Two miles farther brought us opposite to the great Vache Caille eddy, across which, on the point of Alma Island, stands the end of our journey, Alma Lodge, the home of the Saguenay Club, a well-built log-house, with all that is necessary to the comfort of a real angler, and free from the vexatious non-essentials of "fancy" sporting clubs. A signal brought a canoe, and we were presently safely across before daylight had gone. We had been twelve hours in doing thirty-five miles, but then, as our driver remarked, "One can only do one's best, the Bon Dieu has not made a horse to trot always."

Next morning we start for our fishing with a "bonne chance, Messieurs," from the guardian's pretty wife, a black-eyed, olive-complexioned girl of sixteen. The house-keeping and cuisine of the lodge attest the practical teaching of the Ursuline Convent at Roberval; the accomplishments appear in wonders of silk embroidery on hunting-shirts and in the trained voice which enlivens her work with *chansons*. We have to walk to the head of the Vache Caille Rapid, which runs in front of the lodge.

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Two of the canoemen, putting their canoes on their heads almost as easily as their hats, have gone on; their mates wait for the rods and traps. A fine quartette they are, French-Canadians all, of the *voyageur* type, with all the skill of the Indian in woodcraft, and ten times his courage, brown and strong from trapping and lumbering all their lives, grave and serious looking, but with a keen vein of humor, shrewd and hard bargaining but thoroughly honest, unable, perhaps, to write their names, but with a genuine polish of manner which compels respect by its dignified deference. One can make companions and friends of such men as these. Their costume is simple enough. Home-made trousers of the home-woven gray woollen *étoffe du pays* tucked into the wrinkled legs of the long moccasins tied below the knee, which, in contradistinction from town-made "bottes françaises," are known as "bottes sauvages;" a flannel shirt with a gay kerchief in a broad fold over the chest; a soft felt hat of Protean shapes and uses, with a cherished fly or two stuck in the crown;—perhaps, if "la blonde" is near her "cavalier," a feather or a wild flower in the band.

The volume of the rapids, the swiftness, complexity, and heavy swirls of the currents make canoeing most exciting, and at times a little dangerous on these waters. They are too deep for the use of setting-poles, and everything depends on strength and skill with the paddle. Mounting the Grande Décharge, when it is fifteen feet above summer level and running like a mill-race, is hard work. But, taking advantage of every eddy, gripping rocks with hand and paddle, handing along by the tops of the submerged alders, passing between branches of overhanging trees undermined by the current, by sheer dint of hard paddling we get up a mile and a half. Now for the *traverse*. The canoe sweeps down and across in a beautiful curve, head up stream and the paddles flashing like lightning, except when a *tourniquet* catches her and spins her half round a circle, while Joseph with a sidelong sweep decapitates a wave which threatens to lop over the gunwale. "Un animal d'un tourniquet," he says, pointing to the funnel-shaped whirl swiftly gyrating down stream, the air-bubbles hissing through the yellow water like the bead in a glass of champagne. We are nearly half a mile down when the canoe swings with a sharp shock into the upeddy on the opposite shore.

"C'est la place de pêche, Monsieur," says Narcisse, easing off the grip of his teeth on his pipe, and Joseph, having finished drinking out of the rim of his hat, remarks that "on a coutume de prendre des grosses ici." Winanishe, like trout, are of the fair sex in French, and are roughly classified into "petites," "belles," and "grosses."

This is the famous "Remou de Caron," or Caron's Eddy. The big white waves surging round the rocky island, which later on will become a point covered with bushes, are the tail of the Caron Rapid, a crooked and dangerous one, because of the height of its waves and the size of its *tourniquets* or whirlpools, which suck down sawlogs as if they were chips, casting them up a couple of hundred yards farther down, to be caught in the eddies and swept again and again through the wild rush of water until the ever-changing set of the current tosses them on the rocks or carries them off down stream. Pool, in the angler's usual understanding of the term, there is none; for the deep river, over a quarter of a mile wide, is totally unlike a salmon or trout stream. At first he is rather bewildered by the interlacing currents running in every direction, bearing along streaks of froth which gathers in patches as dazzling as snow, that revolve slowly for a minute or two, then suddenly dissolving go dancing in long white lines over the short ripples.

"Ça saute, Monsieur:" no splash marks the rise, but a broad tail appears and disappears where a winanishe is busy picking flies out of the foam; then another and another still. They are "making the tour" round the whole system of minor eddies and currents, sometimes staying a minute in some large patch of froth where the flies are thick, sometimes swimming and rising rapidly in a straight current line, and finally going out on the tops of the long glassy rollers at the tail of the main eddy into the white water of the main current, which carries them back again

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to the other end of the *remou*. The fish when fresh-run make these feeding tours frequently during the day, but only in the morning and evening when they have grown fat and lazy and the water is warm. At other times, when on the feed, they rise as the patches of *broue* float over their lairs. Except in swift and shallow water, where they are seldom found, or when coming with a rush from the bottom of a deep hole among the rocks, they do not leap for the fly like trout; they take it like salmon, on the downward turn, gently and deliberately. The salmon-cast, with a medium-sized salmon-fly, is therefore the most effective. Jock Scott, Curtis, Popham, Silver Doctor, and Donkey are all good flies, the first named being always a stand-by. Yellow and black seems the favorite combination, gray comes next, but red meets with little favor. The silver-bodied flies are best at high water; at a low and bright stage trout flies come into play.

A patch of *broue* comes swirling along with a fish in it. It requires a quick hand to put the fly where it will do most good. To a novice it is much like fishing "on the wing," but practice shows where to expect the fish. The rod—preferably a light strong trout-rod, with fifty yards of line on a good check reel—swings and out goes the fly, which is allowed to sink a few inches and is then drawn in with a succession of slow and short jerks, not trailed on the surface. The fish, however, is now five yards farther away, and on the other side of the canoe. This constant change in length and direction of cast is one of the main difficulties, as it is one of the excitements of winanishe-angling. But here come three together—"un beau gang," to use Joseph's anglicism. The fly falls at the end of a straight line, a momentary thrill follows a gentle pull, you strike with the orthodox turn of the wrist, and then blank reaction; the drift of the canoe or the insetting current, has slackened the line, and the fish has been missed. "C'est dommage, Monsieur, vous l'avez piquée." The fish evidently is piqued in every sense of the term, and will have no more of your flies. Another such experience will make him a marked misanthrope all summer. When you strike, it must be hard, for their mouths are hard; but, as in salmon fishing, no rule can be laid down beyond the golden one to keep a taut line. Though no fish are visible, you cast right and left. Presently, while quietly reeling in an excess of line, down goes the rod-tip with a smart jerk, there is a terribly long pause of about half a second, then the reel sings, and thirty yards off a silver bar flashes through the air three or four times in quick succession, for it is a fresh-run fish hooked in a tender spot. You recover a little line, then out it goes again with more pyrotechnics. At the end of ten or fifteen minutes he comes in meekly with an occasional remonstrance, and you think it time for the net. The leader shows above water and the rod curves into a semicircle, but no strain you can put on raises the fish farther, which circles slowly around. A sudden dash under your feet drags the rod-tip under water, but is foiled by a quick turn of the canoe. Then a telegraphic circuit seems to have been established through your tired arms to your spine. The fish is standing on his head, worrying the fly like a bull-dog and slapping at the leader with his tail. All at once the rod springs back and you are heavily splashed by a leap almost into your face. This occurs half a dozen times. He may jump into the canoe, perhaps over it; we have seen a winanishe caught in the air in the landing-net after it had shaken the fly out of its mouth. He is far more likely, however, to smash rod or tackle, unless you lower the tip smartly. Some more runs may follow, or a sulking fit. The more he is kept moving the sooner he will tire. It is well to keep him in hand with as heavy a strain as can be risked, for he fights to the last and there is no knowing what he may do. Even when he comes to the surface and shows his white side, the sight of the landing-net nerves him to what the pugilists call a "game finish." Three-quarters of an hour have gone, when Narcisse slips the net under him with a quick but sure scoop, and kills him with a blow from the paddle. "C'est sérieusement grosse," he says, as he holds up a twenty-five inch fish. Really the bal-

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ance does seem wrong when it marks only five pounds.

After a couple of hours' cruising about the eddy, with more or less luck, we go above the point, making our way with some difficulty through the tangle of rocks and trees, though the men, canoe on head and both hands full, skip along easily enough. There we find a little family party of winanishe close under the bank in a hole beneath some alder-roots, which would exactly suit a trout's idea of a home. Farther up we get some pretty casting off a rocky bank, past which a strong up-eddy runs. Later on, when the water has fallen and new eddies form immediately above the point, there will be good fishing, either off the rocks, or in the canoe, which the men will hold in the very dividing line between the main current over the fall and that which sets inshore.

At luncheon, which is not a feast of obligation at the lodge, a winanishe *à la broche* gives us a chance to test the men's cookery. The fish, split down the back and opened out like a kite, is skewered with slips of red willow, well salted and peppered, inserted in a cleft stick fastened with spruce-root or a withe of alder, and then, stuck in the ground before a clear fire of driftwood, is broiled without any basting but its own fat. If you prefer the flavor you may skewer a piece of bacon to the upper part of the fish. The delicate pink flesh is intermediate in flavor between that of the salmon and that of the trout, richer than the latter, less cloying than the former. Planked shad is not better. After luncheon the pipe and a chat, with a *boucane* to keep the flies off; the logs chafing and grinding against the shore suggest to the men some reminiscences of *la drive* and its perils. The artist gets a sketch, for which Willyám poses. For another mile above, the rapid foams white. That hill, covered with dark spruces, which divides it is the point of Ile Maligne; well named, for, surrounded by heavy rapids pulsating in *chutes* through rocky gorges, it is rarely accessible, sometimes not for several successive years.

In the evening we fly down in ten minutes what it took us over an hour to mount. The roar of the Vache Caille swells like the sound of an approaching train. The bowman stands up to look, says a word to his mate, then both settle low on their heels, and two bits of rapid are run like a flash, though the trees slipping past are the only sign of motion the passenger feels. With the current setting out straight over the fall, it is an ugly looking place, but "à terre, en masse," and a bit of quick paddling brings the shore close. The men interchange a rapid glance. "Au large?" "Pas trop." The canoe turns out again, to the horror of any passenger making the run for the first time, but, before he can remonstrate, tilts over the pitch where a pyramidal rock backs up the water, swings end for end, and sidles into an eddy just its own length which has scooped out a hollow in the bank within forty yards of the fall. "It is quite possible to drown one's self here," remarks Pitre as he takes his Monsieur's rod and coat. It is a point of honor, however, with these men never to risk a passenger's comfort, much less his safety. Any recklessness or bungling would meet sharp criticism over the camp-fire. They are cool and courageous in real danger, however, and among themselves the rivalry is very keen. Nothing delights them more than to have a Monsieur who can appreciate their points, and, not minding a few bucketfuls of water, gives them a chance of display. After all, the passenger has the best of guarantees in the fact that very few of them can swim.*

Life in a forest fishing-lodge is much the same in one place as in another, and its delights have been often enough dwelt upon. To some its charm seems inexplicable, and such it must remain if they forget that it lies less in the joys that are present than in the cares, the worries, and the annoyances that are left behind. But if he has been able for a time to put aside his occupations and to enter upon a well-earned leisure with a free mind, the gray-haired man gets from his simple surroundings a pleasure that is as unalloyed as that of childhood. The boy's appetite and the boy's

* We speak only of the professional canoemen of the Décharge. Some of the Pointe Bleue Indians are good enough in the canoe, but the railway has brought forward many men without experience either of these heavy waters or of the niceties of winanishe-fishing.

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rest come back, and as he sits before the fire made of wood which the spring torrent has piled up almost at his door, the simple jest or the well-worn tale has a zest beyond all the wit of the city clubs.

Among a score of canoemen there is pretty certainly one whose fiddle can help to brighten the evening. If "les Messieurs" are too weary to dance, the canoemen have a never-failing reserve of agility. But there is nothing frivolous in their dancing, and its mirth is a solemn joy. No man in front of battle ever wore a sterner look than does Xavier as he prepares to outdance Pitre, while the feet of Aunis, the fiddler, keep time with an incessant heel and toe. After the dance, the song. Some one of the group standing or sitting about, or, quite as likely, in canoeman's fashion, resting on one knee, starts an old chanson, perhaps *Cecilia* or *En roulant ma boule,* and the rest take up the refrain.

But what are these impromptu merry-makings to the *fête* which is held on the national day of Canada or of the United States, and to which invitation is given after mass to all the parish, the poachers who have been detected being especially bidden, that they may know that no bitterness is felt? And they come, young and old, not men alone, but *les créatures* as well, for there will be not only song and dance by special permission of Monsieur le Curé, but fireworks brought all the way from "the States" for this occasion. One shrewd invalid comes in advance of the rest with his little petition, for well he knows that it is an occasion when the sternest Protestant or the most matter-of-fact sceptic cannot refuse a "trente sous" toward the "petite collecte" to help him defray the expenses of a pilgrimage—by steamer—to La Bonne Ste. Anne. As the tobacco is passed, pipes are produced with a unanimity that recalls the passage in Parkman describing the *coureurs des bois* who destroyed Schenectady, everyone of whom had "his inseparable pipe hung at his neck in a leather case." And the dances! Everyone dances as if his character were at stake and time of no value. The unsuspecting Monsieur who joins in one of these complicated contra-dances finds at the end of three-quarters of an hour's effort that there are more exhausting pleasures than a hard portage. Story-telling and singing fill the evening until with the parting song, *Bon soir, mes amis, bon soir,* the guests troop off to the canoes and are safely carried to the mainland across the turbulent Vache Caille eddy.

The Club waters below Alma Island are similar in character of fishing to the Caron. A shady path through the woods leads to the pools on the Petite Décharge, but the easiest way is round by canoe, and then, disembarking at the foot of the Carcajou Rapid, to follow along the rocky shore beneath the high clay bluffs which here border the Petite Décharge on both sides. The way leads alongside the rapid up to the foot of the timber-slide built by the Canadian Government, a substantial trough, six feet wide by four deep, supported on trestles. It looks like an enormous caterpillar following the contour of the hill in sinuous curves for a mile and a half up to the dam at the head of the rapid. When the logs are coming from the boom at the rate of twenty thousand a day, it is a pretty sight to watch them fly down the sharp pitch at the lower end of the slide, strike the water with a thud like a cannon-shot, and go jostling each other down stream. A mass of swirling logs circling round the eddies, racing down the rapids, and spoiling the fishing, is not, however, a pretty sight for the angler.

The Carcajou Pool, so called after some legendary wolverene, is half-way up the rapid, just below a considerable fall. Fishing from the large flat rocks is a pleasant change from the canoe, for one need not be an expert to stand upright even when the waves come knee-deep over them. Sometimes a long cast is made for a fish rising far out, sometimes the fly is dropped perpendicularly from a high rock into a snug corner where the constantly recurring tail shows a winanishe "at home." The fish here are large, as a rule. If you miss them, or whip the pool too much when they are not taking well, they soon get to know the line. Winanishe thus educated will rise in numbers all round your fly, curiously inspect every new one you try, but refuse them all. Then is the time

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for leaders of the finest gut, and the delicate hand which can send a tiny cocked-winged "dun" floating down stream as naturally as the real article. Then, too, is the time when the surreptitious small boy, from St. Joseph d'Alma opposite, with a fine fat stone-fly, a plump grasshopper, or a juicy angle-worm, takes that particular "grosse des grosses" for the chance of which you have traded away your turn at the Caron or at the Remou de Monsieur Farine, the local rendering of a Mr. Flower's name. Confirmed poachers can be spiritually disciplined by the Curé, but what is to be done to an urchin who says, "I comprehend not at all; I am deaf and dumb?"

The slide when dry is a convenient roadway to the bridge which crosses to the village. At the post-office the whole stock of letters is exhibited that, besides picking out your own, you, naturally knowing everybody in Canada or the United States, may advise as to the despatch of other people's. A visit to Monsieur le Curé is always a pleasant interlude. "We are only commencing in this parish," says the tall, good-looking young priest, by way of apology for the ladder which leads instead of steps to the platform that runs round the house, and for the absence of the prim flower-beds enclosed by whitewashed cobble-stones which ought to adorn the presbytery garden. His *bottes sauvages*, in odd contrast with cassock and biretta, show that he has just come in from a long tramp to an outlying mission, the only road to which is by canoe and portage. He is a keen angler and has improved the opportunity by catching some *brochets*—the pike (*Esox lucius*)—thus furnishing material as well as spiritual sustenance for the struggling settlement. The interior of the presbytery is severely plain, but the book-shelves show the scholarly tastes, lack of time to cultivate which is his only complaint. After a pleasant chat we take our leave, but not till the Curé has promised to try and get time for a day at the winanishe.

On the way down the road home there are many polite greetings, with lifting of hats and "salut, Messieurs." A peep into the school-house turns the busy hum into a rustle of rosy-cheeked, clean-faced, tidy girls and boys forming into line to salute the Messieurs with courtesies and bows. As the nearest doctor is fifteen miles away and comes only once a month, there is a great run on the medical skill and patience of a kind-hearted guest of the Club. He has to deal not only with the *vertiges* and *douleurs* of patients who come from far and near, but with Néré Tremblay's wife's brother-in-law two parishes off, whose symptoms are described at third hand, with great emotion but rather succinctly, as "a frightful pain all over his body." He becomes unwittingly a worker of "faith cures." After his departure a quinine pill, guaranteed to be from his box, will cure anything from toothache to chronic rheumatism. "Ah! a doctor, sir, that! One of the first! He knows all that! He is better than Panclāre (Painkiller)! It is I, I who speak, who say that," says old Dieudonné Gaudreau, who being ninety years old knows everything. But whatever doubt may rest on the cures none can exist as to the reality and severity of the sufferings of these poor invalids, whose comforts are few and whose exposures and hardships are many.

Another pleasant variation is a visit to the Grande Chute, either by canoe up the Petite Décharge or by road with a tiny maiden in a big sunbonnet to bring back the *quatre roue* from the portage across the head of Alma Island. The most reliable fishing in the Grande Décharge is in the coves and eddies for the first mile and a half below and adjoining the rush of water from the Grande Chute, which comes tearing down from Lake St. John in foaming breakers and seething whirlpools. These are all private waters, and are for the most part controlled by Mr. Griffith, of Quebec, whose lodge, a mile higher up, commands a splendid view of the outlet and of magnificent sunsets. Below the Grande Chute the Grande Décharge, widening out to a breadth of nearly two miles, finds its way through beautifully wooded islands by a net-work of channels. This part of the river is most uncertain as to fishing, as there are few permanent eddies suited to the winanishe, and it is filled with pike. It is, however, very picturesque, and the stillness,

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broken only by the murmur of one of the innumerable rapids which look small till the canoe is in them, is a restful change from the turmoil of the Grande Chute. Then, just below Mistook, the only little settlement on the shore opposite Alma Island, come the Cedar Rapids, a sudden plunge of the river over a trap dike extending between a chain of islands from shore to shore; then a swift rush of the water for a couple of miles down to the head of Ile Maligne. Anyone in search of exciting canoeing will find it in this run, which ends in a sharp turn into a cove just above the falls. A two-mile portage, which is simply a scramble over and along the face of huge rocks piled on each other and surmounted by *chevaux de frise* of bushes and fallen timber, has to be made before the rapid is reached which leads to the Caron. On account of the scenery it is worth all the hard work; the *gens de Mistook* fish out with bait any stray winanishe to be found among the rocks.

From the Vache Caille to Chicoutimi is about twenty-eight miles by the river, and in fair weather the descent is a delightful run even if the Gervais Rapid be in such humor that the two miles portage of rocks must be made. A bright sun shines upon us as we leave the point of Alma Island and cross the eddy to a place half a mile or more away, where it is safe to enter the lower end of the Vache Caille Rapid and shoot it. Here and there we halt for a parting cast over pools that have before yielded good fish, and then pass on to the head of the Gervais to reconnoitre, for no one can tell from hour to hour whether this fickle rapid may be run or not. Fortunately it is in an amiable mood, and only twice does it force us to land for a short portage. With such water under the canoe, miles are quickly passed, and presently less turbulent currents carry us where the alert canoemen may rest awhile, and as they gently paddle, the song naturally breaks out:

"Canot d'écorce qui vole, vole,
Canot d'écorce qui volerait."

Here one canoe turns back; the other goes on until at La Dalle the Rivière des Aulnets falls in a pretty cascade down the precipitous bank of a little cove. On its farther side we land, for just below is Le Grand Remou, into whose white waters no one willingly enters. We climb the hill to the home of the canoemen, and while the women prepare us a welcome meal the *quatre roue* and the *charrette* are got ready, for over the six-mile portage the canoe and its burden can ride on a good road, beside which farm-houses are frequent. Below us lies the Great Eddy, but the Décharge soon curves away from us, while in the distance on the other bank we see the cascades of the Rivière Au Sable, one of the outlets of Lake Kenogami. When the sound of falling water comes up through the thick forest, we alight and take a descending path through a pretty evergreen wood, and find ourselves again at the water-side where the River Shipshaw enters. "Shipshaw," Joseph explains, "c'est-à-dire, mauvaise rivière; c'est bien difficile d'ascendre."

Chicoutimi is but six miles away now, and we are entering Les Terres Rompues. One rapid only lies before us, and that not a difficult one, although the faithful Joseph points out the place where "un homme, une créature et un enfant sont noyés." Keeping toward the northern bank we presently find the gate in the great boom which bars the river, and let ourselves through and head across for Chicoutimi, which, with her cathedral, and all the pride of "a city that is set on a hill," looks patronizingly down upon her prosperous faubourg of lumber-mills. As we cross, we are leaving behind us, on the opposite bluff, Ste. Anne de Saguenay, her spire and her roofs bright in the low-down sun. A moment's delay to hail a passing canoe and to give a message to its occupant—young, black-eyed, and well-looking, but already counted the most skilful of Décharge canoemen—and our poem in birch-bark passes between lumber-schooners and steam-tugs, and our canoe journey is done.

The rest of the river—if that great cañon full of ebbing and flowing water can be called a river—is known to all who "journey," like Dr. Syntax, "in search of the picturesque," and to many

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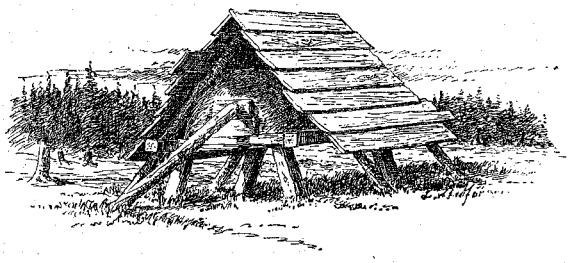
others who have seen it through Mr. Howells's eyes. While the boat stays at Tadoussac it will be worth while to pass by the life of to-day, whether in the fisherman's cabin or the fashionable villa, to rest for a little in the old church, successor of a still older one, and reflect on the heroism of those Jesuit fathers to whom, whatever we may think of their faith or their aims, we must accord the merit of a self-abnegation which has never been surpassed. And before we turn away from the little altar we may give a thought to Father La Brosse, who, as he had himself foretold, closed a life of saintly devotion while kneeling before it. The legend runs that, tolled by angelic hands, the bells of every mission he had served marked the moment of his passing soul.



"One picturesque outbuilding always catches the eye—the oven."

THE GREATER WORLD.

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

When you forget the beauty of the scene
Where you draw breath and sleep,
Leave city walls for gleams of sky that lean
To hills where forests creep.

The heights, the fields, the wide-winged air
Make the embracing day;
Not city streets. That little life of care
Steals our great joys away.

Live with the spaces, wake with bird and cloud,
Spread sentient with the elm;
Our home is nature, even to the proud
Arcs of the sunset's realm.

Then say the scene God made is glorious!
Breathe deep and smile again.
The glow and noble dusks, victorious,
Disperse regrets and pain.

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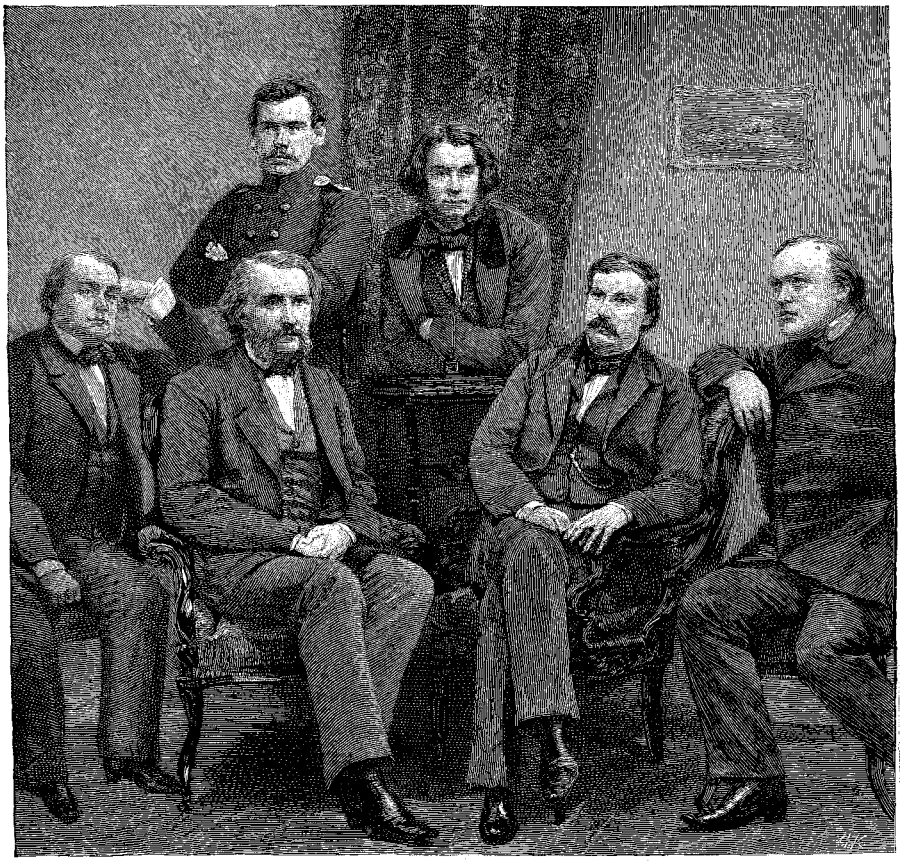

I. A. Gontcharof. Count Leo Tolstoy. I. S. Turguénief. D. V. Grigoróvitch. A. V. Druzhínin. A. N. Ostrófsky.

(From a photograph by Levitzky at St. Petersburg, in March, 1856.)

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By Eugene Schuyler.

I.

TWENTY years ago there still existed in Moscow the salon of the Prince and Princess Odóiefsky, one of the literary centres of Russia. Other houses there were where literary men assembled in groups and coteries. At Katkof's for instance, on Sunday evenings, one was sure to find the shrewd and caustic Leóntief, Professor Liubímof and his fellow-workers on the *Moscow Gazette* and the *Russian Messenger*, some of the professors in the recently established Lyceum, and occasionally a passing stranger, from either North or South, who sympathized with the Moscow as distinguished from the Petersburg school of literature and politics. Katkof, decided as he was in his political views, was a charming talker on literary subjects, about which he allowed more difference of opinion. He was such a hard worker, especially at night, that Sunday afternoons and evenings were the only times when he was visible, as his *Gazette* was not issued on Monday. His wife, a princess of some small family in the Caucasus, was an agreeable little woman; and the house swarmed with children, with whom—I may speak of myself—I was the best of friends; and I shall never forget my occasional dinners and evenings with the family.

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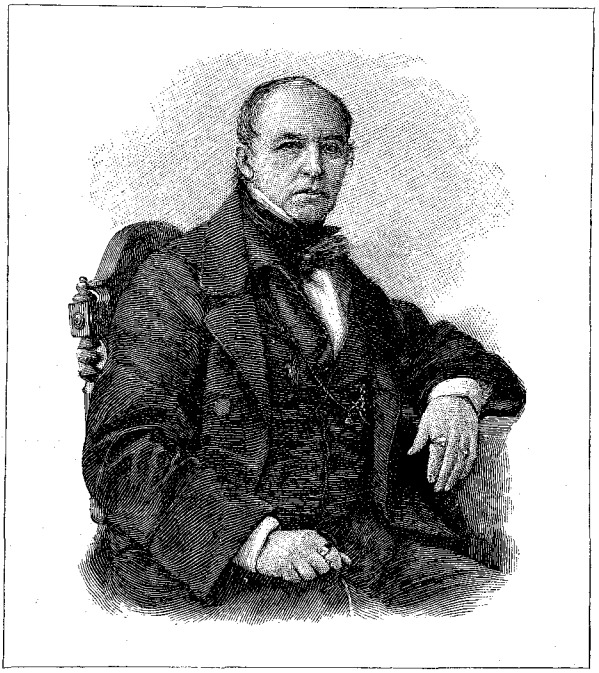
At the house of Aksákof, the journalistic rival of Katkof and the great Slavophile, one used to meet Miliútin, Prince Tcherkásky, and others of his particular clique, as well as his father-in-law, the poet Tiútchef, when he happened to be in Moscow; but the feeble health of Madame Aksákof prevented anything like regular receptions. At Barténief's—the editor of the *Russian Archives*—a man remarkably well informed on all historical and bibliographical subjects, and in the rooms of some of the professors of the University, one occasionally saw scholars and interesting men. But the salon of Prince Odóiefsky was the great meeting-place.



Prince Vladímir Feódorovitch Odóiefsky—1867.

Prince Vladímir Feódorovitch Odóiefsky was then the sole surviving member of the eldest branch of the descendants of Rurik, and was therefore not only the first noble in Russia, but, genealogically speaking, of higher origin than the Emperor. He had begun his public life as a Chamberlain at Court and in the Ministry of Public Instruction, had become Director of the Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg, and Grand Master at the court of the learned and witty Grand Duchess Helen; and had finally retired to Moscow as President of one of the sections of the Senate—which is the Russian Court of Appeals. In a literary way he was one of the few survivors of the Pushkin epoch, and in his youth had written many short tales of a somewhat reflective and ideal cast; some of them, such as "Beethoven's Last Quartet" and "A Fugue of Bach," of great merit. During later years his productions had been fewer, but of much value. He was a many-sided man—a courtier, a lawyer, a musician, a writer, and a scientist. There was hardly a branch of knowledge in which his opinion was not valuable, and his opinion was founded not only on a wonderful acquaintance with books but on reflection as well. In his large library, filled with rare works, there was hardly a volume that was not annotated with his careful pencillings. For a scientific knowledge of music and of musical acoustics he had probably few, if any, superiors in the world, and of late years had given all his spare time to musi-

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cal experiment, study, and composition. Though the first aristocrat of Russia, he was perhaps the greatest democrat. In his famous and curious cabinet, where all the Russian authors from Pushkin to Count Tolstoy had so often talked, where Glinka and Berlioz and every musician, and, in fact, every distinguished man who had ever been in Russia had sat; where Emperors and Grand Dukes even came, everybody was perfectly equal and perfectly at home. The lowest clerk was treated in exactly the same way as the Cabinet Minister or the Ambassador. There was the same kind reception for all, the same willingness to oblige and serve. The Princess Olga was as charming as her husband, though in a different way. Her brother, Count Lanskóy, as Minister of the Interior, had been the chief man in the movement for the emancipation of the Russian serfs. Her family still keeps up its liberal ideas, and one of her nephews is Mr. Galkin-Vrassky, well known in connection with prison reform in Russia; and whom Mr. Kennan has frequently occasion to mention with praise.

To this hospitable house I was introduced, on my first arrival at Moscow, in the autumn of 1867, by Turguénief the novelist, whose personal acquaintance I had just made at Baden-Baden. I was young in years and still younger in character and temperament; and from the first I was treated not so much like a favored guest as like the spoiled child of the house. I was made to dine there regularly at least once in the week, and was also expected to come to the usual Friday evenings; and the Prince, who had a taste for cooking and had even published a cookery book, used to send for me by messenger whenever he was to try a new dish, or was expecting an interesting guest. He lived in an old house on the Smolénsky Boulevard, which had apparently escaped the fire of 1812, with wings extending in a semicircle on either side to the street in the old Moscow style; with a great court-yard in front, a large garden behind, where he used to experiment on rare vegetables and plants—for he was as fond of botany as of cookery or of music. Beneath him, on the ground floor, dwelt the well-known bibliophile Soboléfsky,—whose library since his death has been pretty well distributed through Europe and America—who was then an *habitué* of the house. On the regular Friday evenings the ladies usually assembled in one of the two drawing-rooms about the Princess, who made the tea unless some young lady relieved her of that duty; while the men sooner or later dropped off into the cabinet of the Prince for cigars, cigarettes, and talk. When some great singer or musician was present, like Madame Alexandrova, the prima donna of the Russian opera, who used to come when she was free, we adjourned to the big hall lined with books between the salon and the cabinet, where

M. N. Katkof—1868.

there were two pianos, an organ, and a collection of musical instruments. There I met Berlioz and other foreign musicians; and once heard the Russian composer Seróf give us the *bonnes bouches* of one of his new operas. The Prince had invented a little piano-forte with separate keys for the flats and sharps properly tuned like a violin. This was sometimes tried, with the result of spoiling our ears during the rest of the evening for the conventional approximate sounds of an ordinary piano. To tell of all who used to come there would simply be to give a catalogue of Russian society of the best

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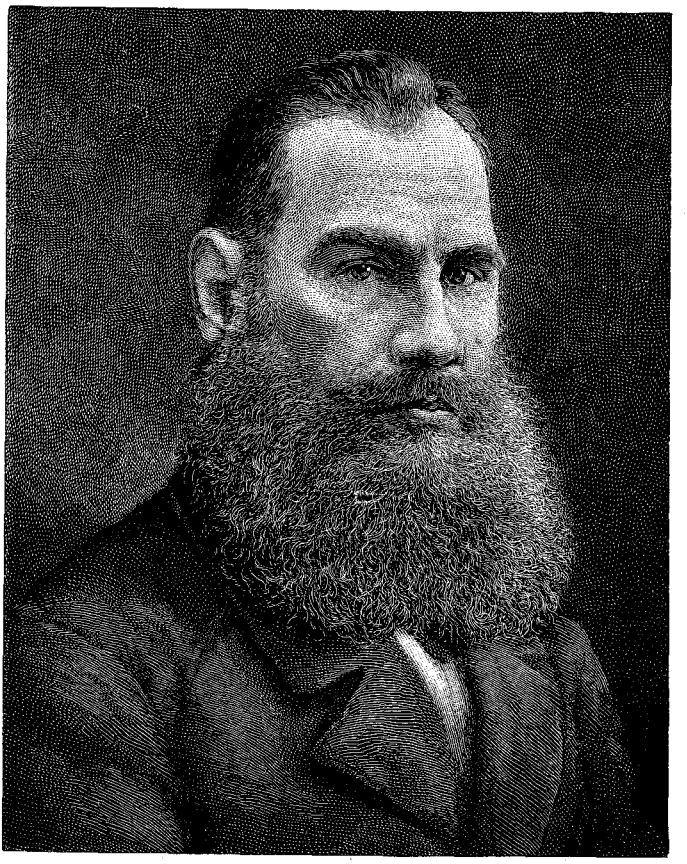

Count Leo Tolstoy, about 1863.

sort—for all that was good at St. Petersburg occasionally stopped at Moscow, and in that case always went to see the Princess—or to recount all the eminent names in Russian art and literature.

It was here that one evening I met Count Leo Tolstoy, who had of old relations with the Prince, and who was intimate besides with many Moscow ladies, great friends of the Princess, who were in fact at that time furnishing material for his novel of "War and Peace" which he was then slowly writing. I was greatly attracted by him, and at the end of the evening told the Princess that he had asked me to come to see him. She laughingly replied: "It is not worth your while; for you will make nothing out of him, as he is very shy and very wild" (*très-farouche et très-sauvage*).

Somehow I was not deterred by the forbidding remark of the Princess, and the next day went off to see Count Tolstoy, whom I found surrounded by books and papers in a small apartment lent to him by a friend. Far from being a bear he seemed to me to be extremely amiable. Our acquaintance continued until a suddenly proposed journey took me southeastward to Orenburg on the confines of Asia, when he not only gave me letters to various relatives and friends whom I would be likely to meet, but gave me, in addition, a pressing invitation to come to his country-place in the autumn and stay as long as I liked and could put up with his ways.

When the autumn came the invitation was repeated.

II.

Therefore, on Saturday, October 3, 1868, I left Moscow at 5 o'clock in the afternoon by the only available train on the Southern Railway, then lately opened,

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and after passing Tula—the Birmingham and Sheffield of Russia—about 120 miles south of Moscow, arrived at the Yásenki Station about 2 o'clock at night. During the journey I was much amused by making the acquaintance of Mr. N. Makárof, the compiler of the best Russian-French dictionary, who, in the Russian simple way, told me all his affairs and the whole story of his life. On a journey Russians become very garrulous, and, while they are as inquisitive as the Scotch, they are frank and confiding about their own affairs—even those of an intimate nature—to a degree that it is difficult for us to imagine. The lovely day in Moscow had ended in a disagreeable storm of rain. The Count's carriage was waiting at Yásenki Station, but it rained so hard and it was so dark that it took us fully an hour and a half to drive the four miles to the house at Yásnaya Polyána. At last we came to a tall stone column and turned up an avenue of trees. A servant was waiting for me at the house, who conducted me through what seemed a labyrinth of passages to my room, where I found a table spread, and was very glad to eat somewhat and warm myself with tea. I was told that very late hours were kept, and that I should not be expected to appear before 11 o'clock, which was the usual time for morning coffee. The room which had been given to me was on the further corner of the ground floor. I had to pass the Count's business-room and study to get to it; but, as I found the next day, I was near a staircase, and could go up to the drawing-rooms and dining-room with ease. In one corner was a glass cupboard filled with holy pictures—images, or *Ikons* as they call them—some in the old and primitive style, evidently painted before the beginning of Dissent, and some richly covered with jewels; besides crosses, rosaries, and relics, so that my curiosity was greatly aroused. I soon ascertained that this was the room of Madame Yúshkof, the Count's aunt, who had taken care of him since his early youth and had since continued to live with him.

At 11 o'clock the next morning I made my appearance in the drawing-room and became acquainted with the various members of the family: the Countess Soféa Andréievna, a charming, tall, slender, and handsome woman of about twenty-four, the daughter of a German physician at Moscow, named Börs, who was at that time the chief military medical officer at Tula; three children—Serge or Seryózhka, a nice handsome boy of five years old; a little girl with bright eyes like her mother, called Tánia, short for Tatiána; and a little boy named Ilya or Ilyúshka (Elijah); and an English governess. The Count wore a gray plaited blouse, confined by a belt, neither exactly a shooting-jacket, nor yet a peasant shirt, which turned out to be his habitual costume in the country. The usual language of the family was English, at all events when the children were present. The children had their coffee and bread and butter with us, after which the Count and I smoked, talked, and played an hour or so duets on the piano, as it was still too rainy to go out. Suddenly the weather cleared as if by magic, and we were able to ride out and look at the estate.

Yásnaya Polyána, which means, literally, an open field or clearing, contains about 3,000 acres the greater part of which had been always under cultivation; but as the land was not rich and seemed poor in comparison with the fertile black soil beginning four miles to the south, and as the recent opening of the railway had reduced the price of grain by bringing it from far better lands, and wages in this region were very high in consequence of the peasants being employed as carters and drivers, Count Tolstoy had begun to give up sowing wheat and rye, and was then planting the whole estate with birch-trees. These he estimated would in the course of twenty years yield a large and steady revenue if carefully cut for firewood on the French plan, and thus he would leave the estate to his children far more productive than he had himself inherited it. The house stood on a little hill at the end of a fine avenue of birch and lime trees: in front were the remains of a magnificent garden, with many ponds and slopes of grass and fine alleys of trees. Behind the courts and stables the woods, fields, and plantations began. The green-house had been burnt down a year or two before, and since then the flower-garden

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had been given up. The old manor-house, which had been a very fine building, had become so ruinous that it had been pulled down shortly before, and the family were then living in one of the detached wings. All large Russian houses, both in city and country, were formerly built with two or three detached wings, which were always found useful and convenient in the times when a whole family, with half a dozen servants, would come for a three months' visit.

We came back to a 5 o'clock dinner, after which there was music and general conversation, until between 9 and 10, when we had a light supper, without the children, and then the Count took me to his study, where we talked until 1 or 2.

The other days were passed much in the same way. It is impossible to give the diary of a week so spent, the charm of which lay in the company, the lovely October weather which invited to excursions of all kinds, and in the talk.

Although Tolstoy was then engaged on the last part of "War and Peace," there could have been little writing done at this time. The author's great passion was then, as it always had been, sport. Every morning I found that he had been up by daylight, or even before, no matter at what time he had gone to bed on the previous night, and had gone off into the woods with his gun and dogs in pursuit of game. This was just the season for it; but the heavy rain had for the moment driven off the woodcock, of which there were generally quantities within a short distance of the house in what had been formerly a park. It is to this love of sport that we owe not only the whole story of "The Cossacks," as well as several other of his early tales, but also some of the best pages in "War and Peace" and in "Anna Karénin"—the shooting parties and the military races all of them evidently accounts of what Tolstoy had seen and taken part in. After going out once or twice with him I could see the intense realism of these parts, and for me they now have a special attraction as recalling this visit to Yásnaya Polyána. Having inherited an antipathy to firearms, and never having lived in a region where game was plentiful, or where its pursuit was socially obligatory, as in England, I had never been in the woods with a gun in my hand, and I was persuaded to do so for the first and last time in my life—not that it displeased me, quite the contrary, but somehow the occasion has never come again.

I can never forget my first day out—a day as warm and beautiful as that on which I am now writing on the Riviera. We drove about a dozen miles to an open wood where we expected to shoot hares. There we were joined by Mr. Bíbikof, our nearest neighbor, whom we saw nearly every day. Perhaps it was because Tolstoy had so strong an individuality that I have but little remembrance of Bíbikof, except as a pleasant, hospitable country-gentleman, with a good house and an agreeable family. I but dimly recollect even how he looked. Each party had brought a dog or two, whose duty was to start the hares and drive them along the country-road through the woods, so as to pass us, who sat or stood at considerable intervals in convenient little nooks apparently arranged for the purpose; for there was generally a stump or log so placed as to make a seat and a look-out. My forest excursions had up to that time been solely botanical, and, except for a curious bird or insect, I had looked only at trees, shrubs, and the ground in search of some rare plant, moss, or fungus. It was new to me to sit still and use my ears as well as my eyes; to appreciate the different noises of the wood; to know whether that was a twig or a leaf which fell—for the leaves were just falling, none of them, even maples and oaks, colored so highly as with us; to distinguish between the noises made by the birds; to speculate as to the origin of unknown sounds, and to have one's attention always strained for the patter-patter of the hare. I passed thus what I look back to now as one of the pleasantest half-hours of my life; strained, attent, and exercising what seemed to me to be a new sense; quite alone, yet having friends within call, though I knew not where they were, having been first posted. At last I heard the dogs coming down the road and the unmistakable sound of the hare over the dry leaves. She came out into the little clearing, stopped still, and looked at me with curiosity. I

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looked at her with equal wonder, and was so nervous and excited that I quite forgot that I had a gun and had been put there to kill her. When we had each gazed our fill she leisurely walked off. There was another half-hour of waiting, during which I heard occasional shots in various directions. Again a hare appeared and sat in front of me—it was probably the same one come back to see what I was doing then. This time I deliberately aimed and fired, wounding her in a hind leg. I pitied her as she hopped off into the underbrush, and entirely forgot that I had a second barrel of my gun. When we met afterward and compared results, it was found that on the whole I had not done so badly; for there was only one hare killed by the whole party—by one of the Bíbikofs. Tolstoy had seen a hare, but she had escaped while he was cocking his gun. The relation of my adventures sent the sportsmen into roars of laughter; but Tolstoy said something in the evening which showed that he appreciated their poetic side.

On another day we went hare-hunting. Tolstoy and two of the Bíbikofs were mounted, and armed with very long, flexible, but heavy whips, followed by the dogs in leash. The rest of us—that is, the ladies and children of the Bíbikof family, the Countess, Serge, and myself—went in a *linéika*, a long, low Russian vehicle for country use, shaped very much like a prolonged Irish jaunting car, which will hold eight or ten people sitting back to back. When we had come to a sort of moor we were posted on a low hill from which we had a wide view in all directions, and where the servants were to prepare the picnic lunch. The riders, with their respective dogs, which were loosed, started off in different directions. The dogs were trained to drive the hares near the hunters, who, as soon as they came within distance, deftly killed them with one blow of the whip, either strangling them or breaking their backs. It was mad, break-neck riding over the hills, gullies, and blind holes, and the sport was almost as exciting to the onlookers as to the actual participants.

This particular sort of sport is perhaps peculiar to the region; the rest of it might have been enjoyed at almost any country-house in such weather. What had more savor to me were the after-supper talks, often prolonged till late in the night.

III.

One evening during my stay Tolstoy told me much about his early life; but in what I shall say now I do not repeat all that he said or as he said it, and I fill in some details from other sources.

He was born on $\frac{\text{August 28,}}{\text{September 9,}}$ 1828, at Yásnaya Polyána, the youngest of four sons. Of his brothers, Nicholas lived until 1862; he is said to have had a charming character, was a great sporting friend of Turguénief, whose estate was near by, and served for some years in the army of the Caucasus. He told sporting stories very well, and even wrote out some of them, which were published; but, as Turguénief said, "his hands were as callous as those of a workman, and he experienced great physical difficulties in writing." In some ways he might well have stood for the original of Nicholas Levin in "Anna Karénin" even to many of the details. His sister Marie married another Tolstoy. She was, according to Turguénief, "a woman in the highest degree agreeable and sympathetic;" who again writes (in 1856): "Her illness saddens me. If there is a woman on earth who deserves to be happy, it is she. But it is just on such natures that the heavy hand of fate is always laid." Tolstoy's mother died in 1830, when he was not yet two years old, on which the children were taken care of by their aunt, the Countess Osten Sacken, their father's sister. But about the time of the removal of the family to Moscow, in 1837, the father died. Leo, his brother Dimítri, and his sister Marie, were sent back to the country, while Nicholas remained in Moscow with his aunt Osten Sacken and attended the University. Three years later the Countess Osten Sacken died, and the younger children passed into the care of her sister, another aunt, Madame Yúshkof, living at Kazán. She devoted herself to Count Leo and his family for the rest of her long life, and Tolstoy gives an

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amusing example of her wishes for his future prosperity in the first chapter of his "Confessions." Dimítri now went to the University at Kazán, distinguishing himself at one time by a religious zeal which made him the laughing-stock of the rest of the family.*

Leo himself began to attend the University in 1843 at the age of fifteen, and passed one year in the course of Eastern Languages, and two years in that of Law. Suddenly, seized with a desire of doing good to his peasants, he left the University and settled on his estate at Yásnaya Polyána. His experiences there, as well as his ideas in going there, are hinted at in his sketch called "The Morning of a Proprietor" (*Utro pomiéstchika*). In 1851 he made to his brother, then serving in the Caucasus, a visit which completely changed the current of his life. Struck with the scenery and the simple ways, influenced perhaps also by other considerations, he desired to remain; and, as the Caucasus was not then a place for civilians, he entered the military service as *Yunker* in the 4th battery of the 20th brigade of artillery. A *Yunker* was at that time something between a soldier and an officer, the rank by which noblemen generally entered the army, which obliged them to do soldier's duty, and yet allowed them to associate on an equality with the officers. He was stationed at Staro-Lidóvskaya on the Térek, where he remained about three years, till the outbreak of the war with Turkey. The new surroundings awakened new expressions of his nature, and Tolstoy began to write. "Childhood" (*Diétstvo*) was finished in 1852, and "Boyhood" (*Otrótchestvo*) in 1854. "The Incursion" (*Nabiég*) and "A Landlord's Morning" (*Utro Pomiéstchika*) were also written in 1852. It is curious to find that at the very beginning were the germs of the three different lines that he has continued and woven together in his latest and best works, and even the germs of his more recent philosophical-religious phase. The foundations were laid for several other short stories, especially "The Cossacks"—and in some cases the projects were committed to paper.

* The account of his early life given by Count Tolstoy in his "Confessions" is interesting; but we must remember that it was written under the influence of a very strong religious emotion.

"I was baptized and brought up in the Orthodox Christian Faith. It was taught to me in my early childhood, and through my whole boyhood and youth. But when, at the age of eighteen, I had passed my second year at the University, I no longer believed anything that I had been taught. Judging from certain recollections I could never have believed seriously, and had only a sort of confidence in what older people had professed in my presence. Even this confidence was very shaky. I remember when I was about eleven years old that a boy, long since dead, Volodínka M——, a pupil of the High School, came to see us one Sunday and told us, as the last news, a discovery that had been made at school. This was that there was no God, and that all that had been taught us on that subject was pure imagination. This was in 1838. I remember how interested my elder brothers got over this news; how they called me into the consultation, and how we all became very animated and received the information as something very interesting and perfectly possible.

"I remember, too, that when my eldest brother Dimítri, while he was at the University, suddenly gave himself up to religion with the peculiar passion of his nature and began to attend all the services, to fast, and to lead a purely moral life, we all, even our elders, constantly held him up to ridicule, and for some reason or other called him Noah. Mussin-Pushkin, who was then Curator of the University of Kazán, when he used to invite us to a dance and my brother refused, laughingly tried to persuade him by saying that David had danced before the ark. I sympathized then with these jests of my elders and concluded from them that it was necessary to learn the catechism and go to church, but that all that should not be taken too seriously. I remember also that I read Voltaire when I was very young, and his ridicule not only did not disturb me, but even amused me. Unbelief came on me just as it had come, and still comes, on persons of all classes of society.

"The religious belief which had been inculcated into me in my childhood disappeared in me as in several others, with this difference only, that as I had begun to read philosophical works at the age of fifteen, my refusal to believe was made with the consciousness of what I was doing. At sixteen I had stopped saying my prayers, and acting on my own convictions refused to go to church or to fast. I did not believe in what had been taught me in childhood, but I believed in something or other.

"Some time I will tell the history of my life, which is both touching and instructive in these ten years of my youth. I think that very many will have the same experience. I desired with all my soul to be good; but I was young, I had passions, and I was alone, quite alone, when I sought for good. Every time that I tried to express what were my most heartfelt wishes, that I wished to be morally good, I met with contempt and ridicule; but whenever I gave myself up to my bad passions I was praised and encouraged.

"Ambition, love of power, love of gain, pleasure, pride, wrath, vengeance—all that was respected: when I gave myself up to these passions I began to be like a man and felt that people were contented with me. My good aunt, a most virtuous woman, with whom I lived, always said to me that she wished nothing for me so much as to come into relations with a married woman: 'rien ne forme un jeune homme comme une liaison avec une femme comme il faut.' She wished me also another good fortune, that I should become an aide-de-camp, especially an aide-de-camp to the Emperor. But the very highest good luck would be to marry a very rich girl, in consequence of which I should possess the greatest possible number of serfs.

"I cannot remember these years without horror, disgust, and pain of heart. I used to kill people in war; I challenged them to duels in order to kill them; I used to lose money at cards; I ate up the labor of the peasants and punished them; I led an immoral life; gave myself up to systematic deception. Lying, theft, pleasure of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, murder, . . . there was no crime that I did not commit. For all that my contemporaries praised me and still considered me a comparatively moral man.

"Thus I lived for ten years. During this time I began to write—from vanity, cupidity, and pride. I was the same in my writings as I was in my life. In order to get fame and money, for which I wrote, it was necessary to conceal what was good and show forth what was bad. And so I did. How often did I take great pains in my writings to conceal, under an appearance of indifference, and even of light ridicule, those aspirations of mine to virtue which were really the aim of my life. That end I succeeded in attaining, and I was praised in consequence."

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When the Eastern war began, Tolstoy asked for active service, and was assigned to the staff of Prince Michael Gortchakóf, the commander-in-chief of the Russian army on the Danube; and when the scene of action was transferred to the Crimea, he obtained the command of a mountain battery, and had the chance to do good service in the battle of the Tchernáya (August 16, 1855). This battle, which was so disastrous to Russia, was the outcome of a series of blunders, beginning with the demand of Baron Vrefsky, the representative of the Minister of War, for active operations of some kind, and with the forgetfulness of the military topographers to put down on the campaign-map certain gullies and ravines that proved of great importance. The deliberations of the Council of War and the events of the battle were well hit off in a satirical song, which is an excellent illustration of a national trait of Russians, of being able to joke and laugh even in the worst moments, and thus to keep up their spirits. It was very popular in the Crimea, and was soon circulated in manuscript throughout Russia. The voice of the army ascribed the authorship to Tolstoy, but it was naturally impossible to avow it. He was at least one of the authors, for new verses were occasionally added at officers' suppers, when Tolstoy himself sometimes accompanied it on the piano.

During the campaign Tolstoy began "Youth" (*Yúnost*) which was not finished till two years later, wrote another sketch of the Caucasus, "Wood-cutting" (*Rúbka-lyésa*), and the three sketches of Sevastópol. These last drew to the author great attention at home. The first two were read with sympathy at the Palace, and the Emperor Nicholas—who even in the midst of war could think of the intellectual glory of his country—gave orders that "the life of that young man must be looked after." That is the expression which Tolstoy used in speaking of it. As a result—much to his personal annoyance—he was kept out of harm's way; sent, I believe, to Simpherópol for the short remainder of the siege.

After peace was made Tolstóy resigned from the army, and went to St. Petersburg, twenty-six years old, and with a great prestige for so young an author. Here he was at once received in a flattering way by the chief literary circle of the capital—Turguénief, Gontcharóf, Grigoróvitch, Druzhínin, and Ostrófsky—and on one occasion they had themselves photographed together.*

Tolstoy at last grew weary of life at St. Petersburg and returned to Yásnaya Polyána. The life of the capital did not agree with his ideal of the objects of existence. He was young, obstinate in his own opinions, and was inclined to deviate from the accepted rules of literary art. But in spite of obstinacy and eccentricity, he was respected and loved by those who met him. As his brothers had died of consumption, and he looked very delicate and was credited with leading a very fast life, fears were entertained for his health; and Turguénief, who was comparatively a near country neighbor, as distances go in Russia, had a general mandate to look after him. Of Russian literary men Turguénief was perhaps his warmest friend, although he was the constant object of his raillery; and in general conversation Tolstoy was sometimes exasperating. Of the results of Turguénief's efforts to keep Tolstoy in order I must speak later.

Tolstoy, while in the country, kept on writing, and showed only to a moderate extent his peculiar ideas. The next year, 1857, he went abroad for the first time. He was delighted with Germany, stayed a long time in France, and went as far as Rome. In Paris he went to see a man guillotined and was greatly

* "Twenty-six years old I arrived at St. Petersburg after the war, and came into relations with authors. They received me in a flattering way like one of their own number. I had not succeeded in taking any situation before the views about life of the writers with whom I became intimate had already taken possession of me, and had completely effaced in me all my previous desires to make myself better. These views made up a theory which quite excused the license of my life. Their substance was in general, that life continues to progress, and that in this development the preponderant part is due to us men of thought, and especially to those of us who are artists and poets. Our vocation was to instruct people. What was our instruction there was no need of inquiring; for it was admitted in theory that artists and poets instructed unconsciously. I considered myself a remarkable artist and poet, and therefore very naturally accepted this theory. I, an artist and poet, wrote and taught not knowing what. For that I was paid money, I had excellent eating, lodging, and society: I was famous. Therefore what I taught must be very good. This belief in the importance of poetry and the development of life was a Faith, and I was one of its Priests. Being a Priest was very advantageous and very agreeable, and I lived a long time in this belief without doubting its truth. . . . We were all then convinced that it was necessary for us to speak and write and print as quickly as possible, and as much as possible, and that all that was necessary for the good of humanity."—"Confessions."

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impressed. He told me the whole story in such a vivid way that I fully expected he would use it in a novel; and I could not help thinking of it afterward when reading Turguénief's remarkable account of the execution of Troppmann. But so far it has only furnished a sentence or two in the "Confessions."

His journey abroad gave rise to two or three short stories; but he soon ceased writing, to devote himself to educating the serfs on his estate, and in 1860 he made another journey to the West. He married in 1862, and from that time on, and for fully ten years after I knew him, devoted himself to the enjoyment of his family life, and to the pursuit of literature, without, however, neglecting opportunities for well-doing.

The Count said that his family was descended from a Dane named Dick, who, when he came to Russia, translated his name into the corresponding Tolstoy (thick). The tradition, however, which is received by the genealogists, traces the origin of the family to a German named Indris, who came to Tchernígof, in 1353, with his two sons and about 3,000 followers, all of whom immediately accepted the doctrine of the Eastern Church, and Indris was renamed Leontius. It was only in the fourth generation that one Andréi received the surname of Tolstoy, on account of his figure. All of the Tolstoys who are counts, are descended from Count Peter Andréievitch, the well-known diplomatist and statesman of the times of Peter and Catherine I., who distinguished himself disagreeably by the capture of Peter's son Alexis at Naples. For his services he was made count in 1724, the fourth time that this title had been given. Therefore the present Minister of the Interior, Count Dimítri Andréievitch, and the late Count Alexis Constantínovitch, the poet and author of "Prince Serébryanny," are both distant cousins of Count Leo; but it is necessary to go back to the son or grandson of the first count to find a common ancestor. Many of the family, both counts and untitled, have distinguished themselves in war, in diplomacy, in statesmanship, in literature, in the arts, and at Court. Each of the three Emperors Alexander has had for intimate friend a Count Tolstoy. A cousin of the novelist's grandfather, Count Peter Alexándrovitch, served with distinction under Suvárof, gaining the grade of colonel and the cross of St. George at the storm of Praga, was Russian Commissioner with the army of the Archduke Karl, commander of the Russian army in northern Germany in 1805, and ambassador in Paris in 1807 and 1808, when his recall was asked by Napoleon because he frequented the society of the Faubourg St. Germain. In 1812 he commanded the militia at Moscow and organized the national defence; in 1813 he commanded a corps in Benningsen's army in the operations against Dresden and Hamburg; in 1823 he was made a member of the Council of State as President of the Military Section, and in 1831 commanded the reserve army against the rebellious Poles. He is described by Dolgorúky, who is not given to compliment, as "a man of pre-eminent nobility of soul, of unwavering constancy, of exemplary unselfishness, who ardently loved his country, was faithful in friendship, honorable without the shadow of a change, respected by everyone, and, who during the whole seventy-five years of his life was a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*" In fact he was a worthy prototype of the old Prince Nicholas Bolkónsky, the father of Prince Andrei in "War and Peace."

Count Osterman-Tolstoy might have served as the original of one incident in Byron's "Don Juan," in having been the handsome young lieutenant who brought to Catherine II. the news of the fall of Ismail. He speedily advanced at Court, inherited the immense fortune of his great-uncles Counts Ivan and Feodor Osterman, and was allowed to add this name to his own. Though in disfavor under the Emperors Paul and Alexander I., he nevertheless took an active part in the war of 1812, and won the battle of Kulm (so far as is permitted even to a Tolstoy to win a battle), by which the tide was first turned against Napoleon. Later he lived abroad, took Fallmerayer on a three years' journey in the East, and died at Geneva in 1837.

The novelist's father, Nikolas Ilitch, had no higher rank than Lieutenant-Colonel: but his uncle, Feodor Andréievitch, the Senator and Privy Coun-

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cillor, who died in 1849, at the age of ninety-one, was a noted bibliophile, whose splendid collection of Slavonic manuscripts is now in the Public Library at St. Petersburg; and his cousin, Count Feodor Petróvitch, was a sculptor and medallist of merit, and died in 1873 as Vice-President and Professor in the Academy of the Fine Arts.

The mother of the novelist was the Princess Marie Volkónsky, daughter of a general of Catherine's time, and a direct descendant of St. Michael, Prince of Tchernigof, who was martyred by the Mongols in 1246 for refusing to perform an act of heathen worship, and was subsequently canonized by the Russian Church. Thus on his mother's side, and also in other ways, Count Leo Tolstoy is a descendant of Rurik. Among his other direct ancestors we find members of the princely houses of Trubetzkóy Gortchakof, Stchetínin and Trockúrof, without mentioning countless relationships and connections with most of the noble families of Russia.

I have dwelt thus at length on the family of the Tolstoys, partly perhaps because I have a personal leaning to genealogy, but chiefly because Tolstoy is the rare exception in Russian literature of a novelist who really forms part of the society he has undertaken to describe, and because of the contrast of his family history with his present religious and social opinions. Such contrasts are not rare in Russia.

IV.

As we spent the evenings and part of the mornings in the Count's study, which was full of books, the talk very naturally ran on literature. At intervals I helped him to rearrange his library, a good portion of which consisted of old French books which had descended to him from his father or grandfather; but which contained also the best imaginative literature of England, France, Germany, and Italy, not to speak of Russian books and an enviable collection of works about Napoleon and his times which were in use for "War and Peace." Of these latter, some rare books I was able afterward to obtain; others I still envy him. Unfortunately I have mislaid most of my notes with regard to our literary conversations. Certain things, however, made a strong impression upon me.

Tolstoy had a very high opinion of the English novel, not only as a work of art but especially for its naturalism—a word not then in vogue. "In French literature," he said, "I prize, above all, the novels of Alexander Dumas and of Paul de Kock." At this I opened my eyes wide, being at that time strongly imbued with the ideas of the school then prevalent. "No," he said, "don't tell me any of that nonsense that Paul de Kock is immoral. He is, sometimes, according to English notions, improper. He is more or less what the French call *leste* and *Gaulois;* but he is never immoral. Whatever he may say in his books, and in despite of his little loose jókes, his stories are perfectly moral in tendency. He is the French Dickens. His characters are all drawn from life, and very perfectly too. When I was in Paris I used to spend half my days in the omnibuses, simply for the amusement of looking at the people; and I can assure you that nearly every passenger had come out of one of Paul de Kock's novels. And as to Dumas, every novel-writer ought to know him by heart. His plots are marvellous, to say nothing of his workmanship: I can read him again and again; but his plots and intrigues form his strong point." For Balzac he did not care so much. Among other writers I can now only recall Schopenhauer, for whom at that time he had a great admiration, and whose German style he particularly praised.

We talked of contemporary Russian authors, and the conversation naturally fell upon his own books, of which he spoke with great frankness. "War and Peace," which was then in publication, afforded the subject for a long talk; but of this I can only give the result, and not in so many words what he said.

"War and Peace" was originally published in six parts, beginning in 1865, and not as usual in Katkof's *Russian Messenger*. Four numbers had then been issued, had had a very great sale, and had been read by everybody. These carried the story down to the

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battle of Borodino. The final portions did not appear for a year or so afterward. There had been, of course, some hostile criticism, to which Tolstoy replied in Barténief's historical journal, *Russian Archives*, at about this time, and much in the same way that he talked about the book to me.

It may be remarked here that before writing "War and Peace," Tolstoy began a novel to be called "The Decembrists" (*Dekabrísty*), on the theme of the attempted revolution of December $\frac{14}{26}$, 1825 (on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas), in which so many well-born Russians, including several of his own relatives and family connections, had taken part. At this time, before the rise of destructive Nihilism, owing in part to the return of several of the participators, who had been pardoned by the Emperor Alexander after a sojourn of over forty years in Siberia, the history of this conspiracy greatly occupied the Russian public. But "in trying to bring to life again in his own mind the period of the Decembrists, he could not help going back in thought to the preceding period—the past of his heroes. Gradually he penetrated deeper and deeper into the causes of the events that he wished to describe—into the family history, the education, the social conditions of the characters he had chosen. Finally he stopped at the time of the Napoleonic wars," and wrote what we all know.

The idea of "The Decembrists" was not lost sight of, and the reader who remembers among the later chapters of "War and Peace" those that describe the home life of Pierre and Natásha will see, if he be acquainted with Russian history, how skilfully the ground is prepared for another epical romance of a similar character. *Diis aliter visum.* Twice before 1878 the project was taken up, and the opening chapters were rewritten, but it was then abandoned. In the first draught Pierre and his family appear in Moscow on their return after their long exile in Siberia.

"'War and Peace,'" said Tolstoy, "is not a novel, still less a poem, still less an historical chronicle. It is not presumption on my part if I keep clear of customary forms. The history of Russian literature from Pushkin down presents many similar examples. From the "Dead Souls" of Gógol to the "Dead House" of Dostoiéfsky there is not a single artistic prose work, of more than average merit, which keeps entirely to the usual form of a novel or a poem.

"Some of my readers have said that the character of the times is not sufficiently shown. I know what they mean—the horrors of serfdom, the walling up of wives, the flogging of grown-up sons, the Saltytchikha, as she is commonly called (that Madame Saltykóf who, in the time of Catherine II., in the course of eleven or twelve years had over a hundred of her serfs whipped to death, chiefly women and girls for not washing her linen properly), and things like that. The fact is that I did not find all this a true expression of the character of the times. After studying no end of letters, journals, and traditions I did not find such horrors worse than in our own times or any other. In those times people also loved, hated, sought the truth, tried to do good, and were led away by their passions. There was also then a complicated, thoughtful, moral life, perhaps even more refined than now, in the highest class. Our traditions of that epoch are drawn from the exceptions. The character of that time comes from the greater separation of the highest class from the rest, the ruling philosophy, the peculiarities of education, and especially the habit of talking French; and it is that character which I tried, as far as I could, to portray.

"You spoke of the similarity of some of the names, such as Bolkónsky, Drubetzkóy, Bilíbin, Kurágin, etc., with well-known Russian names. Yes, that I did purposely. In making imaginary personages act with real historical characters, there seemed to me to be something awkward for the ear if Count Rostóptchin talked with a Prince Pronsky, or Strelsky, or some other made-up name. Although Bolkónsky and Drubetzkóy are not Volkónsky and Trubetzkóy, yet they have a sound which is natural and customary in Russian aristocratic circles. I couldn't invent names for everybody, like Bezútchy and Rostóf, which did not seem false to the ear, and I tried to get around the difficulty by taking the names of well-known families

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with the change of a letter or a syllable. I should be sorry if this should lead people to think that I wanted to represent particular persons, especially because that sort of literature which consists in the description of persons who really exist or have existed has nothing in common with my purpose. Maria Dmítrievna Akhrosímof *le terrible dragon* (Madame Ofrosímof) and Denísof (the celebrated guerilla leader Denis-Davýdof) are the only characters to which involuntarily and without thinking I gave names resembling those of two characteristic and charming personages of the society of that time. That is my fault, caused by the special characteristics of these two persons; but the reader must admit that there is nothing resembling the truth in their actions. All the other characters are entirely imaginary, and even for myself have no original either in tradition or in actual life."

In spite of this declaration the Count's family friends insist that in the Princess Marie Bolkónsky he drew an ideal portrait of his own mother; but it is possible that the similarity of the name (Princess Marie Volkónsky) may have deceived their imaginations into seeing a likeness of character. The faithful picture of the times is due to a study of memoirs, old letters, and personal accounts, quite as conscientious as that given by any historian to his material. There were still living in Moscow many old people whose early recollections went back to the burning of Moscow, and Tolstoy himself must in his younger days have known many who had taken at least a minor part in the events which form the groundwork of his story. The Princess Odóiefsky told me that some ladies, and especially a Miss P., a distant connection of Tolstoy, and a common friend of us all, had been very serviceable in getting at the old people of Moscow, and in writing out their stories and anecdotes. In fact, society had changed so little in Moscow and the country, up to the time of the Crimean war, that had Tolstoy described only what he had himself seen, his picture would have been true externally of the earlier period; but it would have lacked the breath of life, the spirit which animated the men of 1812.

The indication of sources detracts no more from the merits of the novelist than from those of the historian. At times it is easy to see what influences were at work in "War and Peace." The history and influence of freemasonry in Russia was just at that time a new subject for research, as the barriers against historical study and criticism were being gradually relaxed. The reading, by the author, of a series of articles in the *Russian Messenger*, on freemasonry in the time of Catherine, and the book of Lónginof on Nóvikof, made Pierre become a mason, and further guides were found in the large collection of masonic books, emblems, and rubbish, in the public museum at Moscow, which contains most of the archives and property of the Russian masonic lodges when they were closed and seized.

One incident in the latter part of the story, the indecision of the Countess Helen, Pierre's wife, as to her choice of a new husband, is founded on an occurrence at St. Petersburg while the story was in progress. A certain Madame A., although she was not yet divorced from her husband, was eagerly courted by two suitors, the old Chancellor, Prince Gortchakóf, and the Duke of Leuchtenberg the Emperor's nephew. The Emperor forbade both the rivals to marry, one because of the relationship, the other on account of his age and family. The issue of the story was different. The lady lived for a while with Prince Gortchakóf as his niece, and in that capacity presided at his diplomatic dinners; subsequently she ran away with the Duke, and years after, in 1879, married him morganatically, with the title of Countess Beauharnais.

The Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé, in his interesting and appreciative book "Le Roman Russe," seems to imply that Tolstoy's battle descriptions are imitated from the celebrated account of the battle of Waterloo in Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," the idea of which, Sainte-Beuve in turn says, "was taken from an English book, "The Memoirs of a Soldier" of the 71st Regiment, who took part in the battle of Vittoria without understanding anything about it; much as Fabrice took part in that of Waterloo, asking himself afterward if he really had

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been in a battle and had really fought." The "Chartreuse de Parme," with all its merits, is a signal example of how an historical novel should *not* be written. Tolstoy made imaginary take part with real characters in historical events. Stendhal does the same partially at Waterloo and in Milan; but after that all is fictitious, and worst of all, real names are given to purely imaginary places. The Parma of the novel is in no way, either historically or topographically, like the real Parma, however much it may be like Modena.

In speaking not of this, but of his treatment of history in general, Tolstoy said that the historian and the artist in describing an historical epoch have totally different aims and treat of different subjects. "An historian would not be right if he tried to present an historical personage in all his entirety, in all his complicated relations to all sides of life. Neither would an artist do his duty if he always gave him his historical signification. Kutúzof was not always riding on a white horse, with his field-glass in his hand, pointing at the enemy. Rostóptchin was not always with a torch setting fire to his house at Vorónovo (in fact he never did this at all), and the Empress Maria Feódorovna did not always stand in an ermine cloak resting her hand on the "Code of Laws." But this is the way in which the popular imagination pictures them. The historian deals with heroes; the artist with men. The historian treats of the results of events; the artist of the facts connected with the event.

"Battles are, of course, nearly always described in a contradictory way by the two sides; but besides this, there is in every description of a battle a certain amount of falsehood which is indispensable on account of the necessity of describing in a few words the actions of thousands of people, distributed over a space of several miles, all under the strongest moral excitement, under the influence of fear of disgrace or death.

"Descriptions of battles generally say that such troops were sent to attack such a point, and were afterward ordered to retreat, etc., as if people supposed that the same discipline which on a parade ground moves tens of thousands of men by the will of one, could have the same effect where it is a question of life or death. Everyone who has been in a war knows how untrue this is, and yet on this supposition military reports are made out, and on them descriptions of battles are written.

"By the way, a friend told me what was said by Nikolái Nikoláievitch Muraviéf-Kársky about my description of Schöngraben, which confirms my conviction. Muraviéf, who had been himself a commander-in-chief, said that he had never read a truer account of a fight, and from his own experience he knew how impossible it was to carry out the orders of the commander-in-chief on the field of battle.

"Go about all the troops immediately after an engagement, or even on the second or third day, before the official reports are written, and question all the soldiers and the higher and lower officers how things went: all these people will tell you what they really felt and saw, and you will receive an impression which is grand, complicated, immensely varied, and solemn, but by no means clear; you will learn from no one, still less from the commander-in-chief, exactly how the whole took place. But in two or three days official reports begin to come in, talkers begin to describe what they never saw, finally the whole report is made up, and this creates a sort of public opinion in the army. It is so much easier to settle all one's doubts and questions by this false, but always clear and flattering account. If in a month or two you question a man who took part in the battle, you will no longer feel in his story that raw, living material that was there before, for he will tell it according to the official report. The details of the battle of Borodinó were told to me by many shrewd men who took part in it and are still alive. They all told the same story, all according to the untrue accounts of Mikailófsky-Daniléfsky, Glinka, etc., and even related the same details in the same way, though they must have been miles off from one another.

"After the loss of Sevastópol, General Kryzhanófsky, the chief of artillery sent me the reports of the artillery officers from all the bastions and asked me to combine these twenty or more reports

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into one. I am very sorry that I did not take copies of those reports. It was an excellent example of the naïve, indispensable, military lie out of which descriptions are made. I presume that many of my comrades, who then made those reports, would laugh at the recollection of their being ordered by their superiors to write about what they never saw. All who have experienced a war know how fit Russians are to do their military duty, and how unfit they are to describe it with the indispensable, bragging lie. Everybody knows that in our armies this duty, the compilation of reports, is generally performed by our officers of non-Russian race.

"But besides the necessary falsehood in the description of events, I find a false way of understanding events. Often when studying the two chief historical productions on this epoch, Thiers and Mikailófsky-Daniléfsky, I am astonished how such books could be printed or read. Without speaking of the exposition of the same events in the same serious, important tone, with references to authorities, and yet diametrically opposed to each other, I have found in these histories descriptions of a sort that I did not know whether to laugh or to cry over them, when I remembered that these books are the sole memorials of the epoch and have millions of readers. I'll give a single instance from Thiers, who, in speaking of the forged Russian bank-notes brought by Napoleon says: 'Using these means in an act of benevolence *worthy of himself and of the French army*, he distributed assistance to the sufferers by the conflagration. But provisions being too precious to be given for long to strangers, for the most part enemies, Napoleon preferred to furnish them with money, and had paper rubles distributed to them.' If Thiers had fully understood what he was saying, could he have written in such a way of such an immoral act?"

This led to a long discussion of the French occupation, and of the burning of Moscow, which Tolstoy maintained in even stronger terms than those he afterward employed in his novel, was solely due to accident. He showed me the large library of books and authorities that he had collected for his studies, and pointed out to me some interesting memoirs and pamphlets which are rare and little known. Of Rostóptchin he spoke with great contempt. Rostóptchin always denied that he had had a hand in the burning of Moscow until he found out that, to excuse themselves, the French had attributed it to him, and that in his visit to France after the restoration this was thought a glorious deed of patriotism. He at first accepted it modestly, and then boldly boasted of it. The legend has been kept alive, partly by the chauvinism of French historians and partly by the influence of the Ségurs (one of whom married his daughter) and their numerous relatives and literary following.

Count Tolstoy insisted on his accuracy, and especially on his conscientiousness in historical matters and said: "Wherever historical characters act and speak in my novel, I have imagined nothing, and have conformed myself strictly to historical materials and the accounts of witnesses." From this the conversation branched off to the activity and effect of historical characters on events, all of which was afterward said so fully in the epilogue of "War and Peace" that there is no need to repeat it here.

In his early stories Tolstoy had already so succeeded in combining vivid realistic descriptions of places and persons with the moral and metaphysical reflections and reasonings of the characters that it was natural for the reader to say: "This is a real personage;" "That is a genuine experience;" "The author must have passed through that phase in order to portray it so well." Tolstoy laughingly, but in all seriousness, denied that there was the slightest autobiographical character in the three sketches, "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth," which in the translations lately made have been given the names of "Souvenirs" and "Mes Mémoires." Indeed, neither do the incidents of the book correspond to the facts of Tolstoy's life, nor does the moral and mental development of Irténief conform to what Tolstoy has told about himself in his "Confessions." Now that Tolstoy has become a figure in the religious world, his novels and tales have been carefully studied by many who seek in them something more than their

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artistic merits; and wherever there are traces of the ideas about life and its objects, which have been so greatly developed in his mystical writings, they choose to consider these portions as autobiographical. Thus Tolstoy is found to be present in "The Cossacks," in "War and Peace," and in "Anna Karénin" in the respective characters of Olénin, Pierre, and Levin. It would be strange if he were not to some extent there present, as he invented them. But between putting a little part and parcel of the author's self not only into these, but into every character he drew, and autobiography, there is a great difference. This constant tendency to see the personality of the author in his heroes, whether the author in question be Byron or Tolstoy, seems to me to be a perversion of fact and a perversion of criticism. In "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth" there are pictures of Russian family life so carefully drawn and so well colored that their truth is recognized at once by every Russian of that class in society, and by every foreigner who has had the good fortune to be intimate with Russian families where there are a lot of children. On reading the book again, after twenty years, certain things strike me now as peculiarities of Russian life which were then so natural as to pass unnoticed. For instance, Nicolai Irténief stealing off in a sledge to make his second confession at the age of fifteen, and saying that this was the first time that he had ever been in the street alone without his tutor or some one of the family. The pedagogue (παιδαγωγός) to sleep in his room, to take him to and from school, and follow his every movement, is so usual a character in the life of every well brought up Russian boy (as indeed in the life of some other European countries) that a foreigner—even an American—as soon as he becomes intimate with Russian life, forgets the strangeness of him. In the characters of this book Tolstoy, with the aid of his own recollections and his lively imagination, simply tried to put himself into the place of the boys, with the ideas that he thought he might have had at the time. The boy who approaches nearest to Tolstoy's character is not Irténief but Prince Nekhliúdof, who reappears with some of the author's peculiar views in some of the stories of the Caucasus, in "A Landlord's Morning," and in "Lucerne." While writing the other books just mentioned the author was grappling with some of the great problems of human life, and he made Olénin, Pierre, and Levin do some of his thinking for him, without intending to give them any portion of his individuality. At the time of my visit, for instance, Tolstoy was still occupied with his studies in freemasonry, and was diligently reading the mystical writings of Nóvikof and others for the sole purpose of understanding the psychological history of the early part of the century, and not with any intention of seeking the highest benefits of humanity through such means. He was simply reading up—cramming if you will—for the character of Pierre; and Pierre's dabblings with freemasonry must not therefore be thought to represent any experience or mental process of Count Tolstoy.

"The Cossacks," Tolstoy assured me, was a true story so far as the plot is concerned, and was told to him by an officer one night when they were travelling together, not even in the Caucasus but in the north of Russia. What he had written was, however, only the first part, and he then still hoped some day to write the rest. Perhaps on the whole it is best as it is; as, though a fragment, it is perfect in its way—an idyll and not a complete story. I told the Count of my first acquaintance with Turguénief at Baden-Baden the year before, and that he had advised me, if I wished to do anything more, to translate "The Cossacks," which he considered the finest and most perfect product of Russian Literature. I asked Tolstoy's permission to translate it, which was readily given, but I tried my hand first on one of the sketches of Sevastópol, and, although I began at "The Cossacks," changes of post and varied duties prevented my finishing the translation for fully ten years.

(To be concluded in the June number.)

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JEANNE.

By John Elliott Curran.

VI.

THERE lived in New York an uncle of Reuben's, whom he had not seen in years—least of all since he had come to the city to live. Occasionally the lad saw his name in the newspapers: as when they said that Colonel Grislee Ballard was present among the more prominent guests at Mrs. Vanderheyden's rout; or that Colonel Ballard graced with his presence the Plutarchs' Ball, and so forth; adding lustre in the world's eye to whatsoever name his own was coupled with.

Reuben, however, knew far more of his uncle than the world that read the newspapers did. First of all, the colonel had been prejudiced against Starkweather who married his sister. Starkweather was a sterling sort of man and keen, but too hard; there was no soft spot about him. It was a queer thing for Ballard not to like him because he hadn't a soft spot; for no severer man walked the earth than Ballard himself. But he considered that grace should go with severity; and Starkweather did not have that. As for his sister, he had always been affectionate with her and she never had any doubts of Grislee's loyalty to herself, and always understood him when he was distant toward her family.

He had so little to do with them that all the nieces and nephews had grown up, if not total strangers to their uncle, at least not in communication with him. Starkweather had remained in trade, an occupation which the colonel was forever swearing at; and besides that, he had lost all his wife's money for her, which settled the soldier into a lasting enmity.

The West Pointer himself had never married, and now when he was retired and gray and abiding in lodgings, he was more growling and severe and fierce-eyed than ever. His own money had grown on his hands and he had more than he wanted. But he was at odds with the world, with a trading civilization, and was scolding everywhere under his breath at what he considered a want of manliness in these times.

This savage old tiger Reuben planned to visit in his cage. He was almost certain of being eaten up. For himself he had no wish to see him. If the old man had spoken to him first, he should have been scarcely civil in return. But there was a particular reason why Reuben meditated to see him; and the prospect of a rebuff only stirred up in the youth defiance to the old gentleman's rage. Reuben was aware that Uncle Grislee was concerned in the ownership of the Colosseum; and Jeanne was lacking a place in the ballet corps. There was not much connection between the two facts; he was old enough to know that.

But Jeanne had done something for him, and by George! if there was anything he could try for her—soft, sweet little figure of a Jeanne—who was there that could refrain? If the old man wanted to be rough to him, he could; he didn't care a snap of his finger for him, except to use him for Jeanne.

It was a night in early October when Reuben paid his respects, too early in the season for Colonel G. Ballard to be inundated with invitations to dine out; so, when he rang the bell of the suite of apartments and a valet answered the ring, and Reuben inquired if his relative was in, he was shown into a reception-room, and the valet, retiring with Reuben's hand-written card, said he would see. It appeared the colonel was in, and the visitor was summoned to his presence. A handsome lamp burned on the table, and by it the robust looking figure of the old soldier was half sprawled out, with an open book lying at arm's length on his knee, and the other hand holding the card whose handwriting he was studying. He rose as the young man entered, and drew himself up to his

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height of over six feet, his head well back on his shoulders. His iron gray hair, scant on the top of his head, grew thickly in short wavy lines elsewhere; and his mustache surmounted a chin that was so strong that it and the jaws too looked better for being shaven.

"Good evening, sir," said Reuben.

"Good evening, Starkweather," replied the colonel, not offering his hand, but with his keen eyes fastened on his nephew.

The uncle was too polite to cast even a glance at the young man's dress, but the eyes that were fixed in a study on his face took in also the fact that Reuben had on well-worn cheap clothes, and coarse-wrinkled heavy shoes; a very plain attire. But he took less notice of that than he did of the boy's face—his broad brow, full, honest-looking nose, his strong jaw and chin (as strong as his own) and the mild blue eyes and light, tawny hair that waved across his forehead and sprouted on his upper lip.

"Damn the eyes!" thought the colonel; "they have the color of the father's;"—they would have been perfect, having the expression of his mother's, if it were not for that. Reuben stood erect, conscious of the doubtful errand he had come on, and prepared for anything, with a half reckless, half determined look on his face. He was shorter than his uncle by several inches, and did not stand quite so stiffly erect; but he was well-built and somewhat brown still, from his country life, and looked hearty.

The uncle spent more time than it is customary to spend in gazing at an unexpected visitor, and finally said, "Well, sir."

"I called to see you a few minutes," said Reuben.

"Sit down," said his uncle, more affably, motioning him to a chair. He returned to his own seat and examining the card, said: "So you are Reuben, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

The old gentleman did not seem very much pleased at seeing the boy. But that was what Reuben had expected. Still, it was uphill work. He saw no way of leading up to his subject. He must come out with it all at once; and there was the veteran, sitting gray-haired and severe with his hardily-built face upon him, as if every lineament was set for a reprimand. Even the luxuriousness of the apartment abashed him. It seemed to remove the colonel even further from a ballet-girl's interests.

"Well, sir?" said the uncle, finally, with severity in his tone, "what can I do for you?"

That settled it. His uncle did not want to know him; if he had any business he was to discharge it and get out. It brought him to the point at once.

"My business is to ask a favor of you."

The colonel offered no encouragement. The Starkweather blood, as represented in Reuben, roiled him.

"It is for a friend of mine."

"Who is your friend?"

"A young woman who used to dance at the Colosseum, until she was dismissed."

Reuben was silent and the colonel was silent. By and by his uncle said: "How long have you been in town?"

"About eight months, sir."

"It seems to me," replied the colonel, slowly, "that you are getting into that sort of thing rather early."

Reuben had bitten off the butt end of a match and was chewing it. He ground it now in his teeth.

"That may be, sir," he said, bound to be respectful, and disdaining to try to set matters in even the least favorable light.

The colonel regarded him sternly, but the young fellow said nothing. At last his uncle asked, "Where are you working?"

"At Robinson, Wareham & Co.'s."

"Who got you that place?"

"I asked them," replied Reuben; "they used to know my father."

"Damn your father," thought the colonel, "and Robinson, Wareham & Co. for knowing him;" but all he said was "humph!" and the spleen in him rose higher against his nephew's Starkweather blood.

"What do you get there?" he asked.

Reuben mentioned some small sum.

"And you can afford to know ballet-girls on that income?"

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"No, sir, I can't. I don't know more than one."

The colonel was too delicate to pry into the way his nephew came to know that one; and finally Reuben volunteered, "She supports herself. She won't take anything from me."

The old gentleman pursed his lips at this startling news. Then, perceiving a cloud in the sky, over his nephew, he said: "Reuben, don't marry that kind of a woman. They are all bad enough. But don't make it worse than it need be."

There was some shade of interest in his tone, and Reuben was mollified enough to say: "She won't marry me; I have asked her."

"What did she say?"

"She slapped my face—for one thing."

The firm old face smiled. Then the old man said, philosophically, with his eyes on the ceiling: "Of course, she is flying at higher game; a twelve-dollar-a-week man is a small attraction to a ballet-girl."

Reuben colored, but remonstrated, "I don't think it was that, sir."

The veteran was evidently incredulous, yet he did not press Reuben; but the lad went on, "I think it was partly out of regard for my interests."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the soldier; "don't be a fool, my boy."

"I don't think I am," answered Reuben, firing; "she thought enough of me to come out and nurse Aunt Lucinda when she was sick, so that I could keep my place down town; and that was the way she lost hers."

The old man's eyes opened wide. "Did Lucinda let her in?" he asked, in a tone of astonishment.

"I did."

"That was hard usage of the old lady, Reuben. You might have omitted that."

"What was I to do, sir? She appeared there, and somebody had to be nurse, and I couldn't stay and turn in money from the city, too."

"All those Elmwood people," said his uncle, sweeping his hand before him.

"I can't help it; I couldn't send her away." Then he lowered his voice and said, "Aunt Lucinda liked her before she got through."

The colonel ruminated. At last he said: "Well, Reuben, who is this singular girl?"

"Prévost is her name—Jeanne Prévost;" and here a slumbering ugliness that had been developing under this conversation came to the top, and he said: "I suppose we have talked enough about her now." He arose. "You are a part owner of the Colosseum and I came here to ask you to get her back into her place again." He spoke rather decidedly, and the colonel flared up.

"Did that hussy send you here?" he said, quickly, the color mounting to his temples, "to get me to intercede for her with a dancing-master?"

"No names, please," said Reuben, eying his uncle.

His uncle eyed him in return.

"She is a very gentle woman," said the boy, after a pause; "you might have known that from what I have told you. I came of my own accord. She doesn't know anything about it."

His thoughts reverted to the soft little Jeanne; and as she, such a weak little thing in the world with her own fight to make, stood in contrast to this grizzly man, who was powerful with all sorts of social stays, he hated him, and he could almost have wept for Jeanne in his anger.

"Did you think," said his uncle, sternly, "that I would do anything for you?"

"No, I did not. I only came because I thought it wasn't right by Jeanne, after what she had done, to leave anything undone for her that I could think of. It hasn't been agreeable to me—the way you have spoken, sir. But I have made out to stay through. I am not sorry I came. But I am glad to go."

He stood before his uncle, with his broad, honest, unabashed face; there was quietude on it, but it was alight, too, with something a little more volatile than resolution.

His uncle gazed back at him; and Reuben bade him good-evening.

The colonel set himself down in his chair, meditating; and said aloud once, "It took a good deal of bravery—um" (correcting himself) "bravado, to come and do that." Perhaps it suited the colonel's military notions, to see a man lead a forlorn hope anywhere, with brute

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resignation to defeat, and yet doing his best.

Some days after that, after the opera season had begun, running across Carlo at Colombo's, he stopped him and asked him what he had such an infernally ugly ballet for this year; why didn't he have last year's girls?

"*Ma foi!*" returned Carlo, spreading out his hands; "but I have, mostly."

"Well, you had better altogether," remarked Ballard, and marched on.

A few days after, Jeanne, to her surprise, received a note from some underling in the management of the Colosseum, asking why she did not present herself. But Jeanne only pouted and sulked, neither answering nor going; she did not like this being put down and taken up. But, ah! dreams came to Jeanne, as she slept, of rounds and rounds on the stage; and had their influence on her in her waking moments. And one day, a fortnight at least after the note came, her feet drew near the old resort, leading her there, as it were, with her face averted, while she said "No, no." Her feet finally dragged her across the Colosseum's threshold, and up the stairs, to the stage—to the side of it. A rehearsal of the ballet was going on. Jeanne's heart began to dance, while her feet stood still. During a pause, by some fatality, Miss Watkins, of last year's force, stepped over to her as white as a ghost, and asked her to take her place, as she was ill. In a few moments Jeanne was in the proper foot apparel and stepped once more upon the Colosseum stage. Signor Carlo noticed her and bowed with apparent pleasure in his face. The fact was, that he had regretted the manifest pain that he had given to old, enfeebled Henri that day at Borghilloni's, and was glad to see the daughter back again; for Carlo was only irascible, not small.

VII.

Rigid discipline had been a characteristic of the Starkweather family government; and as the family had been poor since Reuben had become old enough to work, his notion of life was little more than one of total disregard of everything but the scratching up of a living. Sentiment had no place with him. But Jeanne was stirring it into life—though not intentionally. She had enjoined him to be faithful at the store; and therein her words contradicted her other influence; for the store was drudgery to Reuben and he felt rebellious toward it—especially now that his aunt was dead and there was no one dependent on him. For one thing, he did not like all his masters. Mr. Wareham was decidedly uncongenial; a dry, bony man, devoid of sympathy, who often behaved rudely to persons who were of no use to him; and though Reuben was only sales-entry clerk, he had really looked down on Mr. Wareham more than once. He did not like the trade-world very much, any way; and recurred to the earlier days, when, in spite of his work for his father, he used to have many a day on the water, off the Saybrook front. Summer afternoons, in the gloom of the rear office, poring over his salesbook, he longed—how he did long!—for the salt spray. But a look out of window only gave him a sight of a high brick wall above and a tin roof and skylight (but not a sloop's) below.

One day the climax came. A boot-black peered into the office; a shoeless, seven year-old Irishman. "Shine!" he shouted, as he poked his head in the door; "shine, boss?" advancing toward Reuben. "Get out!" growled Wareham at the other side of the room. The sanctum was not usually invaded by boot-blacks; and Mr. Wareham was probably in a pet; for, instead of keeping his eyes on his books as he spoke, he turned full round in his chair and glowered at the youngster. "What do you mean by coming in here?" he asked savagely. The intruder retreated; he would probably have gone readily under the first command, as a "no" in business; but the question stirred him up to resentful argument. "I kin come in yere on business," he maintained. "Get out! you rascal;" Wareham was furious. The urchin's face was bursting with expostulation, but he retired; only muttering that he could "come in to look fur a job." Reuben was just ugly enough, in his dislike of Wareham, to sing out after the youngster, "Hold on, outside;

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I want a shine." He knew very well, that it was defying his employer. But he felt like arraying himself on the side of the weak; and he felt, just then, like doing whatever it was his inclination to do; association with Jeanne was bringing feeling and acting a little closer together. At any rate, he revolted against appearing on Mr. Wareham's side any longer.

"Go back to your desk, Starkweather!"

"I can't do it," said Reuben.

"You will!—Do you mean to say you won't?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you needn't come back."

Reuben went through the door. Mr. Bootblack regarded him wonderingly. "What did yer do that fur, boss? yer bounced."

"You attend to your business," he said, sharply, "and I'll take care of mine;" he felt rather sore.

As the youngster was putting up his brushes, he says, "That's *three* cents, boss."

"Don't be foolish, Micky," said Reuben, laughing, as he turned away leaving him a nickel. Micky pocketed it and before the grass had time to grow at all, it was "Shine! shine!" as ever before.

"That's the end of that," quoth Reuben to himself in a broken sort of way, as he sauntered down the street, and the subsidence of his excitement let him talk; "that's the end of that." There was a tone as of philosophy; but there was turmoil within. No boy had ever started in New York with stronger intentions than he had started with, of doing his work faithfully and well in every particular. Now, he felt much like a castaway—no longer a member of the working world in good and regular standing. The tears came into the boy's eyes. He walked on, scarcely heeding where he was going, until he found himself walking along the sea-wall of the Battery; and, looking out over the water, and for the first time seeing anything but his own woe, the sight so arrested him that he sat down on a bench.

The bay was placid in its general aspect. Only near by was there bustle and stir, when the ferry-boats neared or left their slip, or some puffing tug swept round, near the shore, lashed abreast of a canal boat. Here it was possible for Reuben, after a while, to reflect; and he reflected, with bitterness, on Jeanne's words, to be faithful at the store. Alas! all his trying was to no purpose. Reuben felt very lonesome, then. Only, somehow, he felt assured of Jeanne's friendship. He felt sure that that little arm would go round his neck, and that she would say to him that he was a —yes, a—noble fellow. He did not repent it. It only seemed rather a heart-vexing, unfortunate kind of thing.

So the boats went on; and time went on; and finally time, as luck would have it—luck crowding things of all sorts higgledy-piggledy into one day—brought a tug past the sea-wall, towing a laden schooner. A lookout stood at the vessel's head; and on the roof of the after-house played alone a little child. Her light-colored, wavy hair flew a little in the breeze, and her feet tripped about, childlike, as she played. It was all near enough for Reuben to note; and also to note, when she foolishly hung on the rail and tilted overboard. Why, why was it just then? With horror Reuben was on his feet as if a bayonet had started him; and with straining eyes he looked at the tiny thing as it came up and lay for a few moments buoyed on the water. Down from the wall he dropped on the rocks below and swam out. He thought he should never get there. But he did, in time to see the wild-looking child-eyes—seeing nothing and yet looking everywhere, in time to grab its arm; and then it was only a matter of keeping afloat for half a minute, till a couple of tugs and half a dozen row-boats came up to take in him and his burden. A smutty stoker got it and had it down by his fire before you could say Jack Robinson; and such tender loosening of a child's dress by smutty hands, and such eager listening and looking by sweaty, smutty heads never was before. He had one at home; so the chick fared well and went back to its owner in safety; and Reuben was pulled ashore at the Customs Revenue stairs and walked away.

The waterman in the boat seemed to

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have an approving eye for the lad, and he had said, at the stairs, "P'r'aps ye'd like a job; can ye row?" Reuben said he could. "Well, you come along some day." Reuben was brown still, and big-knuckled, and perhaps showed familiarity with boats in the way he handled himself.

VIII.

Reuben did not see Jeanne that night. He no longer lived at the Prévosts. She had read the afternoon paper. Three lines were given to Reuben's exploit. She re-read it, and read it again; and then a thrill went through her little body and her eyes grew wet; and she let the paper fall, and dreamed. When Reuben had not come by half-past eight, she went out and slipped over to his house and falteringly inquired for him. He had gone out—was going to Elmwood next day; the landlady had heard him say that.

She went back, downcast. It was so hard, not to see Reuben and let some of that thrill escape.

But Reuben hardly wished to see her. He was too bashful to tell about the child, and he was afraid to tell about his other performance.

It was with a feeling of freedom that he went up to Elmwood next morning. The old place was unoccupied, and he had half a mind to turn farmer. He walked over from the station, 'crosslots, pondering, and took the place in rear. At the barn, he picked up some tools that were scattered about. He continued to ponder, and made a deliberate calculation of what it would cost to put the barn in repair. He had all the day before him, and there was no hurry. He went about in a desultory way, whistling, and thinking how the farm should be managed. Now that he was out of Robinson, Wareham & Co.'s, the whole world seemed open before him.

Finally, he left the sheds and went to the house, and stood looking at the lonesome old homestead. It was abandoned-looking, indeed. The elm-sprays, now growing yellow, not only drooped about, but into, the chimney. The shutters were all closed. They were solid shutters, so that not even a turned slat showed the sash behind. He strolled round to the front; and with his hands in his pockets contemplated the tall grass in the door-yard, and the obliteration of the path to the gate with the summer's verdure. No accustomed foot had gone on and off the porch. The grass had grown in rows through the seams of its floor. He sauntered to the rear, and his mind reverted to his aunt Lucinda's death and burial; his train of thought became funereal, and then drifted away from the earth; in his reverie he was standing half in the spirit-land and half in the gloominess of a tomb, whose silence could not be deeper than that which hung about this deserted place.

All at once, however, the silence was broken. Reuben shivered, as if supernatural tones had come to his ears, when, just behind him, within the house, there arose, softly at first and swelling louder, a sound of mournful music. The dirge was so consonant with his thoughts that he fancied at first he must be dreaming, and that these tomb-like strains were a part of his reverie. Music more solemn he had never heard. He stood still in his tracks, morbid with fear. The strains rose and fell. At last they ended. With the return of silence, his courage came back. The sounds, he knew, were the tones of the large parlor organ that stood in the rear room. Of that he was certain. But what agency was playing the instrument? The blinds of the window behind him, belonging to that room, were closed. He went softly to the back of the house, and there beheld the shutters open, but the window closed. Stepping up to the sash he shaded his face with his hand and peered in. A little scream met his ear. He pushed up the window, and there, in the middle of the room, with hands clasped before her, stood Jeanne. He would have laughed, but for the solemn effect the music had wrought upon him. And Jeanne was equally solemn, standing there in abject guiltiness.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to see you," confessed Jeanne. "Where have you been so long?"

"I have been here outside; how did you get in?"

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"I crawled in," faltered she.

"Through this window?"

She nodded a guilty assent, as if she had been house-breaking.

"You scared me half to death with that organ."

"I had to play on it, Reu*ben*. The house was so solemn and still, everywhere; it weighed on me so, I had to sit down and play something like it. Ah! Reu*ben*, just think! I went upstairs into that room; and it was so still and dark! I saw the bed in the corner. I stood still, and thought how your aunt used to lie there. I could almost see her there then, see her kind eyes and hear her voice speaking to me. But that was long ago. Then I saw the bed was bare, not white and neat as it used to be, but only the ticking. It was so still and so changed; and yet it was the very place. I went and knelt down just where I did before, Reu*ben*, and I heard her voice, 'You are one of his children, Jeanne;' and I felt so happy; I felt as if I were; and yet—and yet—so many people might think—" she dashed a tear away; it is wrong for me to be Jeanne, isn't it, Reu*ben*—just Jeanne, just what I am?" she asked, passionately.

Reuben was silent.

"This is one home to me," she continued in a subdued voice, "where I had that dear friend. I have been to her grave, Reu*ben*," she added, solemnly, "and set out some flowers. I sat there before I came in here."

"She was your good friend," said Reuben, "but you have others."

"I know that, Reu*ben*," and she went forward impulsively and put her hand in his. "Will you help me out now?"

He lifted her down and closed the window and the shutters; and she stood beside him in her diminutiveness, with deep gravity on her face. "Come and eat lunch with me," she said, after a few moments, brightening up; "come down to the brook where I used to sit. I brought some lunch for you."

"How did you know I was coming?"

"They told me; I wanted to see you," she added, looking at him knowingly.

She took her basket and they went down the pasture to a place where some elms stood by the little brook, and near them a small thicket. The brook was shallow here, and passed by very idly. Various plants throve in the wide film of water, making islets where they grew, cowslips and skunk cabbage; and ferns reared themselves in patches, here and there, on the opposite bank; wild-violet leaves were skulking under foot, as long since out of season.

Setting down her basket, Jeanne exclaimed, "O! I do like this place!" Then she went to the edge of the brook, and throwing herself down flat on the turf, looked over the edge down into the water.

"What are you doing that for, Jeanne?"

"O," she said, without stirring, "I am looking to see if the same sorts of bugs are down here that I used to see."

"Where?"

"On the water, in the water, on the roots, on the mud. There were tadpoles then, too. I guess the frogs are away now. The cowslips were in blossom then; and the ferns, little things, were just like that," crooking her supple forefinger like the neck of a young fern; "and the violets too were just beginning. But they are all gone now."

"There is golden-rod in the pasture," he suggested.

"Yes, but—O! no, Reu*ben;* I was thinking of what was here at that time, when I used to come down from the room and get the air. I am very sentimental, Reu*ben*," she said, in a mocking way.

"Jeanne," he asked, "what really did make you come here to-day?"

"Something. What made you come?" Jeanne was holding back her conversation about the child as a rich dessert to her lunch.

"Something."

"Did they give you a holiday?" she asked, timidly. Reuben pursed his lips. "Yes."

"Ah, that was very good in them."

"Yes."

"They must be very nice people."

"Very."

"But you deserved it."

"Undoubtedly."

"Did it make you shiver?" Jeanne looked at him with loving eyes.

"No," said Reuben, "it made me hot."

"I mean the bath."

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"I don't. I mean the row."

"What row, Reu*ben?*" she asked, changing her voice.

"O, I have left the store."

"Reu*ben!*"

"Yes;" and he told her all about it.

"What did you do such a silly thing for?" she asked, when he had finished.

Reuben was very much disappointed. "I did not think you would say that," he said at last.

"Say what?"

"That it was silly."

"You cannot sail along on clouds, like that. What do you care for those little Irish boys? How foolish you are!" and Jeanne laughed at him contemptuously.

"I don't know that I do care for them in the lump," he replied; "but, by Jove! Jeanne, I think more of any one of them than I do of Wareham."

"What good does that do you?"

"None, that I know of."

"Except that you lose your place."

"You lost yours once."

"Stop that! I will not hear you speak of it;" and she turned her back on him.

"You are inconsistent."

She turned toward him again, half reclining on the ground, and looked into his face, with a sort of ecstatic glow in her own, and said, in an abandoned way, half laughing, "O! Reu*ben*, you liked the little Irishman, did you? You could have put your arm around his rough little head, could you? I could, Reu*ben;* and hugged him; and his little shirt I would mend, if it had any holes in it. O! Reu*ben*, what a goose you are! and the little child in the water! you don't talk about it, Reu*ben*. That was a very foolish act, too. O! it is all very bad! O! Reu*ben!* no, I do not like you for those things." And in her fervor she ran up to him with her eyes brimming with tears and threw her arms around his neck, and hugged him until the fit of enthusiasm had passed off. "O, Reu*ben!* I like such a goose as you are!" and at last she relaxed her hold.

Reuben picked grass spears and chewed them. He felt sheepish. Then he became serious. He began to feel as if he had done something important—for himself; as if he had somehow chosen the higher instead of the lower; had cleaved to his real thought, instead of smothering it. He seemed to himself, in a vague way, to have set out sailing on an illimitable sea, as if he had chosen a career where everything was unknown and unforeseen, and where he was to square himself to every circumstance according to his respect and getting a living was secondary; a blind faith came to him in this state of mind, a belief in the respectable for its own sake, with a wide feeling that the results would be taken care of by some Power unknown to him. Meanwhile Jeanne's eyes dwelt in a sort of spell on her companion's strong features, his brown neck, and the short, curling hair.

They were both silent for some time, his face turned away. By and by, she picked up a little pebble and threw it at him. He took no notice of it, and she threw another, and another. At last he turned and smiled.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I don't know yet," he said, carelessly.

"*Moi*, I have a great scheme."

"What is it?"

"I will tell you—now," she replied; "I am going to sing."

"To sing?"

"Yes."

"You can do it," he said after thinking.

"I know I can," she answered, tossing her head a little, "and Reu*ben*, dear, when no one will hire you and you cannot earn a living because you are such a goose, then I will lead you around, like a blind brother, and what I get for singing I will divide with you—and take care of you—um, dear Reu*ben!*" and the arms went round his neck again.

But Reuben did not come to that pinch right away. He manned the waterman's boats for a while; and that being right under the eaves of the Revenue Service office and as he really had taken a hand at the business already, it came about that he finally went off and joined a life-saving crew out on Long Island.

IX.

JEANNE heard nothing from Reuben; he was not given to writing letters. She missed him. Not in the way of brood-

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ing over his absence, for she was too cheerful a soul for that. But at times she would stop in her work and sit down for a moment and reflect, and then her eyes would be moist. She liked Reuben more than she had ever told him. Whether she was ready to marry him or not, she had never hinted at the final reason why she would not, except that evening at Elmwood when she said, "O, no! he was to be a great man;" which imperfectly expressed her notion that she was no match for him. But the poor little soul was distressed by that thought, and her discomfort only increased as her fondness for him went on growing.

Yet she masterfully kept herself from thinking about it, except at the odd moments when it flashed on her by surprise; and not the least effective weapon in her armory was busying herself about her work. Jeanne was no unambitious mortal. Her little heart went pumping away very vigorously over the project of exalting herself in her stage career. Not that she cared especially for the plaudits of success—though they would be grateful to her as a creature craving kindness; but she wished, in a dumb way, to project outwardly the inspirations that upset her inward ease. She would have to rise out of the *corps* to do that.

Her voice was a godsend to her. If she had had to pursue the laborious training of an actress, the path would have been longer. But Herr Druse, a fat, smiling, spectacled music-teacher, to whom Carlo commended her, was delighted with her native performances, and foresaw but little difficulty in preparing her for light opera. He could not tell, however, what charm of presenting herself on the stage his pupil had, except what news he got by hearsay from the manager of Jeanne's first variety, who assured him, in an off-hand way, that Prévost was a great card. He was pleased, however, with her private manners, and actually felt some personal interest in her success, despite his usual phlegm. He even called on old Henri, and became rather companionable with the old Bohemian, manifesting a species of consideration for his failing condition, and avoiding international questions; and Henri appreciated his politeness. So Jeanne went on in her music, with a favoring air fanning her heart into a glow all the time.

Reuben came home in the spring, weather-beaten and hearty, relishing the hardships of his new life and more at peace with himself than—well, he could not remember when. He had got out of the world, the stream of pilgrims to the shrine of superfluous money, and had felt, perhaps, much as Friday did whenever he got out of the clothes Crusoe had given him, and could use his limbs with some freedom. He went first of all to see Jeanne. Whom did he know in the city half so well? She suffered herself to be kissed as he entered the door.

"And did you save lives?" she inquired, after Reuben had told her something of the life out on the sandy coast.

"Well, we had to help a few people ashore."

"O, I should like that!" she exclaimed, under her breath, with her hands prayer fashion, beaming at her hardy companion.

Reuben laughed. He was imagining her little arms on the coast.

"That is much better than dancing," she added, eying him seriously.

"Pshaw!" said he; "it is nothing but work; plenty of fresh air and walking for nothing." Reuben's satisfaction with his calling was a solid one. There was no nervous enthusiasm about it. He quickly added: "You have been dancing again?"

"Yes, they took me back," replied she, tossing her head.

Jeanne at last went and brought him a letter. "This came for you a few days ago," she said; "Carlo gave it to me."

He opened it. "It is from my uncle," said he.

"What uncle?" asked Jeanne, timidly, not wishing to seem to pry.

"My uncle Grislee—Ballard."

"Colonel Ballard?" asked Jeanne aghast, with her small hands again joined in prayer.

Reuben nodded.

"Reu*ben!*" she exclaimed, and then was speechless.

The colonel's note asked his nephew to come and see him on his return to town, and the lad accordingly paid his

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respects, rather indifferently, yet disposed to treat his uncle fairly.

The old army officer had undergone a change of mind since he last saw Reuben. He found out about his parting with Mr. Wareham; saw it in the papers about the Battery incident; and most of all was charmed with Reuben's dropping into the life-saving service. In fact, a sort of proud hope had been rising in the old man's breast concerning his nephew.

"You are a clumsy sort of fellow," said the colonel, as Reuben entered the apartment; "sit down; why don't you leave your address when you go away?"

"I didn't think you wanted it, sir."

The uncle did not speak for a few moments.

"How have you been, sir?" asked Reuben.

"Don't call me 'sir,'" responded the old man, testily. "I hear you had a tiff with our friend Wareham."

"I did," replied the boy, collecting himself, the incident not being in the current of his thoughts.

"That was a pretty thing for you to do," said the old man, crossly. "Who do you expect is going to take care of you, if you lose your positions that way?"

"I got it myself," said Reuben.

"And threw it away like a boy as you are. You will never get on so."

Reuben looked down at the hat he was twirling and was silent.

"And what the devil," broke out the colonel, more vigorously, in a renewed tone of censure, "did you go off on such a hare-brained thing as the life-saving service for?"

Reuben smiled disconcertedly, feeling as if he had done a very boyish thing. "I don't know, sir; I felt like it."

"I told you not to say 'sir.'"

"I forgot," answered Reuben, confusedly.

"And what has become of your dancing-girl?" queried the old man severely.

"She is all right," answered Reuben, looking up with some surprise.

"O, she is, is she? She was looking all right the last time I saw her."

"When was that?" asked the youth, amazed.

"O, you needn't wake up so. It was on the stage. And a very neat young person she is; she does your judgment credit."

The red was showing through Reuben's bronze. "Don't—I would rather you wouldn't speak of her that way," he said, looking down.

"You would rather I wouldn't! And you are going to get into a huff about it, I suppose, and serve me as you did Wareham. I tell you what it is, Reuben, Wareham is an infernal old miser, nothing but skin and bones and pocket, without the spark of a man in him; you never did a better thing, my boy"—the colonel had risen and was standing, with hands in his trousers pockets and legs straddled, before Reuben—"than when you said good-by to him and his gang. It was a good move, youngster, and you didn't do it ungracefully. You promoted yourself.

"And how did you find the beach in winter, lad? Rather breezy and fresh, eh? plenty of sand and walking and no duck shooting? You don't look as if it had hurt you, though. Damn it!" he cried, stamping his foot, "why don't you stand up, and give me your hand? There! that's like it," as the young fellow arose bewildered and gave his hand to the old man, who laid his other, free hand on the boy's stout shoulder. "I don't believe you know, Reuben, when you do a creditable thing and a discreditable."

"I haven't done anything discreditable," said Reuben, quickly, in the cleanness of his conscience.

"Now you are thinking of that young woman," said the colonel. "I said nothing of the kind, but, by George! she deserves—I mean she is pretty enough—to have a young fellow like you wait on her."

"That isn't all there is to her," said Reuben.

"Isn't it?" asked his uncle, interestedly; "she is nice, is she? I knew where a letter would reach you, where you'd go first when you came to town. Well, good luck to you, my boy. Reuben, you have made a man of yourself."

It took Reuben, who did not understand what his uncle liked and what he condemned in this world, a good while

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to recover from the stupefaction of that day.

Jeanne, in the meantime, worked like a little Trojan. Herr Druse told Henri that her voice was getting more flexible every day; to which the decrepit bowed a pleased assent. She was an apt and intelligent pupil, too, and most of all was a born warbler.

She was to come out, by arrangement of Druse on her behalf, in a light opera at one of the theatres in the autumn. She did not get into the least flutter over the fact, nor into a tremor in imagining that first night. Not even at the variety, two years before, had she been much disturbed. For Jeanne could do nothing that was unnatural to her. She was a good student of her part and her character; and she was so little self-conscious in rendering her work, so honest, so intent on doing what she had to do, and not thinking of on-lookers, that it was always somewhat of a surprise to her to find sounds coming from the audience; but when she did hear them, she was quite overcome with gratitude. Fortunately Jeanne was a genius; her music, her life and grace and sprightliness made her a charm; and every note and look was tell-tale of a heart within.

Both her father and mother were too nervous to attend the *début*. It would certainly have been ruinous to Henri to go, and Mamma could not summon the resolution. But Reuben was there.

"You needn't feel the least bit worried," he said to his uncle; "she will go through it like a bird through the air; Jeanne knows what she is about."

Is it possible, then? Was old Colonel Ballard going to see Mademoiselle Vosprêt (so all the hand-bills had it, and it must be intentional) make her *début?* Why not? Was not the colonel *au fait* of such matters? Of course he should go. But this time he was going with Reuben, and—a little supper for three had been bespoken at Delmonico's—send the bill to G. Ballard. If Reuben liked her so much, why, hang it, there must be something in it, and the colonel would just like to see.

So the night came; and there were just two baskets of real roses—one from the colonel, and one from Herr Druse. Herr Druse cried that night, and without limit; for after she had been on the stage twenty minutes Jeanne owned the house. Reuben was critical, but not from the artistic standpoint; he watched to see whether Jeanne would do anything outlandish; but when he observed that she was as graceful and in as good taste as she always was in private, and sang well, he was content. As for the colonel, he was as solemn and staid as an owl; whatever he thought did not get outside of his skin.

The next thing was the supper. The majestic colonel was presented to Jeanne in the stage entrance. Reuben had prepared her for this meeting; at least, he had told her of it; but preparation, for Jeanne, was wholly out of the question; she could face the house—but the colonel, Reuben's rich uncle—that did make her heart flutter. When the gray, erect veteran pulled off his hat in the passage to the dot of a prima donna, the dot was simply extinguished; a courtesy, exquisitely graceful and not too long for the dot, one upward glance —O, how short! and yet lingering it was!—from the blue eyes, and the red lips spread across the dainty teeth in a wholly assumed smile—for Jeanne was quite unfit to smile—and a flush of deep pink over her face; the dot would have found it very agreeable to back off over the edge of this world somewhere into another just then, if she possibly could. But no! the colonel was there, a fact; right in front of her, beside her, and Reuben on the other side, escorting her to a carriage. And there he was still, right beside her in the carriage, on the same seat, after handing her in! her, Jeanne! As they drove along, she got one of Reuben's feet in between hers and pressed it hard, and that was a great stay. The assumed smile had not once left her lips; nor when they went up the Delmonico stairs, nor entered the room and the colonel took off her coat; nor when she sat down opposite to him —opposite to him with her eyelids down, always down; how *could* she sit there and look the awful colonel in the face?

The awful colonel was not prepared for just such a case as this. He felt like a grandfather to Jeanne. Why didn't she let him be one? Why was

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she so afraid of him? The old soldier tried his blandest. It was no use. Jeanne could not be domesticated any more than a young doe could on half an hour's experiment.

"Confound it!" thought the colonel. "I will make her take me familiarly." "Mademoiselle Prévost," he said, in a winning way, "you don't know how little of a stranger you are to me."

The blue eyes went up and down again, giving a glimpse of the constantly half-grateful, half-roguish look. "I knew you last winter; yes, a year ago; I knew who you were, and I knew you by sight; now, is not that an old acquaintance?" A glance, but no gaining of confidence, by Jeanne. The old man fidgeted in his chair; and he burst out. "Now, if you will have it, I had to growl at Carlo for not putting you back on the stage."

Jeanne was simply overcome; and leaning back in her chair, that pair of speaking blue eyes was unswervingly fixed on the colonel's orbs, emitting unspeakable thanks.

"Hang it! no, it wasn't me you're to thank," he cried, jamming the handle of his knife hard on the board, "it's Reuben, he's your friend; I was as sour as a setting hen, and did it with a poor grace. Confound it! Why don't you be Jeanne, and keep me from making a fool of myself? You young scapegrace," turning to Reuben, "what do you sit there laughing for? and you, too, you irreverent witch, what are you laughing at an old man like me for? You looked a great deal better just now, when I said it was Reuben, and you cast those sheep's eyes over at him. Here, Mademoiselle Jeanne! here's your health and a wish that you behave yourself!"

Jeanne drank, and bubbled over in the midst of it with a sense of something funny, and the doe got over its first fright and came a little nearer.

X.

The colonel had been kind to Jeanne. But after all she had been only Jeanne to him, not any one to be received; to be supped with, perhaps, after the theatre; but nothing else: only Jeanne. She knew it.

Perhaps she had captivated him—in a way. But only in a way. The colonel did not set her on his own plane. Her feminine instinct told her that. She did not stop to inquire whether her own shy conduct had not put him at a disadvantage and compelled him to treat her almost as a child, rather than a woman; and yet he had been respectful. She wished that Reuben's uncle was not quite so great. She had looked forward to meeting him with misgiving; and now her apprehension was justified. She was very downhearted.

One evening, soon after, Reuben joined her at the Obélisk. They walked home. He had been silent during the latter part of their supper. When they were on their way and her arm was in his, he said, "Jeanne, dear, I want you to marry me, now."

She made no reply.

"Won't you?"

They were passing a lighted spot, and she looked up into his face with her old kind look, but shook her head.

"You must, Jeanne," he said, with emphasis.

"Must? You are not my master, Reu*ben!*"

"You will!" he said, stopping and looking her in the face.

"I shall not!" she said.

"You will;" he answered, stamping his heel as he seized her by the wrists.

"Will you take me home?" she asked, coldly.

He looked at her a moment, made no reply, but took her arm in his again and went on.

They did not speak for a while. Finally he asked, in a gentler tone, "Why won't you, Jeanne?"

In a gentle, serious voice, she replied, "I will tell you, Reu*ben*. I am not going to be a drag on you and your uncle."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I am not afraid of anything!" she answered; and then said, quietly, "I must do my duty."

"And let me go away?"

"What is any one's love worth, Reu*ben*, if it does not go out in deeds? Am I to use it to hurt you?"

"How can it hurt me?"

"O, you refuse to be practical. 'Mlle.

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Vosprêt, *alias* Prévost, the charming danseuse and comic opera singer, was wedded to Mr. Reuben Starkweather, nephew of Colonel G. Ballard.' Imagine the mouths drawn open and the 'O my's' and the sidelong looks of inquiry. Do you think I can ever undo the fact of having danced and sung in public? I am not a great tragédienne, you know; only little Vosprêt, with light feet and a happy voice—a mere butterfly that has a right to be seen for a few hours and then be extinguished—who knows how? Nobody could forget who the mother of your children was."

"God forbid they should, dear Jeanne."

"Don't say such things, please," said Jeanne, falteringly. "I can't talk, if you do."

"There is no use of your talking. You are only called upon to act."

"Ah! Reu*ben*, there I think you are right," she answered, playing on his word; "and I—must act alone. Why should one not set one's face squarely to what should come, and not dodge it, but take it all."

When they had reached the house and he stepped into the hall with her, "Jeanne," he said, "I think we had better stand by one another."

"Reu*ben*," she answered, ardently, as she put her arms around his neck, "I love you enough to; I do, I do;" and she hung against his breast, with wet eyes, her heart throbbing against his. At last she loosened her arms and with averted face said, "Reuben, good-night."

"Is that the only answer to what I asked you to-night?"

She nodded yes, with her face still turned away.

"Then it is *good-by!*" he replied.

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking up, frightened.

"I am off to the sands. If I can't take you, I'll take the salt water instead."

"And it is good-by?" she asked, trembling.

"Yes, it is."

That was too much for her. She made a movement toward him; but his back was already turned in his hasty leaving, and he did not see it. He was gone! and quivering for a moment she sank on the floor.

XI.

Reuben went away; and his uncle was troubled. The note that he had written and addressed and sealed, after he came home from seeing Jeanne—saying he was sick of New York and was going back to the life-saving station—that note he thoughtlessly put into the pocket of the coat he left behind; and in his hurry it never occurred to him that he had not sent it. It ended in the colonel's taking his walking-stick and visiting the Prévost domicile. He was confronted at the door by Captain Prévost—though he had looked rather hopefully at the window for Jeanne. The captain made a solemn and profound obeisance. He wore a rather long sack of invisible green, with black braid down the front, in military fashion; and a gold-threaded, black velvet skull-cap covered his crown. His gray eye was not at all abashed at the imposing presence of his visitor.

"Is Mlle. Prévost within?" inquired the caller.

"*Non*," replied Henri, "she is not; did you wish to see her?"

"I do wish to see her very much."

"I beg you come in," returned Henri, as if he could not collect himself on so short notice; and he stood back ushering the colonel into the parlor.

The visitor looked about with some interest at the fitting of the room, and was apparently pleased with its neatness and taste. Henri moved slowly into the room and sat down.

The colonel handed him his card. Henri put on his spectacles deliberately and examined it. "Ah!" he said, looking up, "I think my daughter has mentioned your name; it gives me pleasure to see you."

"Thank you," said the colonel.

"I wish to make my respect for the high position you hold in the army—of the United States," quoth Henri; he was the reverse of voluble, and the fact that he had a visitor seemed to make its way only slowly to his brain.

"Ah," smiled the colonel, "that is past and gone; superannuated now, Captain Prévost."

"*Oui, oui*," nodded Henri; "that comes to us all. One has at last no

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longer the strength. Perpetual youth—that remains not with the individual; but it may with the army, the country."

There was a pause.

"You have had your own part, captain, in the field?"

"Yes, yes," bowed Henri, gravely; "much of the time. But my pupils, the instruction of the sword, has occupy much time too—more than the campaign. The campaign has quite use me up," smiled he; "I am no longer fit to be active."

The reflection seemed to weigh on him, and he absently pulled out his snuff-box and was about to help himself, when he remembered the colonel, and proffered it to him. "*Mais, non,*" he added quickly, collecting himself as his visitor declined, "I forget; you do not use it in your country."

"May I ask your last service?" inquired Colonel Ballard.

"O! yes. That was with Prince Maximilian," shaking his head; "a very unfortunate affair, very; I never return to France afterward." Henri sighed and gazed at the ceiling abstractedly.

"You have one comfort," said the colonel, after a while, "that your daughter enjoys such distinction; that may compensate in part for your disablement."

Henri spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "In part," he responded indifferently. "It is but the light comedy; not profound. She does very well." He did not seem to be much interested, and again gazed off into the distance. By and by he said, in his measured way, "I am struck, Colonel Ballar', at the performance of your American troops in your war; on both side, both side." Henri nodded in emphasis.

The colonel was silent.

"You make very rough fighting, but you fight hard." His eye was firing a little. "You stand not off; you go together;" and the captain, having risen, brought his fist into his palm with a smack. The old man's arms were long and wiry, and the movement showed that his muscles were not wholly used up yet. "Good fighting," he continued; "a great race, the American. I have follow your own movements in the campaign, Colonel Ballar'; I present my respect *again*;" and the captain, waving his hand, seated himself.

Colonel Ballard was a modest man, and he was a little annoyed at Captain Prévost's singling him out for mention. Yet there was nothing servile about the captain.

"You have taught us war in your time," remarked the colonel.

"Yes, yes," assented Henri. "The race of Napoléon have been great for France—first and last. But that is pass, that is pass," he added, waving his arm. "The *République* is *industrielle*. We shall have no more great military history. The Napoléons—they rise, they shoot through the sky, the whole heaven is brilliant, France shine beneath it, and—they disappear; after one century of the Napoléons, France—the night come upon her; she sleep;" and the captain's long hand fell quietly at full length on the flat arm of his chair; "*la République* is not *militaire*." Again he gazed out of the window into the distance and there was a long pause.

"Is not France better for peace?" asked Ballard at last, half amused and half pleased with the captain's view.

But the captain only shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands. But afterward he said, with a sort of superior smile, "I was raise in the *armée, comme vous même*. I cannot tell. I have my own thought," tapping his breast with his long forefinger; "I have not the thought of another."

The colonel was silent. By and by he returned to the subject of his call.

"But what of Jeanne, Captain Prévost?"

"Ah, yes. I tell you about Jeanne. Yesterday evening a note come for her from the Obélisk, where she perform, and request me to open it, if she is not at home. She is absent then since morning. I open the note. *Ma foi!* 'Mlle. Prévost: It is most astound*ing* that you do not play this evening. You are expected if you are not indispose.' Bien! Jeanne has not appear yet."

"Was there no performance at the Obélisk last evening?"

"I do not know," answered the captain, indifferently.

Neither did the colonel. "Are you not alarmed?" he asked.

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"*O, non,*" replied Henri; "It may readily happen; I have *confiance* in Jeanne. She understand herself very well, Colonel Ba*llar*'; she will come;" and Henri nodded assuringly at the colonel.

"I have not seen my nephew, either, for three days," said he.

"Ah! Monsieur Reu*ben!*" The captain meditated. "It is very sangulare," said he, stroking his chin.

The colonel smiled. "I hope they may each return safely," he said, rising to go.

"Assuredly," returned his host as he bowed his visitor out. "Accept my *res*-pect."

The colonel had relished the old captain's military flavor, and he said, "If you ever get so far, I shall be pleased to receive your visit at my lodging."

"Ah," smiled Henri, faintly, "I seldom go so far. Thank you. Accept my best respect," and the visitor departed.

XII.

Reuben was sitting by the side of the sea, up on the high sands on a tuft of salt grass. It was one of the warmer days of March. A gentle northwest breeze, blowing against the surf, thinned it so that it broke rather light on the beach; and the same wind made all the ocean a dark blue before him. The sun was warm on the white sand. His head was bowed down and he was fashioning the running grains into little figures with his finger.

His mind was upon Jeanne. It was only three days since he had left her. Through some unconscious attraction, he raised his head at last and looked behind him. He had a feeling that somebody was there, but he had not thought who. It was Jeanne!—standing there patiently. She had been standing there for some time. She did not speak when Reuben looked; but there was pleading in her face. Reuben turned his head away again, without a word or look of recognition. By and by there was a soft little voice: "Reu*ben!*" But Reuben did not hear. But he did hear. That call carried him back with a jump to that night in the Prévost upper hall, when Jeanne had spoken his name in the same soft, timid way for the first time; and he was involved again in the delight of that first confession of Jeanne's. All the intermediate life seemed nothing. She was just little Jeanne to him as she was that night. He liked it so much that he waited, to hear it again. It came, "Reu*ben!*" just a shade louder than before. But he sat quiet. Then it came again, with abundant pathos, expostulating with his obduracy. "Ah! Reu*ben!*"

He arose and faced her. She advanced a little, but he did not meet her. She said meekly, "I have done what I could; I have come, after all."

"For what?" he asked.

She did not answer, but hung her head and pushed up a little heap of sand sideways with the toe of her boot; and then she glanced up at him furtively as if to say, "you know."

But he did not stir—only stood looking at her. It was too much for her. She burst into a fit of passionate sobbing, covering her face with her hands.

He sprang to her side and kissed away the tears that oozed through her fingers. "Forgive me, Jeanne! forgive me!" he muttered, bitterly angry with himself; "forgive me, Jeanne." But she was overcome with the gasps of her violent sobbing that had come too strong to be stopped. As soon as she could speak, she broke away from him, and facing him, cried with eyes bright, and with animated gestures of the little arms, "I care not for anything—not for stage, uncle, anything—I love only you! you! Reu*ben!*" and then rushed to him and hid her face on his breast, whispering, "Kiss me! Kiss me!"

Jeanne's storm spent itself at last and when she could act again with some calmness, Reuben turned her chin toward the sea, while his face hung over hers. "Do you see that, Jeanne? the sea?"

"*Eh, oui!*" said Jeanne; why should she not?

"Your heart is just as soft, and just as wide."

THE END.

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THE FREIGHT-CAR SERVICE.

By Theodore Voorhees.

I.

THE WANDERINGS OF A CAR.

On the 14th of December, 1886, there was loaded in Indianapolis a car belonging to one of the roads passing through that city. It was loaded with corn consigned to parties in Boston. The car was delivered to the Lake Shore road at Cleveland on the 16th; but, owing to bad weather and various other local causes, it did not reach East Buffalo until December 28th. It was turned over by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad to the West Shore road the next day, and by this company was taken to Rotterdam Junction, and there delivered on December 31st to the Western Division of the Fitchburg Railroad, or what was then known as the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel & Western. They took it promptly through to Boston. After a few days the corn was sold by the consignees for delivery in Medfield, on the New York & New England Railway. The car was delivered to this road on January 24th, 1887, and taken down to Medfield. There it remained among a large number of other cars, until it suited the convenience of the purchaser to put the corn into his elevator.

On the 17th of March, the car was unloaded, taken back to Boston, and delivered to the Fitchburg road to be sent west, homeward. That company took it promptly, but instead of delivering it to the West Shore road at Rotterdam Junction, as would have been the regular course, either through some mistake of a yardmaster at the junction station, or in pursuance of general instructions to load all Western cars home whenever practicable, the car was not delivered to the West Shore, but was turned over to the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co's. Railroad, taken down to the coal regions, and on March 31st delivered to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, by whom it was loaded with coal for Chicago. That company promptly delivered it to the Grand Trunk at Buffalo, and on April 10th the car reached Chicago. It was immediately re-consigned by the local agents of the coal company to a dealer in the town of Minot, 523 miles west of St. Paul, on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad. To reach that point, it was delivered to the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific on April 10th, then to the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, Minneapolis & St. Louis, St. Paul & Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, arriving at its destination on the 14th of April.

Winter still reigned in that locality, and the car was promptly unloaded, and returned to St. Paul, where it was loaded with wheat consigned to New York. It left St. Paul on the 26th of April, was promptly moved through to Chicago, and delivered to the Grand Trunk. Coming east, in Canada, the train of which this car formed a part, while passing through a small station, in the night, ran into an open switch. The engine dashed into a number of loaded cars standing on the siding, and the cars behind it were piled up in bad confusion, a number of them being destroyed, and the freight scattered in all directions. Our car, whose history we are tracing, suffered comparatively slight damage. The draw-heads were broken, and some castings on one truck, not sufficient to affect in any way the loading of the car. It was sent to the shops of the road; and it became necessary for them, on examination, to send to the owners of the car for a casting to replace that broken on the truck. This resulted in serious detention. The requisition for this casting had to be approved by the Superintendent and by the General Manager, and was forwarded, after a considerable delay, to the officers of the road owning the car. There it was sent through a number of offices before it finally reached the hands of the man who was able to

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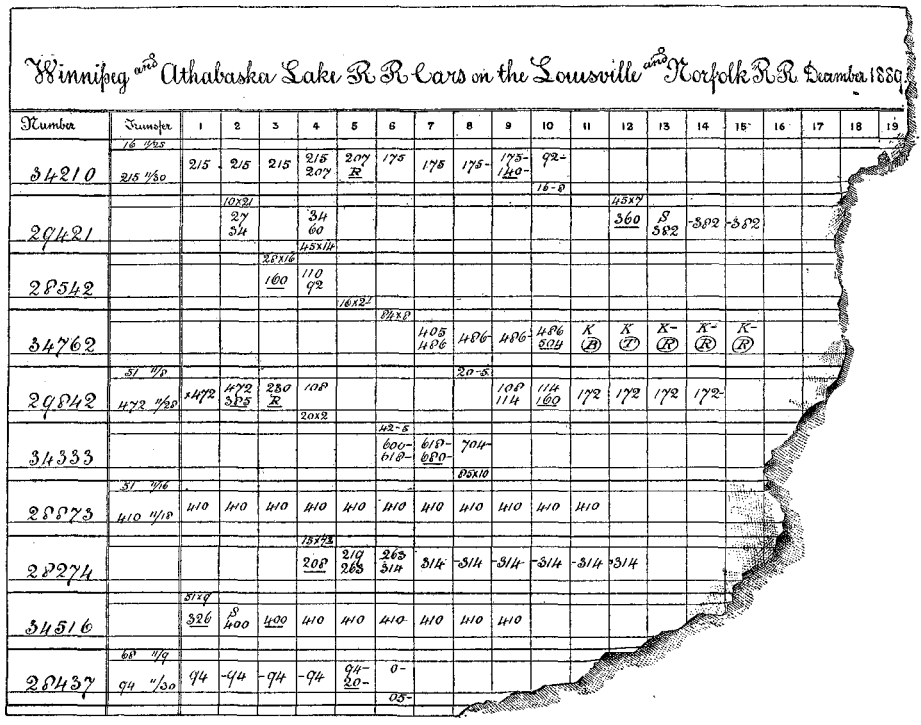
supply the required casting. This in turn was sent by freight, and passed over the intervening territory at a slow rate; the whole involving a detention which held the car from April 28th, when it was delivered at Chicago to the



Winnipeg and Athabaska Lake R R Cars on the Louisville and Norfolk R R Dramba 1880

Number	Transfer	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
34210	16 4/25 / 215 4/30	215	215	215	215 / 207	207 R	175	178	175-	175- / 140-	92- / 16-8									
29421			10x21 / 27 / 54		34 / 60 / 45x18								45x7 / 360	S 582	-582	-582				
28542				28x16 / 160	110 / 92	16x27														
34762							24x8	1405 / 1406	486	486	486 / 804	K (B)	K (T)	K- (R)	K- (R)	K- (R)				
29842	31 4/0 / 472 4/25	472	472 / 325	250 R	108 / 20x2				20-5		108 / 114 / 114 / 160	172	172	172	172					
34333							42-5 / 600- / 618-	618- / 680-	704 / 95x10											
28873	31 4/6 / 410 4/10	410	410	410	410	410	410	410	410	410	410	410								
29274					15x23 / 208	210 / 265	265 / 314	314	-314	-314	-314	-314	-314							
34516		8x24 / 326	S 400	400	410	410	410	410	410	410										
28437	60 4/9 / 94 4/30	94	-94	-94	-94	94- / 20-	0- / 05-													

A Page from the Car Accountant's Book.*

Grand Trunk, till July 18th, when finally the Grand Trunk delivered it to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western at Buffalo. It came through promptly to New York, the grain was put in an elevator, the car was sent back once more to the mines at Scranton, and again loaded with coal for Chicago. On August 9th the record says the car was delivered by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western to the Grand Trunk, and on the 12th of August it was in Chicago.

About this time the owners of the car began to make vigorous appeals to the various roads, urging them to send the car home. One of these tracers reached the Grand Trunk road while they still held the car in their possession; so that orders were sent that the coal must be unloaded at once, and the car returned. In order to unload it, it was necessary to switch it to the Illinois Central for

* EXPLANATION:—Each connecting road at each junction station is assigned a number, and when a car is received from a connection, the record is shown by entering the road number in the upper space of the block under the proper date, followed by the character × if loaded, or— if empty, together with the time, as for example: Car 29421 is shown as received Dec. 2d from the Amherst & Lincoln Ry at Port Chester, (10) loaded, (×) at 21 o'clock, or 9 P.M. A similar entry in the lower space of the block indicates a *delivery* to connecting line. The middle space of the block is used for the car movement, the first number or letter showing the station from which the car moved. The character X as a prefix to a station number indicates that the car is being loaded at that station. The —— when used as a prefix shows that the car is being unloaded, as an *affix* it indicates a movement empty, or on hand empty. When the —— is used *under* a station number it indicates a change date record, that is, leaving a station on one date and arriving at another on the following date. Station numbers or letters without other characters show that the car is loaded.

The sign (B) is used when a car is left at a station for repairs, while in transit. The sign (T) denotes that the lading was transferred to another car, a transfer record being kept showing to what car transferred; the sign (R) when a car is on hand at a station or yard for repairs. Shops are assigned numbers with an O prefix; the upper and lower spaces being used to show delivery to, or receipt from the shop, similar to the interchange record.

For convenience the twenty-four hour system is used for recording time, and is shown in quarter hours, thus: 10, 12¼, 18½, 21¾, representing 10 A.M., 12.15 P.M., 6.30 P.M. and 9.45 P.M. This, used with the movement record, shows the running time on each division, or detention at train terminals.

The "transfer" column shows the station at which the car was reported on the last day of the previous month, and the *arriving date*, also from what road received, with date.

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some local consignee, and it was unloaded within four days and delivered back to the Grand Trunk at Chicago. This was on August 16th. During the few days that had elapsed since the order was given to send this car home, there had been an active demand for cars, and knowing that this one had to be sent to Buffalo in order to be delivered to the Lake Shore road, from which it had originally been received, the car was loaded for that point. This again resulted in detention, for we find that the car was held on the Grand Trunk tracks at Black Rock awaiting the pleasure of the consignee to unload the freight, until the 27th of September; and then, instead of being unloaded and delivered to the Lake Shore road, as had been the intention of the Grand Trunk officials, the consignee sold the wheat in the car to a local dealer on the line of the Erie Railway, and the car was sent down on that road on October 1st, and not returned to the Grand Trunk again until the 10th day of October.

Unfortunately, the Erie was as anxious at that time to load cars west with coal as the other roads, and when they brought the car back to the Grand Trunk, they brought it once more filled with coal, and back the car went to Chicago, reaching there on the 13th of October.

It had now been away from home and diverted from its legitimate uses for nine months, and apparently was as far from home as ever. The delivery of the coal this time at Chicago put the car in the hands of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway, and they promptly gave it a lading by the southern route to Newport News; for we find the car delivered by the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago to the Chesapeake & Ohio route on October 28th, and at Newport News on the 10th of November. The owners of the car were meanwhile not idle. The occasional stray junction cards which came in notified them of the passage of the car by different junction points, giving them clews to work by, and they were in vigorous correspondence with the various roads over which the car had gone, urging, begging, and imploring the railway officers to make all efforts in their power to get the car back to its home road.

On its last trip from Chicago to Newport News, the car passed through Indianapolis, the very point from which it began its long journey and many wanderings. Unfortunately, however, it passed there loaded, without detention, and the owners of the car did not discover until it had been for some time at Newport News, that the car had been anywhere near its home territory. By the time they made this discovery the car had been unloaded, and had started west once more. The records of the movement of the car here become dim. It was apparently diverted from its direct route back, which would have taken it once more to Indianapolis, and so home, for we find, after waiting at Newport News for some time to be unloaded, it was delivered to the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, next on the Western & Atlantic, and so down into Georgia and South Carolina. Again, on January 14, 1888, the car was reported on the Richmond & Danville. They sent it once more down into South Carolina and Georgia. From there it was loaded down to Selma, Ala., on the Atlanta & West Point Railroad. They returned it promptly to Atlanta ,and so to the Central Railroad of Georgia; and the car, after being used backward and forward between Montgomery and Atlanta and Macon, finally appeared at Augusta, Ga., where it stood on February 11, 1888. Here the car stood for some time, long enough for the owners to get advices as to its whereabouts, and communicate with the road on whose territory the car stood, before it was again moved. An urgent representation of the case having been laid before the proper authorities, they agreed, if possible, to load it in such a way that it should go back to Indianapolis. This could not be done at once, however; but about the 12th of March the car was sent to a near-by point in South Carolina loaded and worked back over the Georgia road and the Western Atlantic, delivered to the Louisville & Nashville on April 3d, and finally, after its many and long wanderings, was by that road delivered to the home road at Cincinnati on the 17th of April; having been away from home sixteen months and one day.

This is a case taken from actual rec-

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ords, and is one that could be duplicated probably by any railroad in the country.

II.

THE CAR ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE.

THE WINNIPEG & ATHABASKA LAKE RAILWAY CO.,
General Superintendent's Office,
WINNIPEG, December 31, 1888.

To JOHN SMITH, ESQ.,
Supt. of Trans'n, L. & N. R. R. Co., Louisville, Ky.

SIR: Our records show forty-five of our box cars on your line, some of which have been away from home over three weeks. I give below the numbers of those which have been detained over thirty days, viz.:

Nos.	28542	34210	34762	29421	28437
	34628	34516	29781	28274	34333
	29842	28873			

There is at this time a strong demand for cars for the movement of the wheat crop, and I must beg that you will send home promptly all that you have on your line.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS BROWN.

LOUISVILLE & NORFOLK R. R. CO.,
Office of Superintendent of Transportation,
LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan'y 3, 1889.

To THOMAS BROWN, ESQ.,
Gen'l Supt., W. & A. L. R. W. Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

SIR: Your favor of the 31st ulto. was duly received and contents noted.

I call your attention to the enclosed mem. from our Car Accountant which shows that we have but seven of your cars now on our road; of these but three are bad cases, Nos. 28437, 34516, and 28873. One of these cars was crippled, and is in the shops; the other two are loaded with wheat consigned "to order."

The necessary instructions have been given our agents, and we will do all in our power to hurry the return of your cars.

I am,
Very truly yours,
JOHN SMITH.

(Mem. enclosed).

MEMORANDUM.

W. & A. L. Nos.

28542 to Ohio Northern, Dec. 5th.
34210 " Ohio Northern, Dec. 10th.
34762 " Kanawha Junc., 12/15 crippled.
29421 " Elmwood, 12/15 unloading.
28437 " Norfolk Shops, Dec. 6th.
34628 " No account.
34516 " Blue Ridge, 12/4 ordered out.
29781 " Ohio Northern, Nov. 27th.
28274 " Niantic, Dec. 12th, loading home.
34333 " Louisville Belt, Dec. 8th.
29842 " Brockton, Dec. 14th, empty, will load home.
28873 " Blue Ridge, Nov. 18th, ordered out.

This is but an example of a correspondence that is constantly being exchanged between the officials who are in charge of the Transportation Department of the various railways of the country.

The demands of trade necessitate continually the transportation of all manner of commodities over great distances.

Thus, wheat is brought from the Northwest to the seaboard, corn from the Southwest, cotton from the South, fruit comes from California, black walnut from Indiana, and pine from Michigan. In the opposite direction, merchandise and manufactured articles are sent from the East to all points in the West, the North, and Southwest. The interchange is constant and steadily increasing in all directions.

In the early period of railways in this country, when they were built chiefly to promote local interests, and the movement of either freight or passengers over long distances was a comparatively small portion of the traffic, it was customary for all roads to do their business in their own cars, transferring any freight destined to a station on a connecting road at the junction or point of interchange of the two roads. While this system had the advantage of keeping at home the equipment of each road, it resulted in a very slow movement of the freight. As the volume of traffic grew, and the interchange of commodities between distant points increased, this slow movement became more and more vexatious. Soon the railway companies found it necessary to allow their cars to run through to the destination of the freight without transfer, or they would be deprived of the business by more enterprising rivals. So that to-day a very large proportion of the freight business of the country is done without transfer; the same car taking the load from the initial point direct to destination. The result of this is, however, that a considerable share of all the business of any railway is done in cars belonging to other companies, for which mileage has to be paid; while, in turn, the cars of any one company may be scattered all over the country from Maine to California, Winnipeg to Mexico.

The problem that constantly confronts the general superintendent of a railway is, how to improve the time

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of through freight, thereby improving the service and increasing the earnings of the company; and at the same time, how to secure the prompt movement of cars belonging to the company, getting them home from other roads, and reducing as far as possible upon his own line the use of foreign cars, and the consequent payment of mileage therefor.

By common consent the mileage for the use of all eight-wheel freight cars has been fixed at three-quarters of a cent per mile run; four-wheel cars being rated at one-half this amount, or three-eighths of a cent. This amount would at first sight appear to be insignificant, yet in the aggregate it comes to a very considerable sum. In the case of some of the more important roads in the country, even those possessing a large equipment, the balance against them for mileage alone often amounts to nearly half a million annually.

It becomes therefore of the first importance to reduce to a minimum the use of foreign cars, thereby reducing the mileage balance; at the same time avoiding any action that will interfere with or impede in any way the prompt movement of traffic.

The first step toward accomplishing this result is to organize and fully equip the Car Accountant's Department. The importance of this office has been recognized only of late years. Formerly, and on many lines even now, the car accountant was merely a subordinate in the Auditing Department of the company. His duties were confined strictly to computing the mileage due to other roads. This he did from the reports of the freight-train conductors, often in a cumbrous and mechanical manner, making no allowance for possible errors. At the same time, he received reports of foreign roads without question and without check. He was not interested in any way in the operations of the Transportation Department; and, as a consequence, it never occurred to him to make inquiries as to the proper use of the cars belonging to his own company. That he left entirely to the Superintendent. The latter, on the other hand, his time incessantly filled with many duties, could give but scant attention to his cars.

The Superintendent of a railway in this country who has, let us say, three hundred miles of road in his charge, has perhaps as great a variety of occupation, and as many different questions of importance depending upon his decision, as any other business or professional man in the community. Fully one-half of his time will be spent out of doors looking after the physical condition of his track, masonry, bridges, stations, buildings of all kinds. Concerning the repair or renewal of each he will have to pass judgment. He must know intimately every foot of his track, and in cases of emergency or accident, know just what resources he can depend upon, and how to make them most immediately useful. He will visit the shops and round-houses frequently, and will know the construction and daily condition of every locomotive, every passenger and baggage car. He will consult with his Master Mechanic, and often will decide which car or engine shall and which shall not be taken in for repair, etc. He has to plan and organize the work of every yard, every station. He must know the duties of each employee on his pay-rolls, and instruct all new men, or see that it is properly done. He must keep incessant and vigilant watch on the movement of all trains, noting the slightest variation from the schedules which he has prepared, and looking carefully into the causes therefor, so as to avoid its recurrence. The first thing in the morning he is greeted with a report giving the situation of business on the road, the events of the night, movement of trains, and location and volume of freight to be handled. The last thing at night he gets a final report of the location and movement of important trains; and he never closes his eyes without thinking that perhaps the telephone will ring and call him before dawn. During the day in his office he has reports to make out, requisitions to approve, a varied correspondence, not always agreeable, to answer. Added to this, frequent consultations with the officers of the traffic department, or with those of connnecting lines, in reference to the movement of through or local business, completely fill his time.

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Freight Yards of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, West Sixty-fifth Street, New York.

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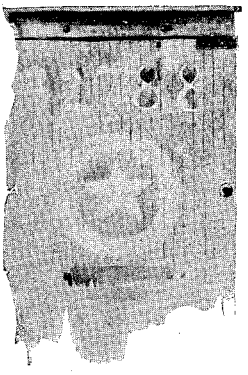
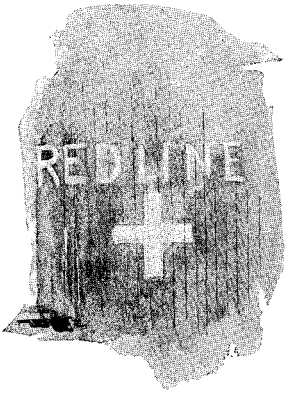
It is not to be wondered at that such a man gives but slight attention in many cases to the matter of car mileage. He frequently satisfies himself by arranging a system of reports from his agents to his office that give a summary each twenty-four hours of the cars of every kind on hand at each station; and leaves the distribution and movement of the cars in the hands of his agents. He will give some attention to the matter whenever he goes over his road on other and more pressing duties. Occasionally he will even take a day or two and visit every station, inquiring carefully as to each car he finds; why it is being held, for what purpose and how long it has stood. Then, satisfied with having, as he says, "shaken up the boys," he will turn his attention to other matters, and let the cars take care of themselves. When the monthly or quarterly statements are made up, and he sees the amount of balance against his road for car mileage, he gives it but little thought, regarding it as one of the items like taxes, important of course, but hardly one for which he is responsible.

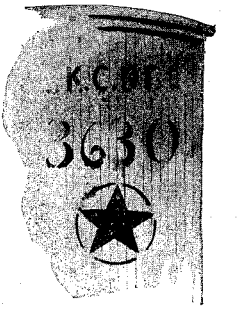


His General Manager, however, will note the car mileage balance with more concern; and looking into the matter carefully, will discover that the remedy is to put the Car Accountant into the Transportation Department; thus at once interesting him in the economical use of the equipment, and also placing in the hands of the Superintendent the machinery he needs to enable him to promptly control and direct the use of all cars.

The Car Accountant's office may properly be divided into two main branches—mileage and record. The computation of mileage is made in most cases directly from the reports of each train. These reports are made by the train conductors, and give the initials and number of each car in their train, whether loaded or empty, and the station whence taken and where left. To facilitate the computation of mileage of each car, the stations on the road are consecutively numbered, beginning at nought and each succeeding station being represented by a number equivalent to the number of miles it is distant from the initial station; excepting divisional and terminal stations, where letters are used to reduce the work in recording.



The conductors report the stations between which each car moves by their numbers or letters. So that all that is necessary for the mileage clerk to do is to take the difference between the station numbers in each case, and he has the miles travelled by that car. The mileage of each car having been so noted on the conductor's report, it is then condensed, the mileage of all cars of any given road or line being added together, and the results entered into the ledgers. At the close of the month these books are footed, and a report is rendered to each road in the country of the mileage and amount in money due therefor, in each case; and settlements made accordingly either in full or by balance. This is purely the accounting side of the Car Accountant's office.



There remains the Record branch, equally important, and to the operating department far more interesting. This consists broadly in a complete record being kept of the daily movement and location of every car upon the road, local or foreign. At first sight this may seem to be a difficult and complicated

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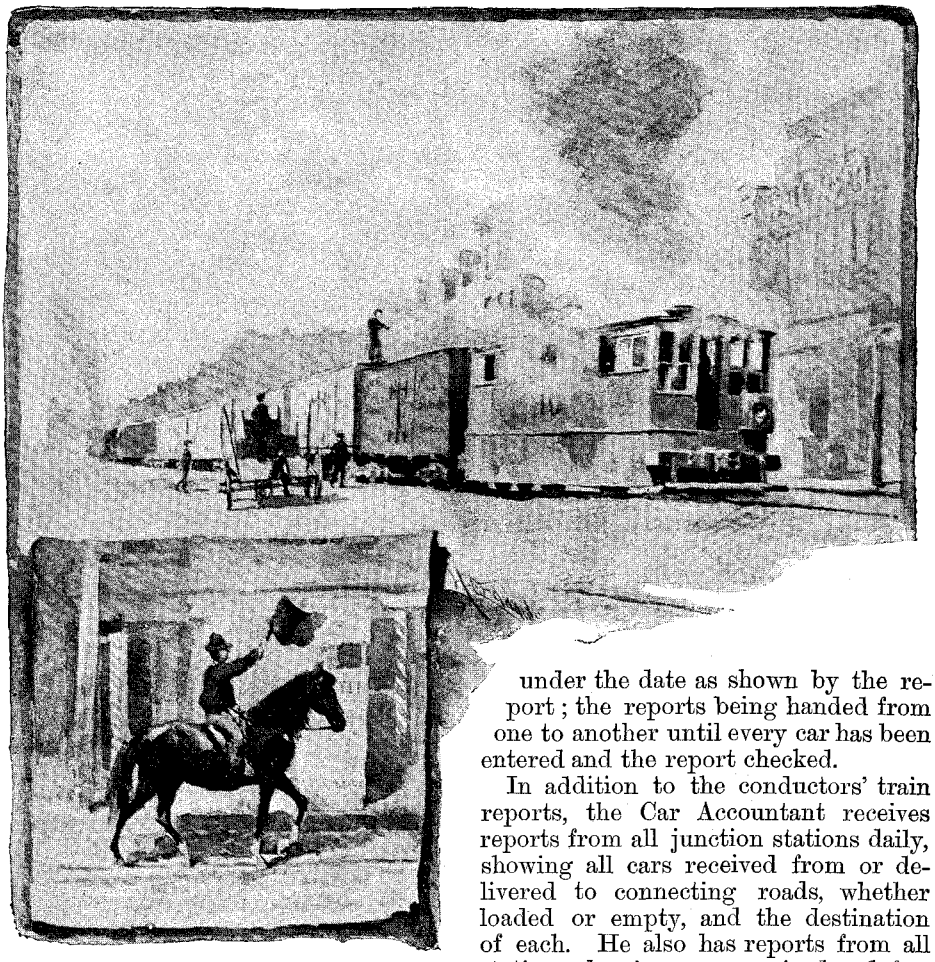

"Dummy" Train and Boy on Hudson Street, New York.

operation, but in fact it is simple. The record is first divided between local and foreign; local cars being all cars owned by the home road, foreign being all those owned by other roads. The local books are of large size, ruled in such a way as to allow space for the daily movement or location of each car for one month, and admit of twenty-five or fifty cars being recorded upon each page. The record books for foreign cars are similarly ruled, a slight change being necessary to allow for the numbers and initials of the foreign cars, which cannot well be arranged for in advance.

The train conductors' reports are placed in the hands of the record clerks, each one recording the movements of certain initials, or series of numbers, under the date as shown by the report; the reports being handed from one to another until every car has been entered and the report checked.

In addition to the conductors' train reports, the Car Accountant receives reports from all junction stations daily, showing all cars received from or delivered to connecting roads, whether loaded or empty, and the destination of each. He also has reports from all stations showing cars received and forwarded from midnight to midnight, cars remaining on hand loaded or empty; and if loaded, contents and consignee, and also cars in process of loading or unloading, and reports from shops or yards showing cars undergoing repairs, or waiting for the same. In fine, he endeavors to get complete reports showing every car that either may be in motion or standing at any point on his road. All of these are entered on his record books. The station reports check those of the conductor, and *vice versa*. It will thus be seen that the record gives a complete history of the movement and daily use of each car on the road.

In case of stock and perishable freight, or freight concerning whose movement quick time is of the utmost importance,

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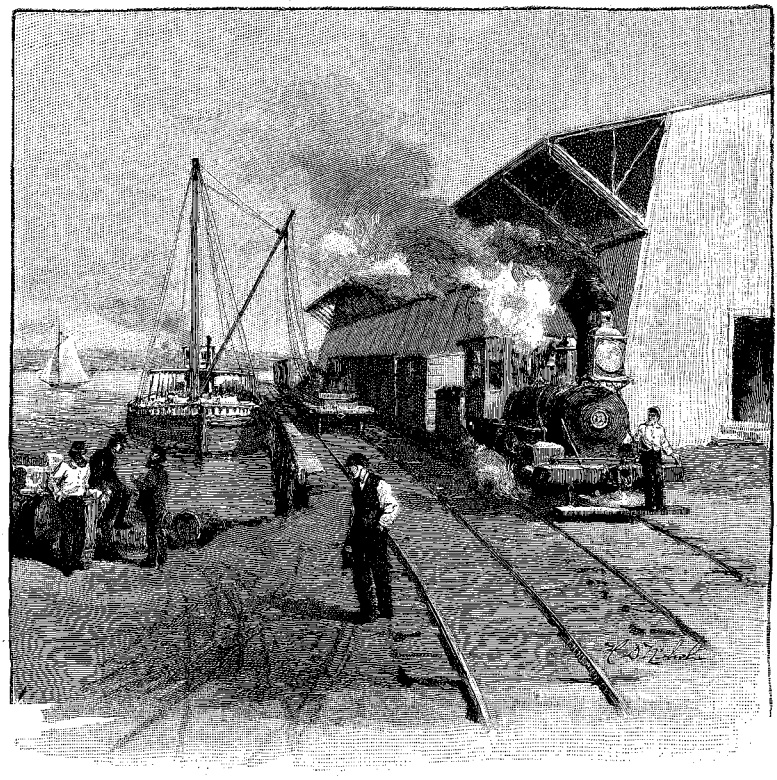
this record is kept not only by days but by hours; that is, the actual time of each movement is entered on the record. This is done by a simple system of signs, so that an exact account of the movement, giving date and hour of receipt and delivery, can be taken from the record. This is frequently of the greatest value.



Freight Pier, North River, New York.

In addition to this, it is customary now for nearly all roads to exchange what are known as "junction cards." They are reports from one to another giving the numbers of all cars of each road passing junction stations. These junction reports when received are also carefully noted in the record, so that an account is kept in a measure of the movement of home cars while on foreign roads, and their daily location.

It would be difficult, and beyond the scope of this article, to tell of the great variety of uses these records are put to. They serve as a check upon reports of the mileage clerks, insuring their accuracy. The junction reports serve also in a measure to check the reports of foreign roads. Then, at frequent intervals a clerk will go over the record and note every car that is not shown to have moved within, say, five days, putting down on a "detention report" for each station the car number and date of its arrival. These reports are sent to the agents for explanation, and then submitted to the Superintendent. In a similar manner reports will be made showing any use locally of foreign cars. From the record can be shown at a glance, almost, the location of all idle cars, information that is often very valuable, and that when wanted is wanted promptly. Also from the record, reports are constantly being made out, "tracers," as they are termed, showing the location and detention of home cars on foreign roads. In turn foreign tracers are taken to the record, and the ques-

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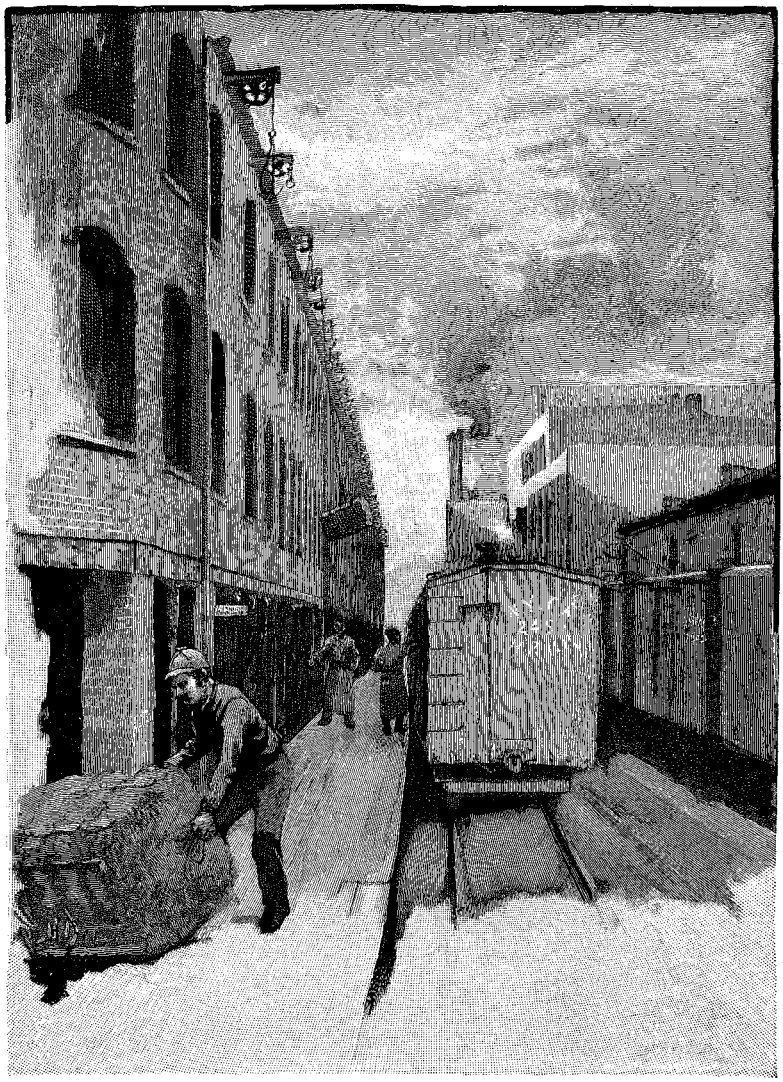

Hay Storage Warehouses, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, West Thirty-third Street, New York.

tions therein asked are readily answered by the Car Accountant.

Whenever possible, the distribution of empty cars upon the line should be under the direct supervision of the Car Accountant. Where this matter is left to a clerk in the Superintendent's office, or, as has often been the case, is left to the discretion of yardmasters and agents, the utmost waste in the use of cars is inevitable. An agent at a local station will want a car for a particular shipment. If he has none at his station suitable he will ask some neighboring agent; failing there, he will ask the Superintendent's office, and frequently also the nearest yardmaster. Some other agent at a distant station may want the same kind of car; orders in this way become duplicated, and the road will not only have to haul twice the number of cars needed, but very often haul the same kind of cars empty in opposite directions at the same time. This is no uncommon occurrence even on well-managed roads, and, it is needless to say, is most expensive.

Where the cars are distributed under

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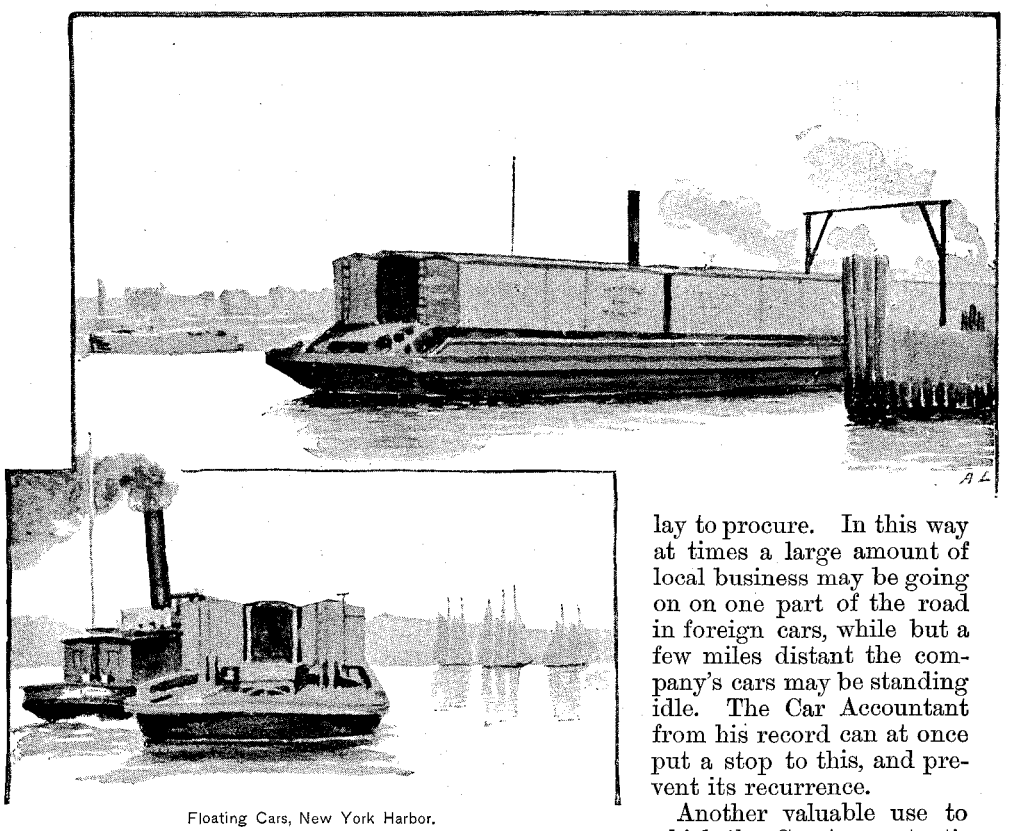
the direct supervision of the Car Accountant, he has the record at hand constantly, and knows exactly where all cars are, and the sources of supply to meet every demand. Not only that, but every improper use of cars is at once brought to light and corrected.

The *theory* of the use of foreign cars is that they are permitted to run through to destination with through freight, on condition that they shall be promptly unloaded on arrival at destination; that they shall be returned at once to the home road, being loaded on the return trip if suitable loading is available; but by no means allowed to be used in local service, or loaded in any other direction than homeward.

The *practice* of many agents, and many roads, too, unfortunately, is hardly in keeping with this theory. Agents especially, if not closely watched, are prone to put freight into any car that is at hand, regardless of ownership, being urged to such course by the importunities of shippers and, at times, by the scarcity of cars. Frequently such irregularities are the result of pure carelessness, agents using foreign cars for local shipments simply because they are on hand, rather than call for home cars which it may take some trouble and delay to procure. In this way at times a large amount of local business may be going on on one part of the road in foreign cars, while but a few miles distant the company's cars may be standing idle. The Car Accountant from his record can at once put a stop to this, and prevent its recurrence.



Floating Cars, New York Harbor.

Another valuable use to which the Car Accountant's office may be put is to trace and keep a record of the movement of freight, locating delays, and tracing for freight lost or damaged. By a moderate use of the telegraph wire he can keep track of the movement of special freight-trains concerning which time is important, and so insure regularity and promptness in their despatch and delivery. From the mileage records may be obtained the work of each engine in freight service, the miles run, the number of loaded and empty cars hauled; and by considering two or perhaps three empty cars as equivalent to one loaded car, the average number of loaded cars

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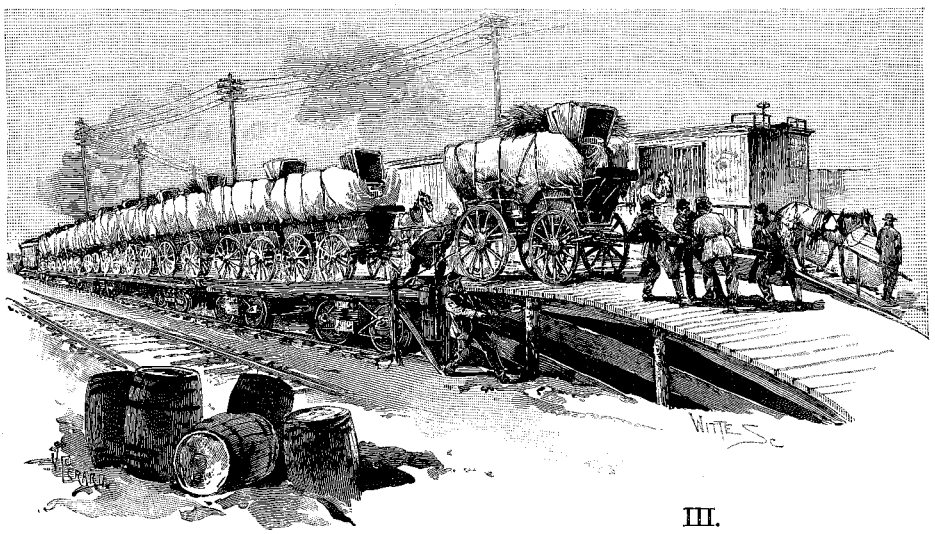
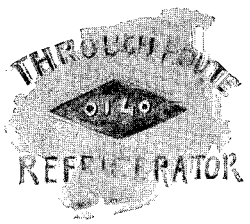
hauled per mile is obtained. The information is often valuable, as on many roads the ability of a Superintendent is measured to a considerable extent by the amount of work performed by the engines at his command.



Unloading a Train of Truck-Wagons, Long Island R.R.

In many other ways the resources of the Car Accountant's office will be found of the greatest value to the Superintendent. When the office is once fully organized and systematized, and all in good working order, the Superintendentwill find that his capacity for control of his cars has been more than doubled, while the demands on his time for their care has been really lessened. He has all the information he needs supplied at his desk, far more accurate than any he was ever able to secure before, and in the most condensed form; while, at the same time, he will find his freight improving in time over his line, his agents will have cars more promptly and in greater abundance than ever, and last, and most gratifying of all, his monthly balance-sheets will show a steady decrease in the amount his road pays for foreign car mileage, until probably the balance will be found in his favor, although his business and consequent tonnage may have increased meanwhile.

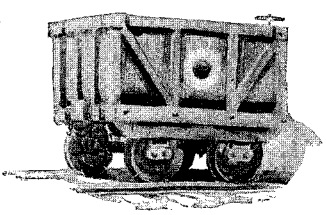


III.

USE AND ABUSE OF CARS.

A PACKAGE of merchandise can be transported from New York to Chicago in two days and three nights. This is repeated day after day with all the regularity of passenger service. So uniform is this movement, that shippers and consignees depend upon it and arrange their sales and stocks of goods in accordance therewith. Any deviation or irregularity brings forth instant complaint and a threatened withdrawal of patronage. This is true of hundreds of other places and lines of freight service. To accomplish it, there is necessary, first, a highly complicated and intricate organization, and next, incessant watchfulness.

The shipper delivers the goods at the receiving freight house of the railway company. His cartman gets a receipt from the tallyman. This receipt may be sent direct to the consignee or more frequently is exchanged for a bill of lading. There the re-



Coal Car, Central Railroad of New Jersey.

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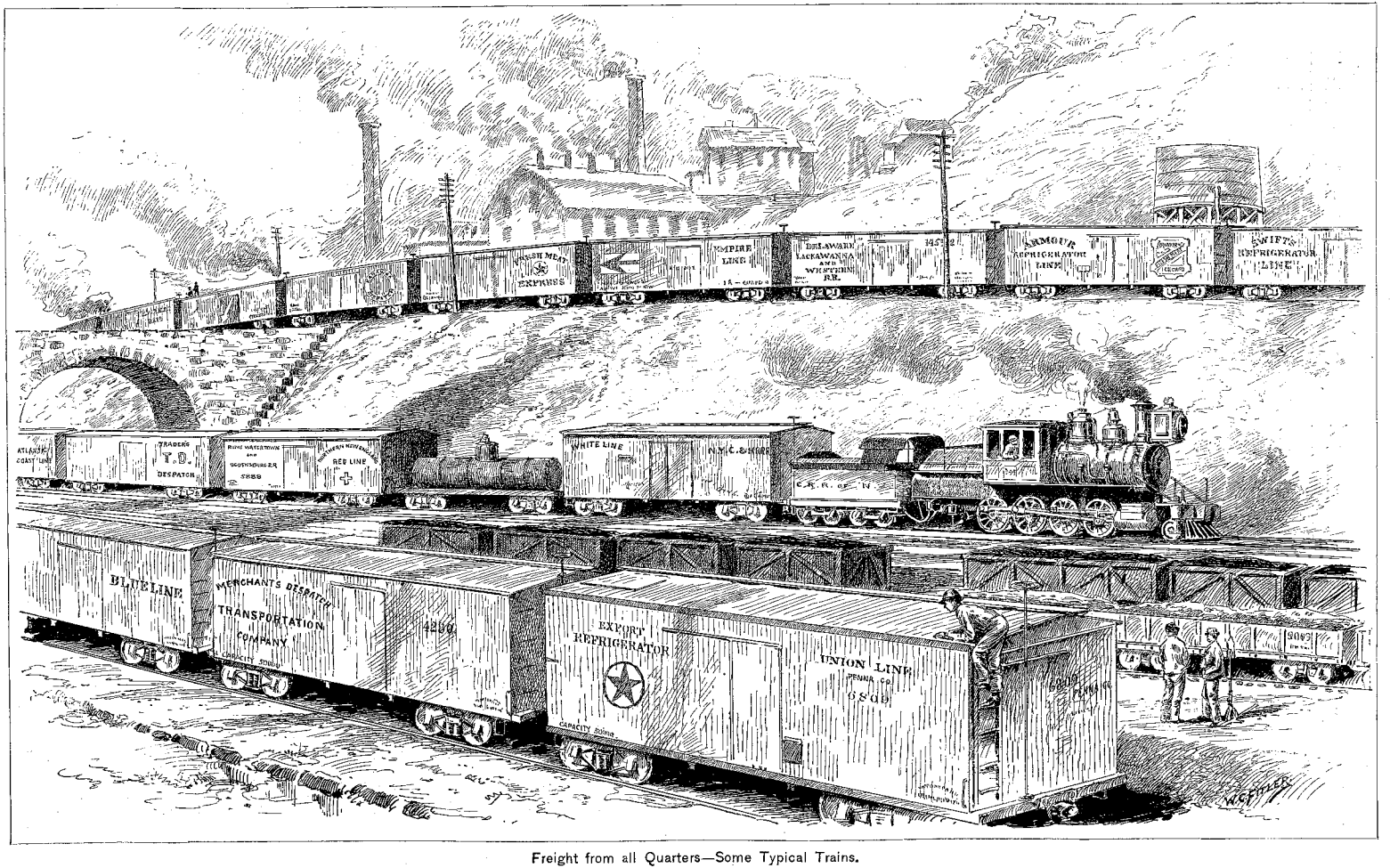

Freight from all Quarters—Some Typical Trains.

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sponsibility of the shipper ends. His goods are in the hands of the railway company, which to all intents and purposes guarantees their safe and prompt delivery to the consignee.

The tally-man's receipt is taken in duplicate. The latter is kept in the freight house until the freight is loaded in a car, and is then marked with the initials and number of the car into which the freight has been loaded. After that it is taken to the bill clerk in the office, and from it and others is made the way-bill or bills for that particular car.

Where the volume of freight received at a given station is large, it is customary to put all packages for a common destination, as far as possible, in a car by themselves, thus making what are termed "straight" cars. This is not always possible, however, or if attempted would lead to loading a very large number of cars with but light loads. So that it becomes necessary to group freight for contiguous stations in one car, and again often to put freight for widely distant cities in the same car. These latter are known as "mixed" cars.

We will assume the day's receipt of freight finished, and most of the cars loaded. About 6 P.M. the house will be "pulled," that is, those cars already loaded, will be taken away and an empty "string" of cars put in their place. An hour later, this "string" will in turn be loaded and taken out, and the operation repeated, until all the day's receipt of freight is loaded. Meanwhile other freight will have been loaded direct from the shippers' carts, on to cars on the receiving tracks. For all cars, there is made out in the freight office a running slip or memorandum bill, which gives simply the car number, initials, and destination. These are given the yardmaster or despatcher, and from them he "makes up" the trains.

To a very great degree, the good movement of freight depends upon the vigilance of the yardmasters and the care with which they execute their duties. In an important terminal yard, the yardmaster may have at all times from one to two thousand cars, loaded and empty. He must know what each car contains, what is its destination, and on what track it is. To enable him to do this, he has one or more assistants day and night. They, in turn, will have foremen in charge of yard crews, each of the latter having immediate charge of one engine. The number of engines employed will vary constantly with the volume of the freight handled, but it is safe to assume that there will be at all times nearly as many engines employed in shifting in the various yards and important stations on a line, as there are road engines used in the movement of the freight traffic.

The work of the yard goes on without intermission day and night, Sundays as well as week days. The men there employed know no holidays, get no vacations. The loaded cars are coming from the freight houses all day long, in greater numbers perhaps in the afternoon and evening, but the work of loading and moving cars goes on somewhere or other, nearly at all times. As often as the yardmaster gets together a sufficient number of cars for a common destination to make up a train, he gathers them together, orders a road engine and crew to be ready, and despatches them. In the make up of "through" trains, care has to be exercised to put together cars going to the same point and to "group" the trains so that as little shifting as possible may be required at any succeeding yard or terminal, where the trains may pass. To accomplish this, a thorough knowledge of all the various routes is necessary, and minute acquaintance with the various intermediate junction-yards and stations.

The train once "made up" and in charge of the road crew, its progress for the next few hours is comparatively simple. It will go the length of the "run" at a rate of probably twenty miles per hour, subject only to the ordinary vicissitudes of the road. At the end of the division, if a through train, it will be promptly transferred to another road crew with another engine, and so on. Each conductor takes the running slip for each car in his train. He also makes a report, giving the cars by numbers and initials in his train, whether loaded or empty, how secured, and detailed information in regard to any car out of order, or any slight mishap or delay to his train. These reports go to the Car

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Accountant. The running slips stay with the cars, being transferred from hand to hand until the cars reach their destination. At junction yards where one road terminates and connects with one or more foreign roads, a complete record is kept in a book prepared especially for the purpose, of every car received from and delivered to each connecting road. A copy of this information is sent daily to the Car Accountant.

A road is expected to receive back from a connecting line any car that it has previously delivered loaded. It becomes very necessary to know just what cars have been so delivered. Without such a record a road is at the mercy of its connections, and may be forced to receive and move over its length empty foreign cars that it never had in its possession before, thus paying mileage and being at the expense of moving cars that brought it no revenue whatever. The junction records put a complete check on such errors, and by their use thousands of dollars are saved annually.

To still more expedite the movement of through freight, very many so-called fast freight lines exist in this country, as, for example, the Trader's Despatch, the Star Union, the Merchant's Despatch Transportation Company, the Red, the White, the Blue, the National Despatch, etc. Some of these lines are simply co-operative lines, owned by the various railway companies whose roads are operated in connection with one another. Their organization is simple. A number of companies organize a line, which they put in charge of a General Manager. Each company will assign to the line a number of cars, the quota of each being in proportion to its miles of road. The General Manager has control of the line cars. He has agents who solicit business and employees who watch the movement of his line cars, and report the same to him. He keeps close record of his business, and reports promptly to the transportation officer of any road in his line any neglect or delinquency he may discover. The earnings of the line and its expenses are all divided pro rata among the roads interested.

Such a line is simply an organization to insure prompt service and secure competitive business, and the entire benefit goes to the railway companies.

Other lines are in the nature of corporations, being owned by stockholders and operating on a system of roads in accordance with some agreement or contract. Others again are organized for some special freight, and are owned wholly by firms or individuals, such as the various dressed beef lines and some lines of live stock cars. These are put in service simply for the mileage received for their use, and in many cases the railway companies have no interest in them whatever.

The movement of "straight" cars and "solid" trains is comparatively simple. But there is a very large amount of through freight, particularly of merchandise, that cannot be put into a "straight" car. A shipper in New York can depend on his goods going in a straight car to St. Louis, Denver, St. Paul, etc., but he can hardly expect a straight car to any one of hundreds of intermediate cities and towns. Still less is it possible for a road at a small country town, where there are perhaps but one or two factories, to load straight cars to any but a very few places. To overcome this difficulty, transfer freight houses have to be provided. These are usually located at important terminal stations.

To them are billed all mixed cars containing through freight. These cars are unloaded and reloaded, and out of a hundred "mixed" cars will be made probably eighty straight and the balance local. This necessarily causes some delay, but it is practically a gain in time in the end, as otherwise every car would have to be reloaded, and held at every station for which it contained freight.

The variety of articles that are offered to a railway company for transportation is endless. Articles of all sizes and weights are carried, from shoe-pegs by the carload to a single casting that weighs thirty tons. The values also vary as widely. Some cars will carry kindling wood or refuse stone that is worth barely the cost of loading and carrying a few miles, while others will be loaded with teas, silks, or merchandise, where perhaps the value of a single carload will exceed twenty-five or thirty thou-

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sand dollars. The great bulk of all freight is carried in the ordinary box cars, coal in cars especially planned for it, and coarse lumber and stone on flat or platform cars. But very many cases arise that require especial provision to be made for each. Chicago dressed beef has made the use of the refrigerator cars well known. These cars are also used for carrying fruit and provisions. They are of many kinds, built under various patents, but all with a common purpose, that is to produce a car wherein the temperature can be maintained uniformly at about 40 degrees. On the other hand potatoes in bulk are brought in great quantities to the Eastern seaboard in box cars, fitted with an additional or false lining of boards, and in the centre an ordinary stove in which fire is kept up during the time the potatoes are in transit.

An improvement on this plan is afforded by the use of cars known as the Eastman Heater Cars. They are provided with an automatic self-feeding oil-stove, so arranged that fire can be kept up under the car for about a fortnight without attention. These are largely used in the fruit trade.

For carrying milk, special cars have to be provided, as particular attention has to be given to the matter of ventilation in connection with a small amount of cooling for the proper carrying of the milk. Not only the cars but the train service has to be especially arranged for in particular cases.

As an instance, the Long Island Railroad Company makes a specialty of transporting farmers' truck wagons to market. For this purpose they have provided long, low, flat cars, each capable of carrying four truck wagons. The horses are carried in box cars, and one farmer or driver is carried with each team, a coach being provided for their use. During the fall of the year, they frequently carry from 45 to 50 wagons on one train, charging a small sum for each wagon, nothing for the horses or men. These trains run three times weekly, and are arranged so as to arrive in the city about midnight, returning the next day at noon. The trains by themselves are not very remunerative, but by furnishing this accommodation, farmers who are thirty or forty miles out on Long Island can have just as good an opportunity for market-gardening as those who live within driving distance of the city. This builds up the country further out on the island, which in turn gives the road other business.

The movement of freight is not always successfully accomplished. In spite of good organization, every facility, incessant watchfulness, accidents will occur, freight will be delayed, cars will break down, trains will meet with disaster. The consequences sometimes fall heavily on the railway companies. The loss is frequently out of all proportion to the revenue. The following instance is from the writer's own experience:

Some carpenters repairing a small low trestle left chips and shavings near one of the bents. A passing train dropped some ashes. The shavings caught fire and burnt one or two posts in one bent. The section men failed to notice the fire. Toward evening, a freight train came to the trestle, the burnt bent gave way, and the train was derailed. Two men were killed, one severely injured, and eighteen freight cars were burned. The resulting loss to the railroad company was $56,113. Of this amount, the loss paid on freight was $39,613.12. As a matter of interest, and to show the disparity between the value of the commodities and the earnings from freight charges received by the railway company, the amount of each is given here in detail, taken from the actual records of the case.

Property destroyed.	Amount paid by railroad company.	Freight charges on the same.
Butter, 200 pounds at 35 cents	$70 00	$0 50
Ore, 75.9 tons at $3.50	265 80	56 91
Paper, 4,600 pounds	269 10	8 74
Pulp, 10,400 pounds	160 00	12 65
Shingles, 85 M.	192 50	11 00
Horsenails	2,986 06	37 44
Lumber	252 00	18 40
Apples, 159 barrels	508 80	15 26
Hops, 209 bales, 37,014 pounds.	34,908 86	59 22
	$39,613 12	$220 12

This was during the fall of 1882, when hops sold in New York for over $1 per pound.

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The plan of payment for car service by the mile run, without reference to time, has the merit of simplicity and long-established usage. It is, however, in reality, crude and unscientific, and has brought with it, in its train, numerous disadvantages.

The owner of a car is entitled, first, to the proper interest in his investment, that is, on the value of the car; second, to a proper amount for wear and tear or for repairs. The life of a freight car may be reasonably estimated at ten years, so that ten per cent. on its value would be a fair interest charge. The average amount for repairs varies directly as to the distance the car moves, and may be put at one-half cent per mile run.

It will be seen that by the ordinary method of payment the car owner is compensated for interest at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent for the time that the car is in motion, but receives nothing for all the time the car is at rest. If cars could be kept in motion for any considerable portion of each twenty-four hours, this would prove ample. But in practice, it is found that few roads succeed in getting an average movement of all cars for more than one hour and a half in each twenty-four. This gives about five per cent. interest on the value of the car, only one-half of what is generally conceded to be a fair return. Still further, there is no inducement to the road on which a foreign car is standing to hasten its return home. On the contrary, there is a direct advantage in holding the car idle until a proper load can be found for it, rather than return it home empty. The most serious abuses of the freight business of the country have grown from this state of affairs. It costs nothing but the use of the track to hold freight in cars; consequently freight is held in cars instead of being put in storehouses, frequently for weeks and months at a time.

There is but little earnest attempt made to urge consignees to remove freight; on the contrary, the consignees consider that they can leave their freight as long as they choose, and that the railroad companies are bound to hold it indefinitely.

One special practice has grown up as a result of this condition, that of shippers sending freight to distant points to their own order. This practice is most prolific of detention to cars, and yet is so strongly rooted in the traffic arrangements of the country that it is most difficult to put an end to it. Cars "to order" will frequently stand for weeks before the contents are sold and the consignee is discovered, during which time the cars accumulate, stand in the way, occupy valuable space, and have to be handled repeatedly by the transportation department of the road, all at the direct cost of handling to the road itself, and loss of interest to the owner of the car.

Only two methods have so far been suggested to abate or put an end to the evils which have been but slightly indicated above. The first is a change in the method of payment for car service to a compensation based upon time as well as mileage, which is commonly known as the "Per Diem Plan."

This plan consists in paying for the use of all foreign cars a fixed sum per mile run, based on the supposed cost of repairs of the car, and a price per day based upon what is estimated to be a fair return for the interest on its value. This plan was originally suggested by a convention of car accountants, and was brought up and advocated by Mr. Fink, the Chairman of the Trunk Line Commission, in New York, in the fall of 1887. At his suggestion, and largely through his influence, it was tried by a few of the roads (the Trunk Lines and some of their immediate connections) during the early part of the year 1888; the amounts as then fixed being one-half cent per mile run, and fifteen cents per day. The results of this experiment, while they were quite satisfactory to the friends of the proposed change, yet were not sufficiently conclusive to demonstrate the value of the plan to those who were indifferent or hostile to it.

The second method of remedying the existing evils of car service is in a uniform and regular charge for demurrage, or car rental, to be collected by all railroad companies with the same regularity and uniformity that they now collect freight charges. This car rental, or

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demurrage charge, would not be in any sense a revenue to the car owner; the idea of it being that it is a rental to the delivering company not only for the use of the car, but for the track on which it stands, and the inconvenience and actual cost that the company is put to in repeated handling of a car that is held awaiting the pleasure of the consignee to unload. The difficulty in the way of making such a charge has been the unwillingness of any railroad company to put any obstacle in the way of the free movement of freight to its line, and the fear that an equivalent charge would not be made by some one of its competitors. Of late, however, the serious disadvantages resulting from the privileges given to consignees at competing points by allowing them to hold cars indefinitely have led the different railway companies to come together and agree upon a uniform system of demurrage charges at certain competing points.

If these two plans could be put into operation simultaneously, a fair and uniform method of charging demurrage, coupled with the Per Diem and Mileage plan for car service, the results would be most satisfactory not only to the railway companies and car owners, but also to the community.

The matter of Freight Transportation is a vast one, and whole chapters might be written on any one of the various topics that have been but slightly mentioned in this sketch.

The subject is fraught with difficulties; new complications arise daily which, each in its turn, have to be met and mastered. The publicity recently given to the various phases of the railway problem has done much to enlighten the public mind in regard to these difficulties.

The result has already been evident in the growing spirit of mutual forbearance and good-will between the railway companies and the public. Let us hope that this will continue, and that as time goes on, their relations will steadily improve, so that the public, while yielding nothing of their legitimate demand for safe, prompt, and convenient service, will at the same time see that this can only be secured by allowing the railways a fair return for the services rendered; while the railways will learn that their true interest lies in the best service possible at moderate, uniform rates.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

By William Herbert Carruth.

A CARPET all of faded brown,
On the gray bough a dove that grieves;
Death seemeth here to have his own,
But the Spring violets nestle down
Under the leaves.

A brow austere and sad gray eyes,
Locks in which care her silver weaves;
Hope seemeth tombed no more to rise,
But God he knoweth on what wise
Love for Love's sunshine waiting lies
Under the leaves.

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THE DILEMMA OF SIR GUY THE NEUTER.

By Octave Thanet.

THERE are two portraits remaining of Sir Guy Paget, later, Baron Ellesmere. One of them hangs in the old hall to which his descendants have spared its Elizabethan state. No one can name the painter; probably he was one of the Dutch artists who were attracted to England by Holbein's success.

The paint has cracked in minute and irregular diamonds all over the canvas; and behind this network of the old spider, Time, you see Sir Guy's face and his supple and elegant figure, down past the half of his comely legs. He is in court dress, as he was wont to appear before her Majesty, Mary I. of England: cloth of silver and white taffeta, jewels sparkling from his sword-hilt, and a "marten chain" wound about his square white velvet cap.

I judge that, at this time, he may have owned twenty-eight or nine years. He has the dark hair of the Pagets (fine and straight I discover elsewhere) brushed upward in the fashion of the day. His slight beard hardly disguises the beautiful oval of his face. His tawny gray eyes, though not large, are full of fire. The nose is the rather long, well-formed nose of Holbein's portraits; the chin is firm; and the delicate lips are relaxed by a fine, half-melancholy, half-satiric smile.

The other portrait, a miniature by Hilliard, taken in Elizabeth's reign, shows the same graceful beauty, not effeminate, yet certainly not robust, and the same smile, which I am quite unable to describe. In the miniature, Lord Ellesmere wears armor, being thus represented at the instance of his wife, whom he tenderly loved and who was proud of his martial exploits. He was, indeed, a valiant and fortunate commander; but it was at the court, not in the field, that he mended the estate of a poor gentleman into that of a great lord; and it is the courtier who smiles that haunting and elusive smile.

Perhaps I am reading my own meanings into this dead courtier's face, or taking them, modernized in spite of myself, from the manuscript story which he left to his grandson. He left other records of strange passages in his life, some of them concerning very great personages, indeed; possibly it is for that reason they have been destroyed. Tradition also accuses him of "diuers Sonets the wich were extream commended of Master Philip Sidney." But they have gone their way to Oblivion, all the same. I know of no line of Guy Paget's extant outside these musty old pages, the narrative of a tragic and bewildering episode.

Next to his celebrated uncle, the man who most influenced Guy's life was an almost forgotten hero, Robert Ferrars, Bishop of St. Davids. His first meeting with Ferrars was in this wise.

During the autumn of 1549, Edward VI. then being on the throne and the Catholic rebellion just happily suppressed, Master Paget rode through Devonshire with despatches from his uncle to the Bishop of St. Davids. The bishop and his wife had gone to Devonshire to visit Sir Peter Carew, the bishop's brother-in-law, and afterward convoy his daughter, Lady Godsalve, with them to Wales, because of the prospective absence of her father and husband in Italy on a diplomatic mission. Guy was to meet the bishop in a little Devonshire village. The sun was passing into the west as he came in sight of the village. He rode unattended, for his business was private. "Though of young years," says another chronicler, "Master Paget was greatly esteemed and trusted by his uncle, and much employed by him in secret affairs of State."

The mire of the foul ways had splashed Guy's riding-boots as well as the cloak of fine Flemish cloth which he wore to protect his doublet of "wanchett blue velvet guarded with silver." Yet for all the travel-stains, he must have looked a gallant and handsome young

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gentleman. Not a very light-hearted one at this moment, however, though he expected, presently, to see his sweetheart. He gazed about him with a bitter smile. The sunshine bathed the moist green meadows where the sheep were grazing. Kingcups and cuckoo blossoms and all the dazzling ranks of the autumn flowers were freshly sprung along the roadside or waving above the hedge-rows: and sloes showed their sleek black sides on the blackthorn bushes. A little brook flashed across the open before it dipped into the shade of wooded banks. You could see, from Guy's point of vision, orchards and groves, and single majestic oaks or horse-chestnuts dappling the plain with rich shadow; and harvests waving their dull gold; and hills to break the soft curves of the landscape on the horizon line. Directly before him the highway slipped out of sight among the steep roofs of the village.

The scene was one of just such gentle and pensive loveliness as English poets, in all ages, have delighted to praise, but now it was a loveliness dishevelled and woful. The ruined harvests were tumbled over their fields. Ragged gaps had been slashed in the hedges; deep furrows were ploughed in the greensward; how, was easy to know from the broken cannon wheels, the bleaching bones of horses, rusted pieces of weapons and armor, and all the hideous litter of warfare still cumbering the ground. A long, transverse ridge of raw earth marked the common grave of king's men and rebels. In like wise the black heaps of ashes and charred timbers, here and there, meant that the soldiers had burned the cottages. So near Guy that his horse's nostrils dilated with the smoke, a few rafters were still smouldering. They had taken the wayside cross out of its socket, hacked it into the semblance of a gallows, and swung from it a man in a tattered frieze frock. His clouted soles were barely a foot from the embers.

Guy frowned and rode away. The main street of the village was blocked halfway by an ancient Norman church. Here, again, Guy saw signs of that furious time. The lead was peeled from the roof, and the tower stripped of its bells. Zealots had smashed the noble windows, leaving only jagged points like red and blue flames to cling to the cusps and mullions. Within, the choir, bare of all that the piety of ages had bestowed, altars, ornaments, crucifixes, images, held only an oaken communion table; and the walls had been "white limned" so roughly that the floor and even the table were bespattered. Through the trefoil above the group of lancet windows on the north side of the tower, fronting the street, a great beam was run from which dangled a rope, its purpose plainly indicated by the loop and swinging end.

A crowd of half-grown lads craned their necks at the noose; and a half-score men-at-arms made "scurril jests."

Guy kept his way on down the street. It was a narrow street, unpaved, drained by open gutters. The houses abutted on it directly. Most of them were of timber and plaster, two stories high, divided by a projecting string-course. The booths of the tradesmen were below, their dwellings were above. Evidently the town was astir in some unwonted fashion, for heads crowded the windows and doorways, and little groups of citizens, with troubled faces, talked together at the street corners. Guy easily distinguished the inn by its sign of the gilded swan. It was a timber house of some architectural pretension, built about a quadrangle. The façade had the lawless picturesqueness of the epoch, with its Gothic gables, its large, deeply recessed windows, shaped with the Tudor arch, and divided into many lights, its carven dripstones and cornices, and its porch and porch chamber supported on Ionic pillars. The porch seats were filled with the village magnates, and the tapster in his leather apron and crumpled white hose was serving them to great stoups of beer.

No landlord was to be seen (Guy learned afterward that he was a timorous man who shunned the wagging of tongues) but his wife displayed a new violet kirtle and her black eyes and red cheeks in the doorway.

She, alone, was unabashed by Guy's approach; she greeted him courteously, and having rendered his horse to the hostler and bade the tapster fetch a fresh tankard, she continued her speech. "Marry," she cried, "though they do

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hang him, I say he was a kind man; many a dirge and placebo hath he said for a poor body, nor axed for the dirge-groat. And which o' the new priests would ha' tarried like him i' the plague time?"

"He feared naught"—it was a red-faced yeoman who took up the word. "Lord, how stout he did crack at the usurers and sheep-mongers, and the forestallers and regrators!"

There was a cautious acquiescence in nods, with side glances at Guy.

A young man would have told of the equally notable drubbing administered to these hated personages by Master Latimer, the King's preacher; but it was clear that young Dobson was suspected of making his travels too conspicuous; they, his elders and betters, were never in London; his own father checked him:

"Aye, aye, lad, 'twas famous fine no doubt, but good Sir Giles was broad spoken enow for me."

"By likelihood, he was too broad spoken," said a burgher, "'tis claimed he practised with the headiness of the multitude; and sure he said the mass the old way."

"Well, they ha' swept us good clean of the mass, now," the tapster rejoined, grimly, "and ta'en the roods down too. Poor Hobb be hanging to one now."

The citizens exchanged black looks.

"They will sweep the land good clean of religion," cried an old man in a threadbare sarcenet gown. "The nobles be jeerers and mockers, riotous and bloody and evil livers, the young men be neuters, of no faith. They fear neither God nor the devil. The merchants have the gospel swimming on their lips; but, Lord, how they oppress the poor! They keep their wool and their cloth till it be beyond a poor man's buying; and it weareth no time, for the naughtiness of the making. Rich men will show no compassion to the poor. I say there was never a time when the rich were so cruel to the poor. All kinds of bestial be so high a poor man cannot live. When I was a young man, eggs were a penny a dozen, and 'twas a penny a pound for beef or mutton or veal, and white meat a penny farthing, and neck or legs two farthings. But now the new lords and the clerking knights have enclosed the commons so a poor man cannot keep a cow or a pig for the comfort of it."

"Yea, and how the rents be raised!" said the yeoman.

"Wot ye, good people," said a portly mercer, "how this our native country be sore decayed so 'tis to be feared we may fall a prey to our enemies for lack of men? Everywhere be the people sore minished. Where, in a few years agone, were ten or twelve hundred, be scarce four hundred now, and where did use to be fifty ploughs and good houses of husbandry, now will be but a shepherd and his dog. And the husbandmen be so pined and famished they be fain to eat acorns, they say."

"Yea," young Dobson interrupted, eagerly, "'sheep and cattle that be ordained to be eaten of men have devoured the men' quoth Master Latimer; and worthy Master Beçon in his book the Jewel of Joy——"

But the crowd would have nothing of young Dobson or his new lights. The landlady sent a bell-like Devonshire voice above the din of criticism. "Nay, go to, lad, I perceive, as the saying is, a blind man doth swallow many a fly. The new priests talk of charity, but it's from the teeth forward. Yea, we have a hot gospeller here, that got our monk's chantry lands. Ye wot well how that the monks were good landlords. But this new lord hath enclosed the commons and so raised his rents and pulled and polled his tenants that a meanie of them have lost their farms and must beg on the roads or fall to picking and stealing. There was one poor simple man—I knew him well, his name was Jock Tibbets—he came to my yard and died there of a fever, and his wife, why I know not, she died also, so the two sons and one daughter they did beg on the roads. One of the sons was pressed to fight with the king's men and was killed; and the girl, being but simple withal and miserably handled by the soldiers, she was haired out of her wits and drowned herself in the brook; I saw her on the banks stark of her limbs, and dripping, and her other brother making moan over her."

"Yea," said the tapster, "Martin his name is, and by the rood, Lord William

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be going to hang him, to-day, with our vicar."

"And how chance they hang him, sirrah?" a voice demanded from within.

Guy had the curiosity to draw nearer and look into the inn parlor. Two persons were in the room. One was the speaker, an elderly man, tall and stalwart of figure, composed and benignant of face. His gray hair was stiff and abundant. His features were large and rather clumsily moulded, but the eyes were "marvellous bright," and wrinkles of kindly mirth discovered themselves at the corners of his eyelids and his mouth. His attire was "grave and reverend" but plain, "a fair black gown" and "black hose with ruffled plates of the same cloth." Instead of the cap of the period, he held a broad hat in his strong, white hand.

"By the faith of my body, 'tis the bishop," said Guy.

The other person in the room was a young gentlewoman, richly apparelled, of whose person the dim light only revealed that she had a pale face and dark red hair. But Guy did not need to see her plainly; he had been fitting grand adjectives to that auburn hair for months. Not much more than two years before, Sir William Paget had selected Mistress Margaret Carew for his nephew's wife. There was "much speech of the matter." The young people saw each other. Mistress Margaret, a shy girl, mourning the death of her mother, did not so much as lift her eyes at the graceful young cavalier, and blushed painfully at his court flatteries. Guy was well enough satisfied; he told his uncle that the lady was fair and he would warrant her "infinitely virtuous." "As for her wit," quoth he, "I could wish it some growth, but there be time enow."

Nevertheless the affair "came to naught." I gather that there was some dispute about "the dowry." Shortly after, Mistress Margaret married Sir John Godsalve.

Cotemporary gossip pictures Sir John as old, rich, and ugly, a brave soldier and an honest if stormy-tempered gentleman.

Guy took the rupture of his betrothal with equanimity: but when, after her marriage, Lady Godsalve appeared at court, whether because she were really grown more fascinating or because her charms had acquired the lustre of the unattainable, certain it is Master Paget chose to fancy himself the victim of a hopeless passion. This was the period of his sonnets to Amoret.

Amoret was cold. She did not blush any for his compliments, and the wit, to which he had wished growth, was quite vigorous enough to match Master Guy's, now. He professed himself dying of despair, but I imagine that, at this period, there was a good deal of poetic license about his despair. At any rate he consoled himself with kinder beauties. Guy was a man of his time, and it was not the time of Sir Galahad. Yet as he saw that averted pale cheek and the lovely curve of the throat into the cheek, he felt a thrill beyond his light admiration. "Dear child," he murmured, "Lord, what an innocent face it is!" All this was in the space of the tapster's gruff answer: "Why, please your lordship, Lord William willed Martin to hang our vicar and he would not—so they are going to hang him—lo, there they come!"

A clatter of armor, a jingle of spurs, a thud of horses' hoofs, the rush of many feet, boys' feet, men's feet, women's feet, little children's feet, a troop of men of arms riding at a slow pace, and, in the middle rank, two men on horseback, arms tied behind their backs, feet lashed under their horses—yes, they were coming.

The priest's spine was as erect as any soldier's, though his robe bunched ungracefully over the saddle pommel, and they had tied a bucket of holy water, a rosary, and a sacring bell round his neck, to splash and clank at every motion. He was a little round man with a bald head which glistened in the sun. He looked steadily at the tower and the beam, but he did not flinch by as much as the quiver of an eyelid: even his full cheeks kept their ruddy hue. The other prisoner was an athletic young man who would have been handsome but for the yellowish pallor of his skin and the glassy eyes which roamed from side to side. His curly flaxen hair was matted with blood, and his ragged fustian jacket nearly torn off him.

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As the dismal procession moved up the street an inarticulate and awful murmur swelled from the crowd, that under-throb of rage and grief and straining patience which holds the menace of unchecked fury, and heard from an English mob has rarely failed to keep its promise. "Some day," thought the keen young interpreter who watched it all, "some day it will be the new priests' turn—ha, what meaneth my lord bishop?"

The bishop had stepped into the street.

He stood there, lifting his arms:

"My lord, in the King's name!"

The leader of the troop was a mere stripling well known to Guy, a duke's son. He turned impatiently in his saddle, saying: "My lord, ye be letting the King's justice."

"Nay, not so," said the bishop, "sure 'tis against the King's justice and natural pity, too, to hang this fond young man for that he will not hang the other."

Lord William answered, in a tone of impatient raillery, that the knave would hang the priest fast enough when the pinch came.

"That will I never," said the prisoner, sullenly.

The priest managed to turn his bound body toward the bishop. "For the passion of Christ, good gentlemen," he pleaded, "be a mean for this poor lad. 'Tis no rebel, but a poor miser that beggeth on the road."

"That will I, sir," said the bishop, heartily, "but for yourself——"

"For me," said the priest, "pity me not. I have lived good days and I am found worthy to die in God's cause."

Guy had been whispering in Lord William's ear, regarding the Protector's lenity toward the rebels. "He? He may want the like himself," said Lord William; but then he laughed and bade two of his soldiers "have the knave away."

"For the priest," he added, "I have no option."

The bishop thanked him for his "gentleness" and stepped aside. Lord William gave the word of advance. The troop moved on up the street, impassive as their armor. The people streamed after them, and, directly, Guy and the bishop saw the stout figure swinging before his own church tower. Lady Godsalve had gone. They stood alone, together.

"God have pity on his soul!" said the bishop, solemnly; "he was a very pestilent traitor well worthy of death, but he was a brave man."

Guy masked a pity that hurt him, under a careless answer: "Yea, he had a stout and arrogant stomach. He minded me of Forrest that was burned in the late king's time, ye know. I saw him suffer. You of the clergy have a special gift for torment, methinks. They burned him in a cradle of chains. Master Latimer preached, and at such length I trow Forrest was glad to be out of the sermon and into the fire. But, an he were not a traitor, I would say Forrest took his death as Christian-like as any man I ever did see. I was a lad, at the time. I wept to see the man, screaming in the fire, and climbing up, clinging to the chains, swaying his body out of the flames. Marry, I did run away."

The bishop sighed: "It liketh me not these harsh punishments, but they affright evil doers. Better is it one traitor die dreadfully like Forrest than hundreds in battle or—like such an one. But, Master Paget, ye have letters for me, I wis; let us to the green fields where we may read them in good quiet."

Guy willingly "did his bidding." They sat down together by the brookside and the bishop looked over the letters. They related to various abuses in the diocese, and especially to certain complaints privately made against the bishop. Their tenor appeared in the bishop's running comment: "Griffith ap Morgan be an unmeet man for promotion; he stole his own church bells. Canon Hugh Evans complaineth of the multitude of valyaunt beggars and sturdy vagabonds in his parish. The justice hath whipped and branded to no end; he would have two hanged as an ensample. Not an I can hinder it. Let him advise Sir Thomas Jones to open his mines; the poor lobs be willing enow to work so work be had. John Hughes! Nay, she was not his wife. I will not take bribes to bear with his

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wrong doing: let him complain. Ha! this be all false! It was not I but George Constantine of his own presumptuous mind removed the communion altar in Caermarthen Church. Yea, it be very vile and in great decay. For why, the canons have spoiled it of crosses, cencers, challices with other plate and jewels to the value of five hundred marks. Your uncle hath the papers. I did take order to compel restitution. But they have bolsterers. I do perceive they make charges against me. Saw ye ever such frivole reasoning." He smiled although plainly distressed. "Here be a famous hotchpotch: Pemunire and using my clergy tyrannously, and wearing a *hat*—verily, there I must plead guilty sith the proof be on me. It beareth off the cold in winter and the heat in summer, yet from the coil ye would deem a hat partook of the nature of mortal sin. Likewise I have had two godmothers for my son, 'making of his son a monster,' quoth they, 'and him a laughing stock.' Well, Master Paget, there were two wives being before at variance who desired both to be godmothers, so to make unity between them they were both received. What! complain they too that I whistle my child, saying that he understood my whistle when he was three days old, and so whistle him, daily, friendly admonition neglected—friendly forsooth! But 'tis true I do use with gravity all honest loving entertainment of the child to encourage him, thereafter, willingly to receive, at his father's mouth, wholesome doctrine of the true fear and love of God. It killeth my heart, Master Paget, to see how cruelly these innocents, that Christ loved, be entreated by their parents and masters. Marry, though, ye would laugh your fill, Master Paget, to see Sam nigh leaping out of his mother's arms, hearing of my whistle, I not being in sight. The towardness of the babe, the nurse saith, is amazing—but I forget my canon's sore grief."—He read with a mixture of sadness, vexation, and humor a long list of charges almost incredible to the modern mind. The bishop did not forcibly take away the people's beads; he permitted them to "kneel and knock" to the sacrament. He seditiously wished, "speaking of the alteration of the coin," that "the penny should be in weight worth a penny of the same metal." He dined with his servants, and his talk was "not of godliness but of worldly matters." He neglected his books and preaching, and spent his time opening mines, surveying lands, and attending to fisheries. When he reached the last indictment the bishop wiped his brow. "God forgive me, sir," said he, "belike therein be a savor of truth. I be so occupied with the piteous condition for this world of my poor people and the seeking out some remede that I may neglect to feed my sheep spiritually: though I do preach regularly every week. But, Master Paget, enow of this gear; ye bear your worshipful uncle's very thought of the matter; pray you give it me."

During the bishop's examination of the letters Guy had been watching every phrase, those sharp, worldly-wise young ears of his on the alert for some ring of the base metal of cruelty or ambition or avarice or sinister indulgence, which he was used to detect in the "new priests' talk."

"Almost thou persuadest me thou art an honest man," he thought, before he answered, courteously: "That will I, my lord. 'Tis my uncle's belief the notary George Constantine is promoter of all this broil. 'Tis bruited that he be not only guilty of theft of church moneys and other naughty facts, but he has had a hand in the late rising. Wherefore, do ye inquire, shrewdly, and secretly gather what proof ye may—it needs not much—and hale him before Sir Peter, who is your right friend and brother—and there will be an end of him and his plottings!"

"Mean ye," cried the bishop, opening his eyes wide, "mean ye that I have him hanged whether or no?"

Guy stroked the down on his smiling lip as he answered gently that the hanging best be left to the secular arm, that is, Sir Peter Carew.

"God forbid," said the bishop, flushing, "that I take any man's blood on my soul! I thank Sir William for his gentle friendship, but it standeth not with my honor or the faith of a Christian man thus to render evil for evil."

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"Verily 'tis an honest man," was Guy's inward comment; outwardly he said that his own duty ended with the delivery of his message. "And so the bishop put the papers in his poke and they fared back to the 'ostle."

Will, the tapster, met them with a grin and the intelligence: "Martin, him your worships wot of"—he griped his throat significantly—"he hath led the soldiers into a ditch and is off."

"Another knave to pillage the king's lieges," said Guy, tossing the fellow a crusado and secretly rather glad. He suspected that the bishop shared his feeling.

The evening was spent in the parlor of the inn. Mistress Ferrars was present, a tall, slender gentlewoman, neither young nor pretty, yet attracting by a mild and unexacting comeliness and an evident sweetness of nature.

Lord William contributed his handsome person and his sackbut, "playing divers French songs most untunefully"—but this is Guy's judgment, and he wanted to engross Lady Godsalve's attention himself. He was too courtly a youth to display his chagrin; he rather made extra efforts to please the whole company. He discoursed on the doings of the court, the dress of the ladies at the last Masque; the new salad just come from France; the beauty, talents, and marvellous virtues of the young prince (whereat the bishop's eyes grew moist and he nodded his head "many times in a vehement manner," and was heard to murmur something in his wife's ear about "our Sam"); the fair gardens of the Duke of Somerset; the wonders of France, Holland, and Italy; which countries young Paget had seen with his uncle.

The simple pair were delighted with this talk. Ever and anon, the bishop would turn his beaming eyes at his wife and they would smile in unison upon Guy. He caught his breath with interest over the foreign marvels and laughed a great, round unclerical laugh at every jest. Finally, when Guy sang at his asking (the rascal abused his opportunity and adapted some of his own ravings about "Amoret" to "a fair foreign melody") he rubbed his eyes, openly, exclaiming: "Tush, I had not thought a fond song could so move me. Thou must teach it me that I may whistle it to Sam."

Guy could not help an expansion of his heart under this artless admiration. But when the conversation touched on the state of the commonwealth he was impressed with the sturdier side of Ferrars's character. A homely acumen edged his straightforward sentences. His mind had a breadth of justice and mercy, and a fanciful imagination as well, which played about his stern honesty and blunt courage, just as little Sam used to frolic in his father's arms and rest his dainty cheek against the other's wrinkles.

"Yea, verily, here is an honest man," said Guy to himself.

While the company sate about the room and Lord William explained the last campaign to the bishop, and Mistress Ferrars was counting her stitches on a remarkable sampler, he made an occasion to go to Lady Godsalve, to examine her broidery work, saying (which was not true) that it minded him of a piece worked by the Lady Mary, the King's sister. So he leaned over the gable of her chair and his fingers slipped along the silken pattern until they touched the slim white fingers drawing the thread. He audaciously asked her how she liked the song. "'Twas writ for you," said he.

Lady Godsalve folded her hands upon her work. "Master Paget," she said, "I would fain talk with you in good sadness if I might."

"Assuredly, Madam," Guy answered, perplexed by her calm voice and the steady gaze of her eyes. Then, all at once, he saw that her hands were clasping each other with the tightness of resolution, not self-control. She lifted her eyes. They were long in shape, and not until she lifted them did one see how large they were or how deep their violet lights. Faint shadows lay under her smooth eyelids. Her eyebrows, darker than her hair, were drawn a little together. The small mouth curved downward the merest trifle. It was the short upper lip, Guy could see, that gave the mouth its haughty expression; now, the lips had the pathetic curves of a tired child's. Surely her cheek had grown thinner and paler.

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Guy recalled the girl who should have been his wife and who was "infinitely virtuous." He was touched. All the artificial gallantry slipped from his manner; he stood up and held the embroidery in both his hands as if to examine it.

She gave him the first grateful look that he had ever seen in her eyes. "Master Paget," she went on, hurriedly, "brought ye news of the accusations Constantine, the notary, hath laid against the bishop?"

"Alack, madam, my matters be private."

"Nay it needs not you disclose them," she said, with rather a dreary smile, "I wot 'tis true withouten your speech. Ah, Master Paget, be his good lord. Intercede with your uncle. He be not a clawback flatterer like his besetters; he cannot plead his own cause. He hath done so much in Wales for the poor people. And he hath taken order with the misbehaving clergy; therefore they do hate him and practise to destroy him."

"He hath good hap to win such an advocate," said Guy, smiling a little.

"He hath done more for me," she answered; "once when I was in sore trouble and anguish of mind, seeing no helper, he set my feet in the straight road; and his counsel was like the ropes they do throw to poor mariners in a storm. He looketh a kind, simple man only, but oh, he doth know the depths wherein the soul be like to sink!"

During her words the young courtier's heart was beating in an unprecedented way. Could Margaret Godsalve's extremity concern him? That still damsel who scarce let him see the color of her eyes, had she loved him in secret? Poor heart, to have them rudely fling her sweetness at that brutal old soldier! Was her flouting of him but to hide her hurt? Guy recalled his sonnets. He was smitten with the sharpest regret that he had ever known: his seemed to him an unknightly part, and he remembered his mother and her tales of knights who had loved one woman and clave to her and served her, asking no guerdon.

"Margaret," said he, "forget what hath given thee pain in time agone. I will be thy right brother, now. Whatever I can do that will I; wherefore, thou knowest; but shalt never hear me say."

He had spoken to her thought rather than her words, but neither of them considered that until afterward. She was anything but pale, now she turned her face so that he might not see the blushes—so like those blushes when they were first together—her sweet voice was barely above a whisper: "I knew, always, thou wast noble—as noble as thou art brave!"

She might have added something to these intoxicating words; but Lord William was moved to ask her "a fool question."

The following morning Guy rode back to London. He tells that he made the journey, "heavily revolving many things in his mind." He did not know it, but he had passed through a momentous experience: at one and the same time he had been awakened to his best impulses as a citizen and as a man. He had his crude and cynical imaginations of man and woman jostled out of shape; for in Ferrars he found an honest married priest, and in the insolently adored mistress of his fancy, the woman whom he should love all the days of his life.

If there was one being Guy despised more than another it was "the married priest." This opinion was the common property of his time; even the Princess Elizabeth could not rid herself of it, and when one reads the published defence of their marriages given the world by some of the English clergy, it may be owned that the scornful had some excuse. Guy himself, like a multitude of young Englishmen of his generation, buffeted backward and forward between Catholicism and Protestantism, was, in the phrase of the time, "a Neuter, a person of no faith." To him the new religion looked an indecent scramble for spoils on the part of the laity, and for license on the part of the clergy; and the married priests with their wives and children and their greedy palms were a noxious and scandalous spectacle. Yet to-day he had seen a married priest who loved his wife and child and none the less had kept clean hands and a pure heart. That

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Ferrars was not of the exalted spiritual type, but simply a healthy, not too refined follower of righteousness, helped his influence over Guy, who had the moderate man's incredulous contempt for exaltation of feeling.

"I will never maintain again that a new priest may not be a true man," said Guy.

And he has left his own record of his state of mind regarding Margaret.

"Before, when he was assured she regarded him not, he had pursued her right earnestly: but now that he did perceive that she had bestowed her heart upon him (so unworthy) he was mazed and durst no longer proceed, but would as it were protect her, yea against his own self. So was he sore distraught, seeing no joy or delight in living without this lady; yet fully persuaded she would in no wise fall from her duty to her lord; and, therewith consumed with such excess of admiring and longing sorrow that he did weep to think of her, yet could he by no manner of means divert his mind from her."

. . . . . .

Edward was dead and Mary reigned in his stead, and the mass was back in England, before Guy saw the little Devonshire town again.

Meanwhile evil days had come to Robert Ferrars. So long as Somerset was in power, the Pagets' influence kept his enemies at bay; but Sir William's address only availed to save his own neck, after the Duke's fall. He retired to what was left of his estates, and Guy went to help fight the Turks. Presently, Ferrars was summoned to London on the same "frivole reasonings" which he had discussed with Guy. He was thrown into prison, and in prison he was, on Mary's accession to the throne. The Pagets came back with the Catholic queen. The Lord Paget had been the most moderate of Protestants; he was an equally tolerant Catholic: but moderate men were speedily pushed into the background by fanatics wild with the unslaked hatreds of the time.

In vain all Guy's influence was exerted for the bishop's release. He was deposed from his see as a married priest; he was kept in prison. His wife sickened and died, but Guy obtained the poor boon of taking him, under his own charge, for a farewell visit to her. There is still extant an affecting letter which the bishop wrote to Margaret Godsalve relating to this visit. And with the bishop's letter is one of thanks to Guy from Margaret—evidently enclosing the first. Margaret's letter is endorsed in Guy's handwriting: "My Dearling Lady, Her first letter writ to Me."

Margaret at this period was in France. Her father had been concerned in Wyatt's insurrection and fled. Her husband, though nominally loyal to the Queen, was reported to sympathize secretly with the insurgents.

It is written in every history how Lord Paget succeeded in defeating the heresy bills of two parliaments, and how he failed in the third. In every history, also, is it written how, though he failed when the question only touched men's lives, he succeeded at every point in keeping for the laymen all the church property which Henry VIII. had stolen for them. Naturally, all this did not help Paget's court favor. He remained President of the Welsh Marshes. He was of her Majesty's privy council. The lands which had been confiscated were his again. But the Queen looked coldly on him; he was "vehemently suspect," and "my lord of Winchester did whisper to my lord Riche at the Lady Jane's execution that, for a small pretext, they would make the Lord Paget's head dance the like dance."

Shortly after, Guy, being summoned by his uncle, found that cool-headed statesman "in a fume."

"By God's wounds, nephew Guy," were the first words Guy could win, "these bloody tikes of priests will break the neck of mother church, of their own swinge! Ten heretics burned in this one month! They be the veriest dolts! Wot they not 'tis the best of the new religion will stand steadfast and men will pity their sufferings and, at the length, turn on their tormentors! By the passion of Christ, it putteth me out of my patience! And now they will send the poor old age, Master Ferrars, down to Wales to be tried of the new bishop, Morgan, and that cursed knave, Constantine. An he do not recant—and ye wot he is of stomach stout and

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hard—they will sure burn him. They did send him down to Wales with Lord William Radcliffe; but they need *him* elsewhere, so they demanded me, in the council this morning, if ye were not trusty to be sent. I ween 'tis to practise with us that they may find a pretext to destroy us; but I durst not refuse.

"Thou must go, Guy. See to it the man doth not give ye the slip, and that he be mercifully entreated. God, he knoweth I do rue for him."

So, "very heavily," Guy went. He had planned a different errand to Devonshire. Sir John was dead and Margaret, he had heard, was in England again. Of what had been his relations with Lady Godsalve during the intervening years; whether he had ever tried to drag his star from Heaven, whether he had kept his own fidelity unstained through all the temptation of his youth and that unbridled time—of such matters Guy has said nothing, but it is plain that Margaret was still "infinitely virtuous" as she was infinitely fair; and the stiff phrases of the day relax into grace and tenderness if they do but approach her image.

Therefore, not only "marvellous sorrowful" over Ferrars's sad case, but "much afeared lest the lady might take his errand in ill part," Guy rode into Devonshire to the same village where he had encountered Lord William before. There was little change in the aspect of the village street. The church had plain windows, and a priest in a white rochet was celebrating mass, while a bell tolled from the tower before which stout Sir Giles had swung. He was welcomed at the inn by the landlady, grown a trifle weightier and rosier, and by Will tapster, himself, standing now in the landlord's shoes, that timorous worthy having escaped to the only sure refuge from tumult and fear in England, the village graveyard.

The porch seats were filled much as they had been before, and the rustics stared at the soldiers' corselets and hacquebuts with the same mixture of dread and aversion. Guy made out some of the faces; but the young man who had praised Latimer was gone. The hostess had kept all the details of his visit with rural tenacity, and recalled them volubly. She had not lost her habit of bold speech. "Well a day, 'tis rare good luck your worship be come," she cried; "Lord William he be revelling with a great sort of gentlemen at the hall, and the poor old heretic man been put in a little blind house adjoining, where we do keep the coals; and no fire withal, so he be like to starve for cold!"

Laying up a reckoning (which he afterward paid in full) for Lord William, in his own mind, Guy had Ferrars removed to the inn chamber, where was a fire and a supper laid out, and the best bed well warmed.

The bishop, who had greeted Guy with all his usual affection, now looked about him with a broad smile. "Yea even pennar and inkhorn!" he exclaimed, gleefully, "verily, good youth, thou art my white son. God be praised, 'tis in dolour and hardness that a man findeth out the kindness of men. The good man of the house he did fet me a great mess of meat and bread and a stoup of wine; and the woman did send me the cloak of her husband that dead is. He was of slight personage," the bishop laughed, "and I, as ye see, but, marry, it softened the coals for me, and I have an ill back. I pray you, Sir Guy, thank her for her gentleness. The keepers in the city left me little, but I have a silver groat I would send her."

"This is not the meeting I had hoped for," groaned Guy, unmanned by the old man's cheerfulness.

"Nay, good youth, thou hast done thine uttermost for me; regret it not nor rue for me. I mind me ever of the old saying:

> Although the day be ever so long
> At last it ringeth to evensong.

Pray you sup with me, my son, and tell me of our friends."

Then followed a scene, strange enough but of a like nature to those witnessed often in England, at this time.

The heretic and his most unwilling guard supped together while the soldiers watched outside. Vainly the courtier taxed his subtle wit to persuade Ferrars to choose life instead of death.

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"Oh, consider," he cried, unconsciously speaking the words of another man of the world to a martyr, "life is sweet and death is bitter; and will ye die for such empty words?"

A very pleasant, gentle smile stole over the old man's rugged features, gaunt and pale with imprisonment. "Ye remember," said he, "I was ever addict to songs and rhymes. My dear heart, when she was with me, did often repeat to me one that marvellously comforted me.

> He that dieth with honor liveth forever,
> But the defaméd dead recovereth never.

Nay, nay, my son, I die for no idle words, but for the very truth of God."

"Ye would die against the mass, and poor Father Giles he died for the mass," said Guy with the irritation of despair; "ye cannot both be right——"

"Nay, Father Giles be all wrong," said the bishop, cheerily, "I have the warrant of holy writ."

Thus the talk went on as such talk was going on in England, whenever the man of the world and the man of the other world held their everlasting dispute. Guy was too shrewd not to perceive the helplessness of his arguments. He was as powerless to move the bishop as the bishop would have been to persuade the young courtier to go to the stake on his own account because he did not believe in the "mummery of the mass."

Sadly enough he bade the old man good-night and betook himself to his chamber. He had posted his guards about the house and he made the rounds before he retired. Down the street the flare of the torches showed him three soldiers. "Those be Lord William's antients, belike," said the old lieutenant who had served with Paget in Hungary. Just then one of them turned his head: Guy experienced that undefined sense of recognition which often bothers the man trained to remember faces. "Somewhere did I see that fellow's hawk eyes," thought Guy.

His troops placed, the chamber where the bishop lay guarded at every approach, Guy went into the porch chamber which was his own. The porch chamber was built out from the house above the porch, a common architectural feature in Tudor mansions. Leaning out of the window, he could plainly hear the voices of the loiterers in the porch. Guy extinguished his taper and listened. It was more to distract his thoughts than from any analyzed purpose.

Now and then a sentence rose above the murmur.

"Well, I care not for strangers, Gaffer; but poor Jock Dobson——"

"He be a right merciful man an he do be a heretic. I did see him beg Martin's life i' this very place."

"Martin, forsooth! 'twas an ill fact that—'tis the most arrant rogue and robber i' the country side."

"Never a soul i' this town hath had wrong of Martin."

The words were lost in an unintelligible buzz of Martin's exploits, besprinkled with peals of laughter as if Martin's wickedness must have a humorous twang. Then some voice said that Martin had seen "the heretic."

"Say, dame," was the next clear sentence, "will they burn him like they did poor Dobson?"

"Yea, but not here, they only bide here, overnight. They will burn him in Wales. Alack the pity, 'tis a hard death, burning!"

"The gospellers be in some sort Christian men"—Guy recognized the mercer's voice—"I think burning should be for anna-baptists and arians and such like."

"I warrant I could not abide the fire. I should recant."

"Best not take up with their gay glorious doctrines, then, gossip; they be all of the devil, Father Giles said."

"Marry, this same Lord William was 't that hanged him: then would he give the mass ne cap ne knee; and he hacked the rood down and made a gallows out o't for to hang a poor good Catholic clown. How chance he hath not been dealt roundly with? This poor man did no burning, no hanging that I wot of; yet Lord William hath lands and lordship, but this poor miser needs burn. Neighbors, I be the Queen's right subject, God bless her; but I like not these burnings."

"The times be no better," an aged

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voice grumbled, "and there be a meanie of Spanish men to eat up all poor England hath. 'Tis bruited the queen meaneth to make the prince King for the great love she hath for him."

"More than he for her, belike," the yeoman muttered.

No one reproved him; they were suddenly all so silent that Guy looked down the street for the cause, instantly apparent in the approach of several figures on horseback. Coming under the light from the inn windows they were revealed as a gentlewoman, an old serving woman, and two serving men, all attended by Guy's lieutenant and half a dozen soldiers.

"I seek Sir Guy Paget, good people," said a voice that made his pulses bound. In a moment he was before the lady of his dreams. She was calm enough; every other emotion had been smothered by the stress of one overwhelming fear.

"Sir Guy, thou knowest mine errand without my telling it. Thou hast mine uncle's life in thy hands. Oh, be his good lord!"

"Alas, Madam, I have no power," said Guy; "I have labored him sore to recant, but he will not."

"And there be no hope for him with Morgan and Constantine," said the lady, "I know that right well."

Guy assented, despondently.

"How wicked be these laws," she cried, wringing her hands, but dry-eyed in her misery; "an I were a man I would fight them till I died!"

"My uncle, he did his uttermost in parliament," said Guy, feeling the weakness of his words. He could not keep his eyes away from her, where she stood, the candle-light on her white face and her curling dark red hair and glittering eyes and the scarlet, trembling lips.

"In parliament! like clerks!" the passionate speech flowed on, "but ye be a valiant knight, ye wear a sword. Think, they will burn twenty this week! Some of them be women, some lads, nigh children, that never *heard* of any other religion. How can the nobles and gentles of England sit by and see such foul shame!"

"What profiteth fighting?" said Guy. "Wyatt, what hath he done to help the heretics? He hath only lost his own head and many an honest gentleman's beside." He caught the hands which she flung up in a wild gesture, and held the white wrists. "Listen, dear Heart—nay, ye shall not scorn me, Margaret, I be no coward knave, my heart is heavy for these poor heretics. Yea, I would *fight* for them, did fighting serve; but the Lady Mary is our rightful queen. I will not bring in the French king to conquer England."

She let her face droop until her cheek rested almost against his hands which were holding her wrists. "Forgive me, Sir Guy, I did wrong thee. Alack, I be haired out of my wits with the planning and thinking. I know thou would'st serve him. And it is so easy. Ah, sir, do for me one little, little thing?"

"What, sweetheart?" he said, dreamily; how passing sweet it was to have her so near him—and she was free!

"The pass-word for to-night."

She whispered in his ear, "Just that—only that—to me."

"What would ye with the pass-word?"

"Nay, do not ask. Best to know naught. Only tell it me."

"'Tis a device to free Master Ferrars."

He spoke very gently but sadly. Suddenly he kissed her wrist.

"Thou knowest how I love thee," he groaned, "and thou wouldst make me a forsworn man!"

"Nay, not so. Leave holding of my hands, Sir Guy, I pray thee."

When he dropped her wrists she turned and sat down, making a piteous effort at composure. "Fy, I do talk like a fond woman. Look, I will go to work roundly with you to amend your reasoning. Prythee allow me require certain things of ye. Is it because ye deem this law to be righteous that ye help it thus, or because ye be sent to execute it?"

"Ye wot 'tis the latter. I be a soldier. I obey them that have authority."

"But deem ye a soldier must obey always? Say they command ye murder babes, like King Herod? Or like him that sent to kill the babes in the Tower?

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Did those slayers, by authority, right well? Or say, the Queen—the which is a shrewd likelihood, sith she be a cruel and irous dame—say she will ye to despatch the Lady Elizabeth? Shall ye do her will and wash your hands, saying, 'Marry, I be sent by authority?' Tush, away with such reasoning for a free-born Englishman! I tell ye, Sir Guy Paget, ye stain your knightly sword when ye lift it in such a quarrel! He is a gentleman that hath gentle conditions. And he that helpeth wicked men to murder—and, lo! how cruelly!—an innocent, kind old man that hath wrought only good, yea, by God's mercy, he be no gentleman, no knight, but a murdering slave!"

"Ye drive me too hard," cried the young man, beside himself; "I tell ye, my uncle, that is more than a father to me, he hath my word. Oh, Margaret, show pity, drive me not out of my manhood!"

But she was too much of a woman to be merciful. She rose. She walked to him and knelt at his feet.

"Guy," she whispered, while he could hardly see her face for the daze of anguish in his eyes, "Guy, often hast thou sworn that thou lovest me; and I could not tell thee how even so did I love thee. No one will know; Martin (he that the bishop saved, here, in this town) will do all. Thy uncle will have no guilt. *Thou* need'st know nothing or—" she lifted her radiant eyes to him—"thou shalt know *all* and fly with him—and me—to my father in Normandy. My father will not refuse me to thee—*then!*"

How many times had Guy pictured this moment when he should speak his heart and know hers; he had hoped and trembled, he had conjured up a hundred possibilities, but never—never anything like this. In his deep bitterness of soul he groaned aloud.

And with that, "seeing him so moved and being in a measure distraught with her misery, she did embrace his feet with weeping tears, calling him her dear lord, and such like expressions, which did, as it were, sear his heart; so that he was marvellous fain to give her her will, yet would he not yield."

It could not be, he said; he had given his word to his uncle.

She urged him further, for she knew that the lieutenant of the guard was to come directly; imploring him if he decided for mercy to send a ring ("therewith she gave it him") by Will tapster, "who was trusty," with the password written and slipped into a hiding-place in the ring.

Scarcely had she shown him the "trick o' the stone" before the lieutenant's knock was heard.

They had but a moment together. Margaret drew Guy's dark head down until it was level with her eyes. She kissed him. "That do I," she said, while he looked at her "like a dumb man with a knife in his heart," "because after this night either thou art my husband, or else a man barbarous and forsworn whom I never will see more—and I have loved thee as mine own soul!"

She dropped her hands and opened the door. Guy saw her step into the shadows, he heard the rustle of her gown on the floor. She turned and passed down the stair.

"Come back to me when I call," Guy told the lieutenant; "I have somewhat to write, before."

He closed the heavy door upon the man. He was left alone with his dilemma.

To Martin's plans he had no clue—nor does he supply any to us out of his later knowledge—but he felt sure, now, that the soldier with the vaguely recognized face was the outlaw himself.

Martin may have contemplated strategy alone; but it is likely he had force in reserve. The burning of Dobson and two others of the townspeople had seriously shaken their loyalty. Martin was sure of their tacit good will. Armed with the password, he could introduce his men into the inn. If the Queen's men resisted, there would be bloody fighting and the bishop would be "conveyed away" in the mêlée. "Then will the poor knaves lose their lives because I have first lost mine honor," thought Guy, bitterly. And what would befall his uncle while he led a merry life with his wife in France?"

All his life, Guy had not only loved his uncle, he had also admired that long-headed and rather cool-hearted courtier, above all living men. Apart from any

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question of soldierly duty or his conduct as a subject, his defection would most probably ruin his uncle. On the other hand, was he to be the minister of a hideous injustice, to deliver the affectionate and brave old man, to whom he owed the awakening and purifying of his own soul, over to the most cruel of deaths, and to lose forever his most precious hopes? Let him describe the conflict in his own words: "Wherefore I was in anguish and tumult of soul, thinking whether it be best to quit my allegiance and my faith to my uncle who trusted me ever with all he had, or whether to both be the cause of a good man's destruction and to lose her that was dearest to me of any woman in the world, I being then a young man at an age over which Love hath his extremest power."

He paced the floor. At times he wrung his hands, at times he wept; but in the end he summoned his lieutenant and bade him prepare all things for departure. He wrote a letter to Margaret explaining his course and its harsh necessity. This letter he sent to her (with the ring) by Will tapster. "And by this time, all being in readiness, they fared forth on their journey."

There is a large space devoted to the journey into Wales, in Guy's narrative. He described the doomed man's "joyance" in the sunshine, in the spring green creeping into the sedges and covert sides, in the flight of the herons, the song of the mavis, and the crisp air; "he having been so long pent away from all." He tells how people used to stand at the wayside to see them pass, "most often of sad countenance and many crying, 'God sustain you, sir!' or 'God send you deliverance!'"

He repeats all Ferrars's affecting talk of his son, and his messages to the child, and his own promise to "deal with the little Samuel like as it were his own son." He gives the "jests" and the "stories" and the "merry quips on words" in which the old man indulged after the fashion of his time; as well as the grave and godly talk. But it would seem that in his last days, as always, Ferrars had more faith in doing justice and showing mercy than in spiritual exercises; though he humbly reproaches himself therefor, "with dulness and grossness of nature and over love of this glosing world." Guy has not omitted a touch in the picture; he cannot bear to slight a word of this man who moves him so strongly and whom he had given over to death. We can see the cheery old man on Guy's own fiery charger ("for as old as he been there was no horse he could not ride, and all beasts loved him") whistling the notes of the birds or "godly tunes."

"For sure," said he, "it were ungrateful to the Lord that granteth me these days of solace before my trial not to joy in them and strengthen my heart. The Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver, be it of life or gear."

But Guy, himself—one only finds here and there a hint of his confused misery.

They had reached the Welsh marshes when they were overtaken by a flying horseman. He delivered to Guy, as token, the ring which he had such sorrowful cause to know, and a pacquet. The pacquet contained a letter to Ferrars and another to himself. When he opened the latter he found only his own eager words of pleading and pain.

. . . . . .

The town of Caermarthen is the principal town of the diocese of St. Davids. It lies on the river Towy, and its narrow streets creep up a hill to the market place and the massive castle, old as the Welsh princes. On the thirty-first day of March, 1555, the market place had but one vacant spot, a little space about the cross, in which a four-cornered pile of fagots had been built as high as a man's waist. An oaken stake stood in the centre and a chain was locked to the stake.

Like a wide wall of light the sunshine shifted from blazing point to point of breastplates, steel caps, and halberts, massed close as men could stand between the stake and the wavering, black sea of Welsh hats and frieze. A platform had been erected whereon, as the custom was, the priests and commissioners sate, to watch the hideous pageant. People pointed out a sleek, dark-skinned priest nervously fidgeting his arms in his wide velvet sleeves; and the name Constantine passed from mouth to mouth.

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On the platform they "bore a solemn countenance," relaxed now and then when some wag told a good story such as in our day would beguile the tedium of the pall-bearers' ride to the grave.

But below, among the pale women and men with set jaws and lowering brows, and the little children who had loved Robert Ferrars, the suffering whom he had comforted and the friendless poor whom he had defended, there was no jesting. Tears were on many faces. One man, standing close to the guards, could not wipe his eyes because he was holding a bag of gunpowder, and a soldier near by did him that office, his own eyes full. Presently this soldier was holding the bag, and the man had disappeared.

The crowd have waited since dawn and it is now noon; but no one goes away. Mothers ease the children's blistered feet by holding them in their arms.

Now a universal movement in the crowd shakes a little even that burnished line of steel. Every head is turned to the little group coming slowly from the castle gateway. Taller than any of them all the people recognize that well-loved figure and the familiar hat. Before they reach the market place a haggard rider on a flagging horse gallops through the lane made for him at once. There are cheers and shouts of "Grace! grace!" "A pardon! a pardon!"

"There be no grace, good people, only the devil's wonted bait!" shouts a strong voice; and a wail in women's tones echoes the bold heretic.

Guy has not heard them at all. He is so spent with his long ride and the sleepless nights, before, that he tumbles off his saddle, at Master Ferrars's feet. "Ha, good youth," says the kind, loud voice Guy knows, "the Lord be praised I see ye once more."

Guy knows that Margaret is close to him, and, clinging to her, a fair-haired child; but he has no power to feel an additional pang; he knows that Margaret must have told the bishop all; but he has no feeling left to be hurt or comforted by the serene and kindly gaze that is bent on him.

He takes out a paper and makes the last ineffectual appeal. He felt it useless when he started, but to make it he has ridden night and day. The paper is the mildest possible form of recantation. Let the bishop sign it, no public penance shall be exacted; he shall be free to leave the country.

So Guy tells him, and the sheriff adds his word of persuasion, being a merciful man.

Everyone near can hear the bishop's answer, "Consider, fair sir, how thou, a neuter and a worldly person, would not break thy faith to thine earthly lord, but would rather be letted of a great estate and of the wife thou hast chosen; then shall I, for the sake of a few more years or the Queen's favor, forsake my good God? Nay, God helping me, never. If death come, welcome be it. True, the manner of it be dreadful, but it is the portal to life eternal." Then smiling, he added: "'Tis like thou, beholding, wilt suffer more than I; so, as a sign that the pain be bearable, I will hold up my hands." Guy entreated him no more. He saw him embrace his child, who cried a little at the crowd and the sad faces, and did not understand why he might not go with his father; but was led away smiling at last with Margaret's gold chain.

The muscles of the father's face quivered and he dashed his hand across his eyes. "A good child and winsome," he said, in a husky voice. "Ye will remember, Sir Guy."

Then he embraced Guy and blessed him, and so went cheerfully on to his suffering.

It was long told in Wales how the brave old man lifted his hands, nor once stirred them, amid the flames.

Guy heard the crash of powder.

Then he ventured to look; but still the intrepid hands were lifted.

A groan of horror and pity burst from the crowd. "Put fire! set to fire!" yelled the sheriff. They did not have time to obey him; a bill-hook, wielded by a hand too merciful to falter, caught the spring sunshine on its edge as it swang; the gray head sank, and there was no more need for courage or for pity. The man with the bill flung it down and sobbed. Sick at heart Guy crawled away. He sat down in the shadow of the gateway and abandoned himself to his grief.

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A hand was laid lightly on his arm, but not even when he saw the white face and the woful, tearless eyes could he realize that Margaret had come to him.

"He hath sent me," she said; "Oh, God forgive you, Guy, I am his last gift to you!"

As the years dulled emotion I suppose that Margaret came to forgive her husband—even, perhaps, to understand his conduct; but whenever I look at the picture and the smile that has so little mirth, so deep an experience, I query in my own mind: Did Guy ever decide if he acted right, or was he only sure that as acrid a perplexity would have awaited him on the other side of the dilemma?

But our honest Martin always maintained that my lord did act fair and honest, since having passed his word he kept it. "Like I kept mine to the lady Margaret," said Martin. "And sure 'twas a right comfort that my lord was able to give the knave Constantine his deserts and he died in prison."

Martin, be it understood, was a reformed man at this speaking. The narrative tells naïvely that so great was the effect of Ferrars's death on him "that he did straight forsake his evil courses, and sailing over seas, he commenced buccaneer with Sir Peter Carew."

His reformed ways prospered to such an extent that he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth and, retiring on the spoils of his reformation, became a model country gentleman and one of the soundest and most regular sleepers of the parish church.

I fancy if Lord Ellesmere went to church he did not sleep. I imagine him smiling as the crude commonplace dragged along, seeing perhaps the kind, strong, childlike face of another preacher, drearily pondering on that never-ending dilemma.

But little Samuel grew up happily; and never knew why sometimes his benefactor's hand was laid so tenderly on his head and Lord Ellesmere sighed.

A LYRIC OF THE DAWN.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

ALONE I list
In the leafy tryst;
Silent the woodlands in their starry sleep—
Silent the phantom wood in waters deep:
No footfall of a wind along the pass
Startles a flower-bell—stirs a blade of grass.
Yonder the wandering weeds,
Enchanted in the light,
Stand in the gusty hollows, still and white;
Yonder are plumy reeds,
Dusking the border of the clear lagoon;
Far off the silver clifts
Hang in ethereal light below the moon;
Far off the ocean lifts,
Tossing its billows in the misty beam,
And shore-lines whiten, silent as a dream:
I hark for the bird, and all the hushed hills harken:
This is the valley: here the branches darken
The silver-lighted stream.

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Hark—
That rapture in the leafy dark!
Who is it shouts upon the bough aswing,
Waking the upland and the valley under?
What carols, like the blazon of a king,
Fill all the dawn with wonder?
Oh, hush,
It is the thrush,
In the deep and woody glen.
Ah, thus the gladness of the gods was sung,
When the old Earth was young;
That rapture rang,
When the first morning on the mountains sprang;
And now he shouts, and the world is young again!

Carol, my king,
On your bough aswing:
Thou art not of these evil days—
Thou art a voice of the world's lost youth:
Oh, tell me what is duty—what is truth—
How to find God upon these hungry ways;
Tell of the golden prime,
When men the wisdom of the angels wore,
Or ever the race was left alone with Time,
Homesick on Earth, and homeless evermore;
Or ever sweet Pan was dead,
Or ever the naiads fled;
When maidens white with dark eyes bold,
With peals of laughter and with songs of gold,
Startled the still dawn—
Shone in upon the mountains and were gone,
Their voices fading silverly in depths of forests old.

Sing of the wonders of their sylvan ways,
Before the weird earth-hunger of these days,
When there was rippling mirth,
When justice was on Earth,
And light and splendor of the Golden Age;
When never a heart was sad,
When all from king to herdsman had
A penny for a wage.
Ah, that old time has faded to a dream—
The moon's fair face is broken in the stream;
Yet shout and carol on, O bird, and let
The exiled race not utterly forget;
Sing out thy revelation on the lawns—
Sing ever in the dark ethereal dawns:
Sometime, in some sweet year,
These stormy souls, these men of Earth may hear.

But hark again,
From the secret glen,
That voice of rapture and ethereal youth
Now laden with despair.

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Forbear, O bird, forbear:
Is life not terrible enough forsooth?
Oh, cease the mystic song—
No more, no more, the passion and the pain:
It wakes my life to fret against the chain;
It makes me think of all the agéd wrong—
Of joy and the end of joy and the end of all—
Of souls on Earth, and souls beyond recall.
Ah, ah, that voice again!
It makes me think of all these restless men,
Called into time—their progress and their goal;
It sends into my soul
Dreams of a love that might have been for me—
That might have been—and now can never be.

Tell me no more of these—
Tell me of trancéd trees;
(The ghosts, the memories, in pity spare)
Show me the leafy home of the wild bees;
Show me the snowy summits dim in air;
Tell me of things afar
In valleys silent under moon and star:
Dim hollows hushed with night,
The lofty cedars misty in the light,
Wild clusters of the vine,
Wild odors of the pine,
The eagle's eyrie lifted to the moon—
High places where on quiet afternoon
A shadow swiftens by, a thrilling scream
Startles the cliff, and dies across the woodland to a dream.

Ha, now
He springs from the bough,
It flickers—he is lost!
Out of the copse he sprang;
This is the floating briar where he tossed:
The leaves are yet atremble where he sang.
Here a long vista opens—look!
This is the way he took,
Through the pale poplars by the pond:
Hark! he is shouting in the field beyond.
Ho, there he goes
Through the alder close!
He leaves me here behind him in his flight,
And yet my heart goes with him out of sight!
What eerie spell
Of Faëry calls me on from dell to dell?
I hear the voice—it wanders in a dream—
Now in the grove, now on the hill, now on the fading stream.

Lead on—you know the way—
Lead on to Arcady,
O'er fields asleep; by river banks abrim;
Down leafy ways, dewy and cool and dim;

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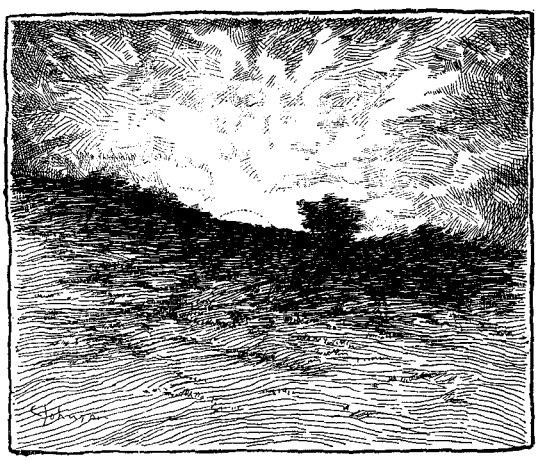
By dripping rocks, dark dwellings of the gnome,
Where hurrying waters dash their crests to foam.
I follow where you lead,
Down wilding paths, across the flowery mead,
Down silent hollows where the woodbine blows,
Up water-courses scented by the rose;
I follow the wandering voice—
I follow, I rejoice,
I fade away into the Age of Gold—
We two together lost in forest old.—
O ferny and thymy paths, O fields of Aidenn,
Meadows and dells by mortal feet untrod!
O souls that weary and are heavy laden,
Here is the peace of God!

Lo! now the clamoring hours are on the way:
Faintly the pine tops redden in the ray;
From vale to vale fleet-footed rumors run,
With sudden apprehension of the sun;
A light wind stirs
The filmy tops of delicate dim firs,
And on the river border blows,
Breaking the shy bud softly to a rose.
Sing out, O throstle, sing:
I follow on, my king:
Lead me forever through the crimson dawn—
Till the world ends, lead me on!
Ho there! he shouts again—he sways—and now,
Upspringing from the bough,
Flashing a glint of dew upon the ground,
Without a sound
He drops into a valley and is gone!



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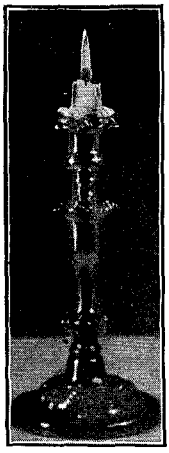
PHOTOGRAPHY.

By John Trowbridge.



From a photograph; the flame exposed ten seconds; the candlestick ten minutes by lamplight.

THE progress of photography reminds one of the development of a mine in which the richest deposits of ore are widely separated from the original opening. The old wet process of photography, which could be worked by only a few skilled experts, has been abandoned during the past twenty years.

The modern improvements in photography have been chiefly in the use of what is called the dry plate instead of the wet plate. Both processes depend upon the sensitiveness of the nitrates, bromides, and iodides of silver to light. In the wet process the sensitive plate was coated with the salts of silver in combination with a film of collodion which served as a support for the sensitive salts, and was used when still wet. In the dry-plate process a film of gelatine takes the place of the collodion. This film of gelatine is impregnated with the silver salts and is used when dry. Instead, therefore, of the professional photographer, with his van drawn by a patient horse, and a camera stained and dripping with nitrate of silver, we have dapper gentlemen carrying small, neat boxes, which might be mistaken for hat-boxes, and even ladies indulge in the pleasures of photography without a fear of silver stains. The difficulties of the old wet process can be well illustrated by one of the earliest attempts at balloon photography made by Mr. J. W. Black, of Boston, in 1862. The escape of gas from the balloon injured the wet film, and by a chemical process caused what is technically called fog upon the plate, thus making it difficult to secure a good picture. What would now, by means of the dry plate, be an easy achievement in a balloon, was thus, a quarter of a century ago, an attempt of no small difficulty.

The ease with which photographs can now be taken by any one is destined to have an important influence upon science, art, and literature. It must not be supposed, however, that with the cheapness of material, and simplicity in applying it, perfection in the art of photography is any nearer to its votary than it was when the difficult wet plate was in vogue. Pictures can be taken more readily than formerly; but the conditions of light and composition remain as difficult as ever—and the amateur every year throws behind him his quickly taken photographs and discovers that art is still long.

From a photograph. An exposure of twenty seconds.

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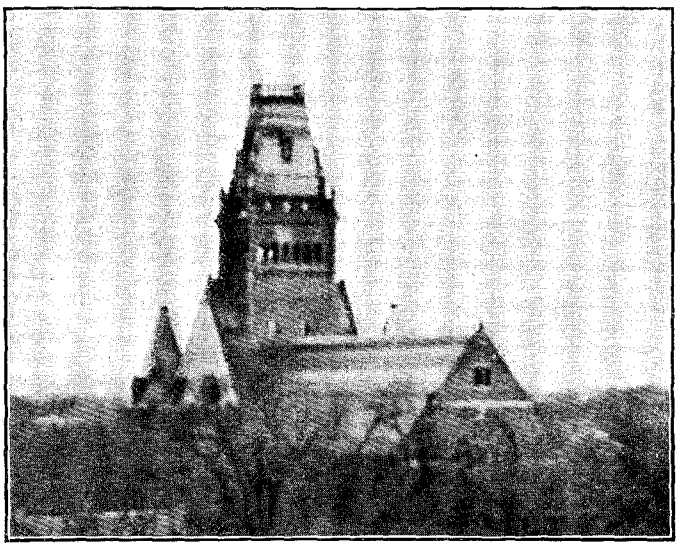
The improvements in photography have resulted from the labors of the chemist rather than from those of the optician and the makers of lenses. Indeed one of the most remarkable features of photography is the simplicity of the apparatus which is necessary. This simplicity perhaps might have been foreseen by a careful study of the human eye. The eye of every person may be said to constitute a detective camera. The retina is the dry plate upon which all objects are focussed by means of the crystalline lens; the cavity behind this lens constitutes the camera, the iris and pupil the diaphragm, and the eyelid the drop-shutter. The latter, it is true, is a slow drop-shutter—not faster than a tenth of a second—whereas the drop-shutter that is employed to take an express train may move as fast as the one-hundredth of a second, or ten times as fast as the eyelid. The eye gives the brain a number of composite impressions of an object in motion, while the sensitive plate and the drop-shutter of the camera can give but one phase of the motions. It does not seem just, therefore, that the photographer should insist that the sculptor or artist should copy certain instantaneous attitudes of animals in motion, for the eye does not see them.

We have said that photography owes more to chemistry and chemists than to the opticians. Fairly good pictures can be taken without a lens, through a mere pin-hole in the shutter of a dark room.



Memorial Hall, Harvard University.
(Taken without lens, through a pin-hole.)

Such pictures, however, require an exposure of from half an hour to an hour, whereas with a lens the time of exposure need not be longer than a second for the same object. Cheap lenses, not costing more than three or four dollars, can be made to give surprisingly good pictures when managed properly. The optician, however, has it in his power to greatly enhance the perfection of the photographer's work, especially in portraiture, in instantaneous photography, and in astronomical work. One can think of glass as a plastic material which the optical sculptor moulds and forms so that the rays of light in passing through the surfaces shall not form distorted images of objects on the sensitive plate. The want of perfection of the optical surfaces is not so apparent in landscape photography as in the photography of the stars. In astronomy the objects which are photographed are comparatively simple, and any distortion of figure is readily recognized. In this science, therefore, the highest degree of skill is required of the optician. In spectrum

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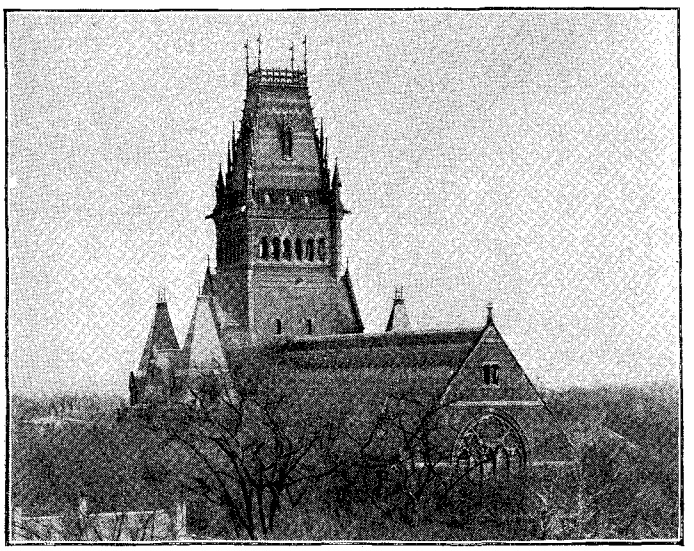
analysis, also, the optical surfaces employed must be wrought with the utmost knowledge and practical skill.

Having given an optical apparatus and sensitive plates, we require simple chemical processes which shall be uniform and effective in action. The theory of the development of the latent image on the sensitive plate is briefly formulated thus: the action of the light causes a change in the iodides and bromides of silver salt contained in the emulsion with which the dry plates are coated. The addition of a substance which has a great affinity for oxygen results in the selection of certain salts and the modification of others, according to the degree that they have been changed by the action of light. Such a substance is pyrogallic acid, or the ferrous oxalate of iron. At present hydrochinone bids fair to become the favorite developer. It has the merit of not staining the fingers, and of not deteriorating so quickly as pyrogallic acid. After the developer has brought out the latent image, it is fixed by immersing the plate in hyposulphite of soda, which dissolves the salts of silver which have not been acted upon by light. The process of development here outlined seems a simple and mechanical one. One, however, has only to watch an amateur and a professional photographer to see what different results can be obtained by the same means. The novice is apt to treat all portions of his plate alike, while the professional dilutes the developer for the clouds and the sky, and paints the foreground with concentrated developer. The result is that the novice loses his cloud effects, while the professional artist retains his. Thus in photography we have a species of painting in which the dry plate takes the place of the canvas, and the developer that of the pigments. The reply of Opie, the English painter, to one who asked him how he mixed his paints to obtain such remarkable effects, "I mix them with brains, sir," can be appropriated by the successful photographer in reply to wondering amateurs. Unless one studies the laws of lenses and the theory of lights and shades one cannot hope to produce successful photographs, except by accident. A small knowledge of lenses, for instance, leads the amateur speedily to abandon the effort to take portraits with a landscape lens, or to expect good results when the conditions of light are not favorable.



The Same.
(Through a fifty-dollar lens.)

The action of light upon silver salts may be said to have led students' minds away from true conceptions of radiant

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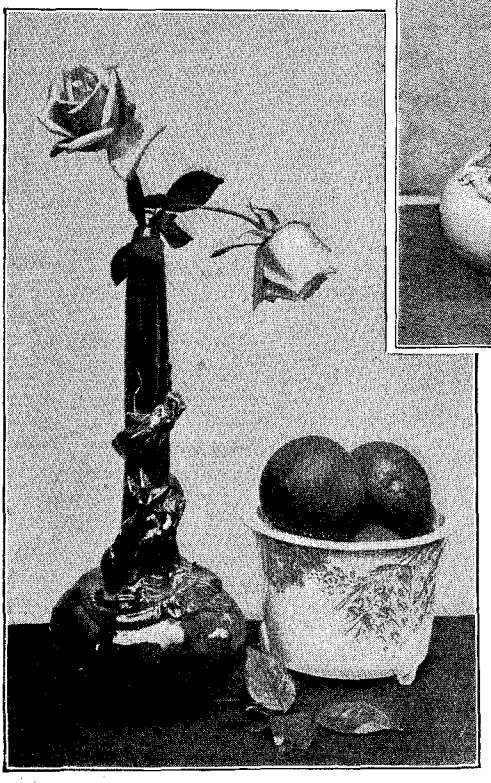
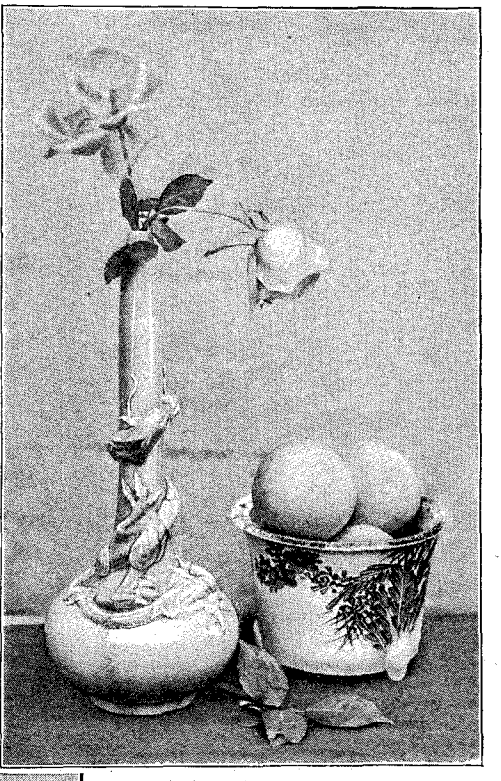
energy. Light seemed to have upon matter a peculiar action, which was not shared by any other agent of nature. When the subject of the transformation of energy was more fully studied and better comprehended, it was seen that light was only one manifestation of radiant energy, which differed only in wave-length from heat, and that the waves of energy of different lengths were capable of setting molecules of bodies into vibration, thus breaking up certain compounds and forming others. It may be said that photographs can be taken by heat as well as by light. The action of the shorter waves of energy which we call light is quicker and sooner manifest to the eye than the action of the long waves which we call heat; but the invisible heat rays in the solar spectrum have been photographed. The slow action of heat in changing the molecular state of bodies is well known. It is probable that an emulsion could be formed which would give an image of a hot black kettle in a dark chamber. The element of time, however, would probably be an important one.



(Taken on an unstained plate.)



Photographing the Values of Colors.*
(Taken on a plate stained with cyanine.)

Indeed we are often presented with evidences of the picture-making facility of heat rays. A fern-leaf upon ice is soon represented, by the difference of molecular action. A stationary carriage-wheel standing in the sun upon the frozen ground is found to have left its photograph upon the ground when it moves on. What the long waves of heat cannot accomplish directly they can often do indirectly. Thus the sensitiveness of the modern dry plate is greatly enhanced by

* The background was light-blue silk, the table-cloth dark red; the jar a light mustard-yellow with pale pink roses in it; the pot white with dark blue design, holding oranges. Time of exposure of the unstained plate ten seconds; of the other, twenty minutes through yellow glass. In the latter the roses appear vague owing to their unfolding during the exposure.

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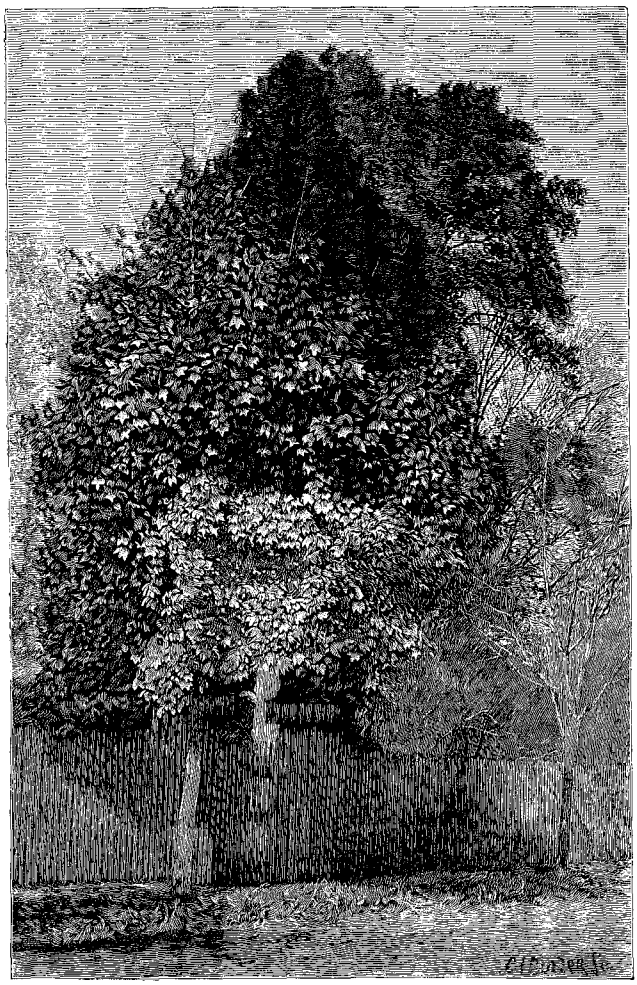

Maple Tree in Yellow Autumnal Foliage.
(Plate stained with Erythrosine.)

long heating the emulsion which is used to coat the plates. This secret action of heat can be illustrated by coating a piece of paper with Balmain's phosphorescent paint and exposing it to a feeble source of light. Nothing appears when the paper is viewed in a dark room, but on exposing the paper to heat, the diagram which had been drawn on the paper with the phosphorescent paint flashes out in letters of violet light.

Heat, or the long waves of energy, thus seems to exert a predisposing effect upon the molecules of matter, which renders them sensitive to the shorter waves of energy, which we call light. Our efforts to interpret the swift motions of molecules are indeed feeble when we consider what is to be learned. The color of flowers, the hues of vegetation, are evidences of molecular movements and groupings which are more evanescent than those we are able to limit and circumscribe upon our sensitive plates.

Thus the manufacture of dry plates resolves itself into a study of molecular physics. The chemistry of the process is, however, somewhat obscure, and must necessarily be so, for it cannot take into account, except in the mass, the subtile shifting and changing of the molecules of matter. It is a remarkable fact that the products of coal-tar contribute so largely to the reproduction of objects by

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A Burning Building.
(Photographed by its own light at 12.30 A.M.; exposure about ten seconds.)

photographs. By means of dry plates stained with erythrosine or with cyanine—both products of coal-tar—we are enabled to photograph red and yellow objects with as great facility as we can photograph blue and violet. It can be stated picturesquely that the rays of energy which once painted the palms and the ferns of the carboniferous period with a thousand hues, centuries ago, through subtile molecular grouping, can be made to manifest their action again by a sort of reflex action in the action of the coal-tar dyes. Since vegetation is a complex result, it might be expected that the products of coal-tar should be varied in their action.

Largely through the labors of Vogel, of the Technical School at Charlottenburg, the subject of orthochromatic photography has been greatly advanced. The ordinary dry plate, it is well known, is chiefly sensitive to the blue and violet rays. Red and yellow do not impress themselves; so that it is customary to use red or orange lights in photographic chambers to enable one to watch the progress of the development of dry plates or to conduct the operations of preparing the sensitive emulsions for the market. Every lady knows, moreover, the effect of a red costume in a photograph, or a blue one. The first is rendered as a black with no gradations, and the blue dress comes out white. The red waves coming from the red dress have not been able to alter the molecules of silver on the dry plate, and consequently when the plate is fixed the deposit of silver is removed, leaving nothing but clear glass, through which the sun can print upon the silvered paper with all its force, whereas the blue rays act energetically upon the silver molecules and fix them in a more or less opaque screen on the glass, through which the sun's rays are tempered when the negative is printed. Pictures are thus produced which are false in gradations of tone. The reds and yellows and greens are rendered too black in tone, while the blues and violets are too white.

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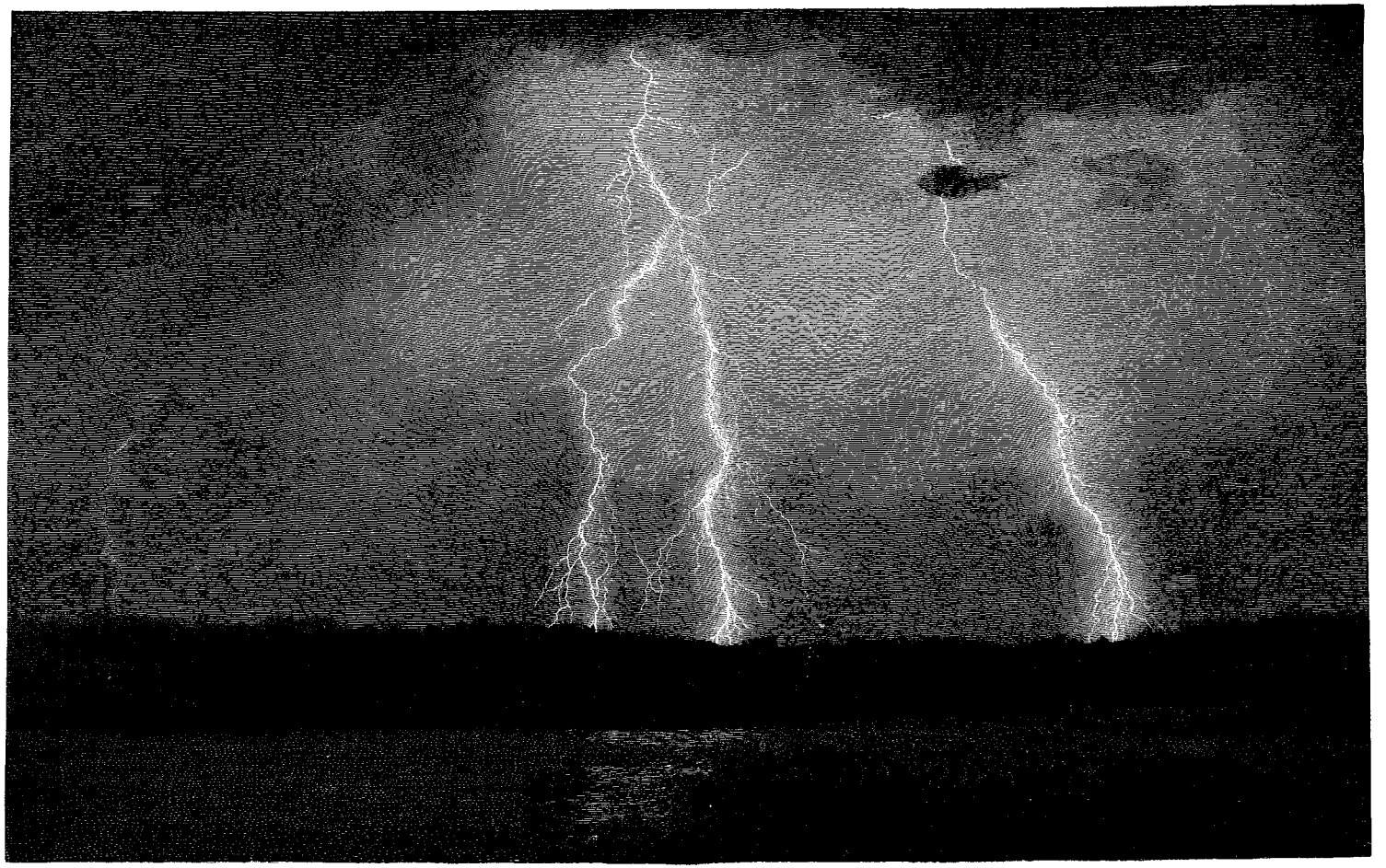

A Flash of Lightning.

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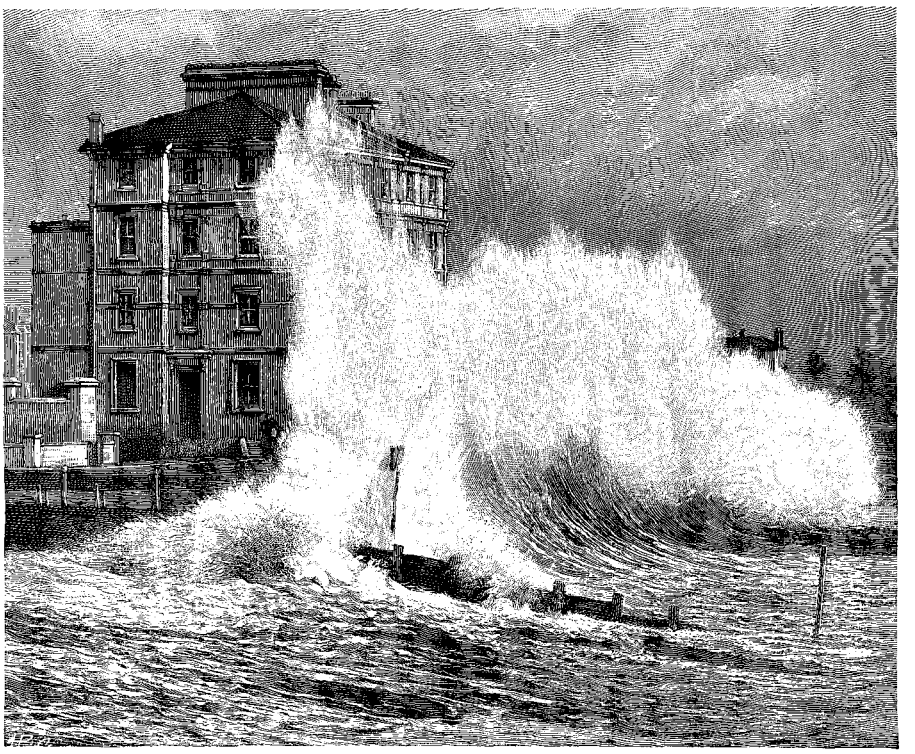
By the addition of a very small amount of erythrosine or cyanine or chlorophyll to the emulsion, or, simpler, by immersing the ordinary dry plate in a bath of these dyes, the plates are rendered sensitive to red and yellow and green. The photographer has now at his command means for reproducing objects in gradations of tone which are true to those of nature. In order to photograph a red flower, a plate is stained with cyanine, a transparent yellow screen is placed before or behind the lens in order to cut off the blue and violet rays, and the red, yellow, and green portions of the object are taken. A momentary exposure without the yellow screen gives the blue and the violet. By means of a dry plate stained with an aniline dye I have succeeded in taking portraits at night by kerosene light, and also views of objects in a parlor—the source of light being a kerosene lamp—with an exposure of only twenty seconds. The most sensitive unstained dry plate demands for the photography of the same objects at least twenty minutes. I have no doubt that the time of twenty seconds can be lessened, and photographers should be able to take better portraits with kerosene light than with daylight, for the illumination of the sitter can be made perfectly constant and reduced to scientific accuracy. At present a dark day at different seasons of the year compels one to estimate the time of exposure by rule of thumb, which is the metric system of the dark ages. At one time it was thought impossible to photograph objects at night except with the aid of the electric light. What could once be done only by the aid of electricity can now be accomplished by means of a kerosene light.



Surf at Bognor, England.

Unfortunately we are not enabled, however, to photograph the natural colors. A great step in this direction has been made by the discovery which we have outlined, of methods of rendering gradations of tone; and various pro-

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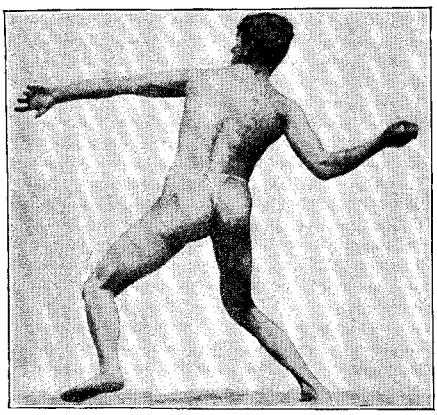
cesses of lithographic reproduction have been suggested which might give us photographs in color which would be difficult to distinguish from actual reproductions of the hues of nature. For instance, various negatives might be prepared for the various colors, and suitable lithographic stones with tints suited to the negative, and by superposition, as in the ordinary process of lithographic printing, an imitation of nature could be made with true gradations of tint. This method has been proposed by various workers in this comparatively new field of photography. The method of orthochromatic photography is especially valuable in the reproduction of oil paintings, and it is probable that the owner of Braun's beautiful carbon photographs of the old masters may desire to replace them by new photographs taken by the same skilful hand, in which the hues of the originals will be reproduced with correct gradation of tone. Science, moreover, is a great gainer by the processes of orthochromatic photography. By staining dry plates with eosine or erythrosine one can obtain a photograph of the solar spectrum throughout the yellow and the green, and the mixture of other dyes in the sensitive emulsion will give the red portion of the spectrum.



Successive Attitudes of a Man Throwing a Stone.
(From an instantaneous photograph by Ottomar Anschütz, Lissa, Posen.)

In physiological investigations these processes of staining are of great importance, for it enables one to represent by photography objects, or sections of objects, which are colored red, yellow, or green. In no department of physics and chemistry except possibly electricity, do practical workers wait with such bated breath to hear the latest word from laboratories as in the varied applications of photography.

It is customary now to photograph daily the progress of great engineering structures. These photographs are sent to the engineer, so that he may judge at a distance of the progress of his work. The various processes of book illustration are enriched yearly by new applications of photography. Many of these depend upon the peculiar property of gelatine, when prepared with bichromate of potash, of becoming insoluble to water after having been exposed to light. The unexposed portions dissolve, thus leaving a picture in relief on bichromatized gelatine, which is then covered with ink and is printed from, just as impressions are taken from type; or by immense pressure the hardened gelatine may be made to give an impression on metal from which a mould can be taken. Thus we have the processes of carbon printing, Woodburytype, and certain forms of photo-lithography. No book of travels is considered complete without photographs, and one can study the sculptures of the Vatican seated in one's study.

We owe to photography our knowledge of the laws of the flight of birds, and of the motion of animals. This knowledge will contribute probably less

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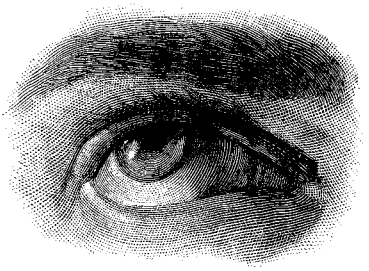
to art than it will to mechanics. It is widely believed that the problem of flying is not beyond our solution, and that a light apparatus may yet do for us in the air what the bicycle accomplishes on the firm earth. To Muybridge and to Marey, the French physicist, we owe the impulse which has been given to the study of the motions of men and animals by instantaneous photography, and their results have been followed, and in many respects improved, by workers in various countries. With an extremely sensitive plate we need only suitable mechanical contrivances to expose the plate for a sufficiently short interval of time. A great amount of invention has been bestowed upon the drop-shutter, the eyelid of the photographic camera. The main object which must be kept in view is to give the full opening of the lens to as strong a light as possible, in as short a time as is consistent with the extreme sensitiveness of the plate.

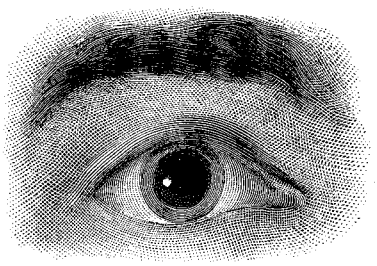


A Human Eye in Broad Sunlight; showing contracted pupil.

A drop-shutter will enable us to take cognizance of separate motions which are blended or blurred into one by the eye. Thus we can appreciate how a skilful trick can be played the eye by one who understands this fact. The investigators in psychical research are fully aware of this; and humbug and superstition may well stand in awe of photography. To photograph an express train, travelling at the rate of forty-five to fifty miles an hour, an exposure of three one-hundredths of a second is necessary. This is often accomplished.

Generally speaking, instantaneous views are unsatisfactory when they are considered as pictures. An exception can be made in regard to marine views. Here we can have a well-lighted subject of considerable simplicity. Some of the instantaneous views of surf merit the title of beautiful, especially when they are printed as transparencies to be hung in the window. Few, however, would regard the instantaneous views of animals in motion as more than grotesque, especially when the effort is a convulsive one. The beginning or termination of a muscular effort is sometimes caught more or less happily. This can be seen in the photographs of a man throwing a stone, which remind one remotely of an antique statue or of the skater on the outer roll.

Science, not art, however, it seems to me, is destined to be the gainer by instantaneous photography. It can give man what amounts to another sense—an instantaneous eye. Underlying the present movement to record what is swift and unseen to the ordinary eye is a scientific one. The chemist and the physicist perceive that they have it in their power to study the action of explosives. The peculiar rhythmical effects which accompany discharges of powder and of nitro-glycerine compounds have been elaborately investigated by the aid of photography. It has also been suggested that careful photographs, taken of steel and timber just at the point of rupture under a breaking load, would conduce to our knowledge of the complicated subject of elasticity.



A Human Eye Taken in the Dark with Flash Powder; showing dilated pupil.

The lightning flash can be investigated. Dr. Koenig, in a recent communication to the Physical Society of Berlin, states that he has photographed a cannon-ball which was moving at a rate of 1,200 feet per second. The ball was projected in front of a white screen and occupied one-fortieth of a second in its passage. Marey has photographed the motions of limping people, and has thus given surgeons the materials for a study

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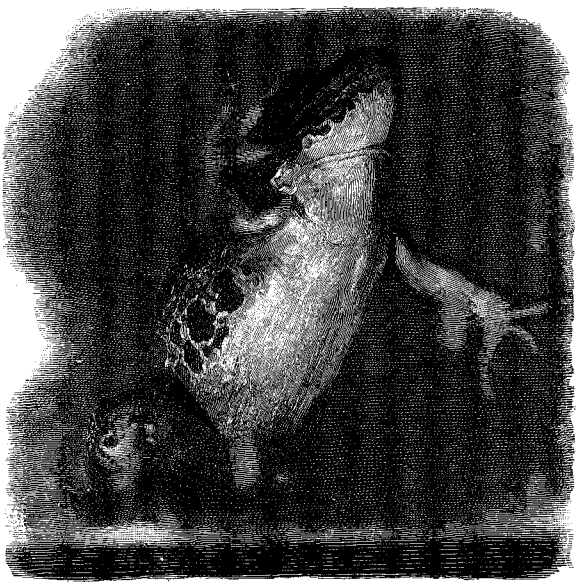
of lameness. It is said, moreover, that photography often reveals incipient eruptive diseases which are not visible to the eye. Photographs taken by flash-powders of the human eye, showing it dilated in the dark, give the oculist a new method of studying the enlarged pupil.

The use of what are called flash-powders seems to find also its best employment in science rather than in art. These powders consist generally of various compounds of magnesium, with certain explosive compounds, more or less dangerous, which are especially rich in violet rays. Their effect in general is by no means instantaneous. The process of combustion, when enough of the powder is burned to give sufficient light, takes an appreciable time. This can be seen by endeavoring to photograph a jet of water where it breaks into drops coming from a small nozzle at the base of a jar only one foot in height. The segments of the liquid vein can be distinguished, but the individual drops draw lines of light upon the photographic plate. If the exposure were one-fiftieth of a second the individual drops would be seen.

The use of flash-powders, however, is various: one can photograph dark interiors, which could be accomplished only by the aid of burning magnesium wire or by the electric light. The portability of the apparatus especially commends itself for such purposes. General Putnam might have carried a camera into the wolf's den and discovered the whereabouts and character of the wolf. Possibly his enterprise would have lost the glamour of heroism and become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Flash-powders are destined to be useful to the naturalist in studying the habits and movements of animals in the dark. Even the depths of the sea can now be explored. Being desirous of testing the applicability of flash-powders for taking photographs under water, the writer arranged the following apparatus: A small spoonful of flash-powder was placed in a glass bottle. Through the powder ran a very fine platinum wire, the ends of which were connected with long wires leading to four Galvanic cells. The bottle was hermetically sealed and lowered under water in a large tank. A photographic camera, specially adapted for the work, was then focussed under water upon a dark corner of the tank where a frog had been placed. On connecting the poles of the battery with the wires leading to the bottle, the current of electricity ignited the platinum wire and set fire to the flash-powder. The bottle was



Frog Taken Under Water.

A Photograph of Human Speech, showing the vibrations of a telephone diaphragm.

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The Surf at Hastings, England.

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broken, but a photograph was taken; and the experiment showed conclusively that objects can be photographed under water with the aid of the flash-powders. It does not seem impossible to devise methods of exploring the beds of rivers or sunken wrecks by this means. One would be limited, however, to pictures of comparatively small area, on account of the great absorption of the photographic rays by water. Some recent experiments in Lake Geneva have shown that the light of day does not penetrate the water to a greater depth than two hundred feet. At a short range we have in flash-powders, however, a means of exploring depths of the sea where light has never reached.

Photography, however, is a patient servant as well as a swift one. Nowhere does its labor-saving side show more strongly than in its scientific applications. Let us suppose, for instance, that one wishes to study the iron lines in the spectrum of a Bessemer furnace in order to test the effect of the admixtures of certain ores. A glance through the spectroscope shows innumerable bright lines of iron which flash out and disappear. It would be impossible to measure or record them. A photograph, however, can be readily taken and the grouping of the lines studied at leisure. By the eye method it would be a labor of months to map the bright lines of iron in the spectrum produced by the volatilization of this metal. In ten seconds, or less, photography does the same work, and more, for it shows lines which are invisible to the eye.

The practical applications of photographic spectrum analysis are destined to increase. There are mooted questions of the existence of certain metals in alloys which can best be settled by photographing the spectra of these alloys, and physicists are busily occupied in photographing the spectra of all the metals. By a careful study of these photographs our knowledge of the elements will undoubtedly be greatly extended. The practical arts will be the gainers by this study, for it takes what may be called an infinitesimal part of certain ores to affect largely the strength of steel, and the photographic spectroscope can detect what often eludes chemical analysis. Certain metals show in the spectroscope innumerable lines so fine that the eye cannot take account of them. The spectrum of the metal cerium, for instance, shows several hundred lines, fine as a hair, which it would be impossible to measure by the eye, but which can be fixed upon the sensitive plate and measured at leisure.

The visible solar spectrum extends from the red to the violet; but to a distance beyond the visible red equal to more than four times the whole visible spectrum the waves of light have left their impress upon the photographic plate, and in the direction of the ultra violet to a distance nearly two-thirds of the whole visible spectrum. Here is a great region of molecular physics which is open to the student by photography.

It is well known that the solar spectrum is filled with dark lines which indicate the existence of metals in the sun. The grouping of these lines undoubtedly points to certain laws of the combination of molecules to form metals, and the study of these groupings is of great importance to the chemist and the physicist.

By photography we have been able at the Jefferson Physical Laboratory to show the existence of carbon and of platinum in the sun.

The metal thallium was discovered by its peculiar line in the spectrum. Now the mapping of metallic lines in the spectra formed by burning the metals in the electric light is a task of great difficulty to the eye. What the eye can accomplish only after weeks of effort can be done by photography in a few minutes, and, as we have said, there are certain spectra which are revealed only by the aid of photography. Photography thus takes the place of the patient trained observer, and sets free the human intellect to make other still greater conquests over matter.

In physical laboratories and meteorological observatories photography is much employed to register changes in phenomena. These changes could only be detected by patient observation extended continuously over several days and nights. As an illustration let us suppose that it is desired to record continuously the changes of elasticity in a

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bent rod of steel. It is merely necessary to affix a small mirror to the rod, by means of which a beam of light can be reflected to a sheet of sensitized paper which is unrolled by clock-work. Here we have an index-arm without weight working without the intermediation of mechanism. The spot of light striking the sensitive paper draws a curve which on development will give the entire history of the change of tension of the bar under the conditions of stress and temperature.

A similar method is adopted to record the changes in the electrical state of the atmosphere. An instrument called an electrometer, having a definite charge of electricity, measures the electricity of the air by comparison with this definite charge. The moving part of the instrument, which responds to an increase or diminution of the charge in the air, is provided with a small mirror, and a beam of light striking this mirror is reflected, in the manner we have already described, to a roll of sensitive paper.

In the Jefferson Physical Laboratory this method of employing photography to record continuously physical phenomena has been applied to the study of the behavior of electrical batteries. It is well known that galvanic cells lose their strength after prolonged use. Different types of cells vary considerably under various conditions of the electrical circuit upon which they are employed. To observe these variations by the eye would require, as we have said, a continuous sitting extending over at least twenty-four hours. By placing in the circuit an instrument which will indicate changes in the electricity flowing through the circuit, and providing the movable part of this instrument with a mirror, we can apply to this problem also the method of the beam of light which we have already described. We can thus obtain what resembles in certain respects the indicator diagram of a steam-engine—for batteries, like the steam-engine, are sources of power, and the areas enclosed by our photographic curves give, as the area of the indicator diagram does, an indication of the power consumed in maintaining a certain current of electricity.

It was by a method similar to this that Professor Blake, of Brown University, Providence, photographed the vibrations of a telephone diaphragm. A small mirror was affixed by suitable levers to the diaphragm, and a beam of light was reflected to a sensitive photographic plate. When the telephone responded to the instrument at the sending station the diaphragm was thrown into vibration; the long index beam of light magnified the extremely small motions of the diaphragm without interfering in any way with its movements, and a photographic representation of human speech was thus obtained as a curious curve which could be readily interpreted. Thus in one sense it may be said that human speech can be photographed; nor does it seem impossible to believe that the waves of sound in passing through the air may yet be photographed.

Nowhere does the labor-saving nature of photography appear more strongly than in the subject of astronomy. One sensitive plate, eight inches by ten, can record the relative positions of hundreds of stars. To make a similar chart by the eye would be the labor of months. It has been suggested by Professor Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory, that an observatory situated in the Rocky Mountains or on a peak of the Andes could distribute negatives of different regions of the sky to astronomers who are in less favorable localities, and who desire to investigate the motion of certain stars and to discover new planets. One well-equipped observatory, by the aid of photography, could take the place of hundreds of observers.

There is now a general movement among astronomers to obtain a photographic chart of the entire heavens. To appreciate how much such a chart would facilitate astronomical research it is only necessary to turn to the history of the discovery of the planet Neptune. Adams, when a graduate of only three years' standing at the University of Cambridge, was led by theory and mathematical calculation to believe in the existence of a new planet, which would account for the perturbations of Uranus. He communicated his results to Professor Challis, who set to work to discover the planet by eye observation, and had at the end of two months recorded the position of

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3,000 stars. Then Adams and he learned of the discovery of the planet at Berlin in consequence of the celebrated direction of Leverrier* ("Direct your telescope to a point on the ecliptic in the constellation of Aquarius, in longitude 326°, and you will find, within a degree of that place, a new planet, looking like a star of about the ninth magnitude, and having a perceptible disc"). Challis, on turning to his charts, found that he had made three observations on the new planet, and discussion of his results would have resulted in the discovery of Neptune. With several negatives of the region the plaaet could doubtless have been discovered with much greater ease.

If we are to learn more of the character of the moon's surface, whether there is indication of the work of human beings there—great cities or tilled land—photography will doubtless stand forward as one of the greatest means to this end. How far photography will supplant the human eye in determining with accuracy star positions is yet to be determined.

It has vindicated its mission as a means of discovery of nebulæ, and has revealed stars which have not been seen by the eye. Certain configurations of the constellations are revealed which had never been seen before. The Pleiades are shown to be part of a great nebula extending far beyond the small cluster which is familiar to every one. And it is probable that some medium or substance will be discovered which will preserve the delicate film of sensitized gelatine, with its record of hundreds of stars, from shrinkage and deformation. It is certainly gratifying to reflect that American dry plates have been pronounced far more sensitive for exploring the depths of the heavens than those of foreign make.

We have said that science and the practical arts are destined, we believe, to be the gainers, rather than art, in the use of instantaneous photography. The question arises whether art profits in general by photography. What are termed artistic photographs are, in general, extremely artificial. Indeed, artistic photography seems to stand in the same relation to art that riding on a bicycle stands to the noble art of horsemanship, or that tableaux stand to Grecian statues. What is necessary to sacrifice is one of the first things to be learned in art, and the photograph, with true scientific conscience, leaves nothing out of the record; but the study of photographs and the attempts to take artistic ones will undoubtedly lead people to a higher appreciation of real art.

Photography seems destined to widen our knowledge of this world and other worlds. It is an elusive art, for when its votaries think they know it it abandons its old guise and takes on a new shape. One can never fold his hands and say, "I know it all," and the really skilful photographer is known by his humility.

* Professor C. A. Young's Astronomy.

A FRAGMENT FROM PLATO.

By Kate Stephens.

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

THOU gazest on the stars!
Would I might be,
O star of mine,
The skies,
With myriad eyes,
To gaze on thee.

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FICTION AS A LITERARY FORM.

By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

FICTION and criticism are the two distinctively modern forms through which literary genius has sought to express itself. A thorough comprehension of all the influences and tendencies which are represented in the great body of modern critical writing, and in the still greater body of modern fiction, would lay bare the very heart of modern life. This brief paper has no more ambitious purpose than to suggest the significant relation of fiction to one of the greatest movements in the life of recent times. The clear perception of the indissoluble union of literature and human life has vastly enlarged and enriched our conception of the marvellously varied and capacious art through which humanity has striven to express itself to itself. We have learned that a great book contains not only "the precious life-blood of a master spirit," but is made up of the very substance of the larger life in which its writer had his share; every such book is a veritable and authoritative revelation of what human life is and means. So intimate is this relation between books and the invisible world of emotion, aspiration, and experience, out of which they grow as naturally as a flower springs from the soil, that every great literary form, closely and sympathetically studied, discloses a near and necessary relation with some fact of life, some stage or process of social development.

From the time of Hegel to that of Sidney Lanier the immense importance of the evolution of the idea of personality has been clearly understood; it has become more and more evident that just at this point is to be found the fundamental difference between the Eastern and the Western civilizations, between Oriental and Occidental philosophy and art. The inability or failure of the Eastern races to develop the idea of personality to its highest form of clearness and power explains the pause or arrest of progress in the East; while the energy and conviction with which the Western races have seized and worked out the same idea accounts in large measure for their superior motivity and productiveness in all departments of human endeavor. The idea of personality is fundamental in the literature of all the Western races. From Æschylus to George Eliot, the steady advance of this idea in decisive and clearly defined application to religious obligation, to social duty, to political condition, to the totality of human relationships, can be unmistakably traced. As it lies at the bottom of our life so it lies at the heart of our art, and whenever we search deep enough we find it. It is in the development of such ideas as this that civilization justifies the awful cost to humanity which all its great advances involve; for such ideas, evolved during such long periods of time and through so much suffering of individuals, necessarily and permanently carry with them, for most minds, the conviction that they are parts of an eternal process of education.

It was inevitable that in the evolution of the idea of personality the complementary principle of the solidarity of humanity should be long ignored or obscured. Man must first be set free before his relations to his fellows can be defined; until he stands erect and alone his relations have no significance. Endlessly suggestive, therefore, is the sublime figure of Prometheus in that wonderful drama to which we have lost the key, but the large import of which is unmistakable. Equally impressive, and even more significant, is the figure of Job, surrounded by mystery, encircled with darkness, besieged by calamity, yet impregnably entrenched in the twofold conviction that he is and that God is also; each distinct and indestructible, and yet, beyond all the illusions of fate, both harmonious in the final purpose of life. Through the Greek drama there is always evident the struggle of man against a force exterior, and often superior, to himself. Personality is everywhere exhibited in conflict with that

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conception of Fate which we can almost, although not completely, express by the word Heredity. But even under the spell of the worst inheritance of crime the individual sufferer is not powerless; he may modify the terrible conditions upon which he has been compelled to accept his life by working out in humility the curse, and so robbing it of its destructive pressure upon his soul; or, by obedience and expiation, he may free himself forever from the fateful circle of evil tendency. Whatever the outcome of the drama the element of struggle is always present; personality is always clearly exhibited, even when it is overwhelmed. The Gods themselves seem less noble and commanding than Œdipus as he descends, aged and blind, into the grove at Colonos. He disappears from our sight, but we are sure that in the darkness to which he goes there is no deity whose claim on immortality is stronger than his, now that his soul has been purified.

In the Shakespearian drama the idea of personality is advanced another stage; it is no longer a struggle against Fate, but against the weaker, baser elements in the individual nature. Emerson interpreted the fundamental idea of this drama in the declaration that character is destiny. Men no longer struggle against inheritance and external penalty, but against the inharmonious and corrupting forces within themselves. The Furies no longer pursue with tireless and inexorable vigilance; they are nested in a man's own soul, and they are sleepless even when he seeks the refuge of the sanctuary. Personality has now become so complete that it furnishes the complete stage for the drama; and it is clearly seen that the real dramatic climax of life is not victory over Fate, but conquest of self. Separated from Nature, distinct from the Gods, independent of all relationships except so far as they illustrate and fulfil its own purposes, the individual soul is shown to be complete in itself; life and death, heaven and hell, are its eternal possibilities; it creates its own Inferno, its own Paradiso; its destiny lies forever within the invisible circle of its own will.

This clearer and broader illustration of the idea of personality through literature is sympathetic with the clearer and broader application of the idea to the dominant relations of life; art has served as a magical mirror of men's thoughts and practices. It has taken centuries to clear the individual from his environment and establish him on the immovable foundation of his own personality. His relations to the external world, to Deity, to Fate, to his destiny through his character, have almost absorbed him; literature is the record of his struggles with these great questions; history is the story of his restless, aggressive energy working out into action his faiths and convictions concerning these questions. But during the last century and a half a new spirit has entered into the thought of the Western world, and from fixed contemplation of their individual relations to the ultimate facts of life men have come to think more and more upon their relations to each other. The idea of personality, necessarily first in point of time, is now being supplemented by the idea of the solidarity of humanity. We have discovered at least the conditions of our relations with Nature; we have mastered the principles which underlie moral life; we understand our own needs and we have tested the adequacy of religion to satisfy those needs; we have gone far toward the working out of the problems of government on the side of organization and order; what we now feel more deeply than we feel anything else is the need of an adequate conception of our relations to each other. All questions to-day inevitably take on a sociological aspect; political questions are all becoming social questions. The idea of personality, fully evolved, has clothed the individual with such dignity and worth that we are unable to isolate ourselves from humanity; society cannot rest so long as its meanest member suffers through no fault of his own. To this result the democratic principle, itself the outcome or fruit of the idea of personality, inevitably tended from the beginning; and this social tendency is certain to become more and more dominant. It marks the latest, and probably the most important, stage of progress.

Now the novel, as a form of literature, is contemporaneous with this new and

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deepening consciousness of human relationship and obligation. To-day we feel more distinctly than ever before the unceasing and pervasive influence of other lives upon our life; we are weighted down as never before by a sense of our incalculable obligations to our fellows. We no longer think of ourselves as alone, but always in the thick of relationships of every kind and quality; in the solitude of our own souls we are conscious of the whole striving, suffering world about us. Manfred and Obermann no longer move us; we are touched and penetrated by the story of those whose lives are in the current and not moored in eddies. The hero of to-day does not consume his soul in solitary struggles with the mysteries of life, but spends himself without stint in the common service. The Faust who began by endeavoring to pierce the mystery of existence by knowledge, ends by building dykes to reclaim the earth and enlarge the opportunities of his fellows. As the drama represented the struggles of men first against forces outside themselves, and, later, against tendencies within themselves, so does the novel represent the recognition by men of their complicated social relationships, and the variety, the nature, and the force of the subtle and manifold influences which are set in motion by these relationships. Fiction exhibits men always in society; the individual character is always developed by contact with others. Character is exhibited under the pressure of every form of inheritance and contemporary influence chiefly as it is developed in relations with other lives, from which it receives and to which it imparts potential impulses of every kind and quality. Men and women are brought face to face with social conditions, standards, forces, and conventions, and the problem of the individual life is worked out with full recognition of the play and interplay of countless social influences and tendencies. Society, not isolation, furnishes the necessary environment of the great characters of fiction; and the depth and universality of human interest in all that goes to the making of human life supplies the underlying motive of all great novels. Richardson endeavored to impose a definite moral purpose upon the novel; but art has its own laws, and fiction has taken the direction of the vital movement which it interprets as a literary form; it has ceased to be a medium for definite moral instruction, and become, in the hands of the great novelists, a powerful portraiture of life itself. Nothing is so intensely moral as life pierced to its depths; and all great fiction, in common with great art of every kind, must always be profoundly moral in the true if not in the conventional meaning of the word.

Fiction, as a literary form, has steadily advanced in importance as the social idea has gained in clearness and control; has steadily deepened and broadened as the sense of social obligation and the feeling of social sympathy have deepened and broadened. "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Pamela" have slight interest for a generation who have known what life meant to *Adam Bede* and *Anna Karénina;* but the difference between the earlier and later novelists is not so great as the difference between our ancestors and ourselves. We no longer weep over the misfortunes of romantic gentlemen and the misery of love-lorn ladies of high degree; life has become so earnest through our new consciousness of the community of suffering among all men that we are no longer touched by the old conventional devices of the novelists. The great novels of to-day are so pervaded by life, so profoundly vitalized by genuine insight and sympathy, that they often seem more real to us than the experiences through which we actually pass. We accept nothing as art which does not first convince us of its reality as life. We shall not neglect Walter Scott; but if the magician who has woven so potent and lasting a spell were living to-day can we imagine him content with any portraiture of the past? The prime characteristic of genius is sensitiveness, and could any great creative mind in literature fail to respond, in its own fashion, to that irresistible appeal of humanity for recognition and help which every great writer of our time has heard, from Carlyle to Tolstoy?

It would be easy and profitable to point out the individual contributions of the great novelists to the science which concerns itself with men in their

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social relations; but it must suffice to emphasize the significance of fiction as a form of literary art. Each master of this modern art has illustrated some aspect of social life, some form of social influence, some peculiar social condition. The novel of tendency has been only a little more emphatic, a little more consciously directed to a given end, than the great mass of novels of the first rank. "Romola" and "Anna Karénina" are as definite and decisive in their purpose as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Ramona." Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Björnson, Turguénief, Balzac, Spielhagen, Zola, Daudet are never triflers; whatever their differences and their defects they are always profoundly in earnest to represent the fact as they see it. The fact may be repulsive, even loathsome, but it is always a fact worth considering because of its human significance. Turguénief's "Annals of a Sportsman," Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona," Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," have each produced results so definite and marked as to be unmistakable; but these stories have not been more earnest in tone than Daudet's "Nabab" or "Jack," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet," George Eliot's "Middlemarch." Each of these admirable works, and all works of their rank, have touched life at first hand, and portrayed or interpreted it with masterly insight and power. In each the social instinct has been evident, and each in turn has disclosed some social fact in its large relations and results. To see life as it is and men as they are is the common purpose of all great writers of fiction.

So complete and searching has been the survey of social life by the novelists that the society of to-day, with all its gradations and differences, could be reproduced from the pages of fiction. From the days of Fielding to those of Charles Reade English life has never missed faithful record at the hands of those who have comprehended it because they have pierced it with their sympathetic insight. Every great political movement like Chartism, every striking political incident like the Gordon riots, every form of discontent and agitation among the lower classes, has had fit and often lasting record. While George Eliot has set forth the tremendous force of inheritance and environment, the vigorous and often coarse brush of Dickens has painted, on a great canvas, the homely life of the common people; and the inimitable art of Thackeray, equally akin to irony and tears, has made us permanent possessors of the social habit and character of the last century. The virile genius of Björnson, in the latest work of his hand, "Flags in the City and the Harbor," deals with some of the most obscure problems of social and family life; Turguénief has made Russian character under the pressure of absolutism comprehensible to us; Tolstoy commands the attention of a new constituency of readers, deeply moved by the marvellous fidelity with which he reproduces phases of experience, hidden processes of character, at once remote and familiar; while of Zola it must be confessed, whatever we think of his themes and his art, that he at least assumes to lay bare the very heart of certain social conditions in France. Fiction is unquestionably the most attractive and influential form through which men of literary genius express themselves to-day; and no fact of social significance, no human relationship, no class limitation, capacity, or condition, will escape the instinctive search for life which possesses this generation. That which the student of social questions seeks as matter of science the novelist seeks as matter of art.

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

VII.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS DURING THE MASTER'S SECOND ABSENCE.

Of the heavy sickness which declared itself next morning, I can think with equanimity as of the last unmingled trouble that befell my master; and even that was perhaps a mercy in disguise; for what pains of the body could equal the miseries of his mind? Mrs. Henry and I had the watching by the bed. My old lord called from time to time to take the news,—but would not usually pass the door. Once, I remember, when hope was nigh gone, he stepped to the bedside, looked awhile in his son's face, and turned away with a singular gesture of the head and hand thrown up, that remains upon my mind as something tragic; such grief and such a scorn of sublunary things were there expressed. But the most of the time, Mrs. Henry and I had the room to ourselves, taking turns by night and bearing each other company by day, for it was dreary watching. Mr. Henry, his shaven head bound in a napkin, tossed to and fro without remission, beating the bed with his hands. His tongue never lay; his voice ran continuously like a river, so that my heart was weary with the sound of it. It was notable, and to me inexpressibly mortifying, that he spoke all the while on matters of no import: comings and goings, horses—which he was ever calling to have saddled, thinking perhaps (the poor soul!) that he might ride away from his discomfort—matters of the garden, the salmon nets, and (what I particularly raged to hear) continually of his affairs, cyphering figures and holding disputation with the tenantry. Never a word of his father or his wife, nor of the Master, save only for a day or two, when his mind dwelled entirely in the past, and he supposed himself a boy again and upon some innocent child's play with his brother. What made this the more affecting: it appeared the Master had then run some peril of his life, for there was a cry—"O, Jamie will be drowned—O, save Jamie!" which he came over and over with a great deal of passion.

This, I say, was affecting, both to Mrs. Henry and myself; but the balance of my master's wanderings did him little justice. It seemed he had set out to justify his brother's calumnies; as though he was bent to prove himself a man of a dry nature, immersed in money-getting. Had I been there alone, I would not have troubled my thumb; but all the while, as I listened, I was estimating the effect on the man's wife, and telling myself that he fell lower every day. I was the one person on the surface of the globe that comprehended him, and I was bound there should be yet another. Whether he was to die there and his virtues perish, or whether he should save his days and come back to that inheritance of sorrows, his right memory, I was bound he should be heartily lamented in the one case and unaffectedly welcomed in the other, by the person he loved the most, his wife.

Finding no occasion of free speech, I bethought me at last of a kind of documentary disclosure; and for some nights, when I was off duty and should have been asleep, I gave my time to the preparation of that which I may call my budget. But this I found to be the easiest portion of my task, and that which remained, namely the presentation to my lady, almost more than I had fortitude to overtake. Several days I went about with my papers under my arm, spying for some juncture of talk to serve as introduction. I will not deny but that some offered; only when they did, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; and I think I might have been carrying about my packet till this day had not a fortunate accident delivered me from all my hesitations. This was at night, when I was once more leaving the room, the thing not yet done, and

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myself in despair at my own cowardice.

"What do you carry about with you, Mr. Mackellar?" she asked. "These last days, I see you always coming in and out with the same armful."

I returned upon my steps without a word, laid the papers before her on the table, and left her to her reading. Of what that was, I am now to give you some idea; and the best will be to reproduce a letter of my own which came first in the budget and of which (according to an excellent habitude) I have preserved the scroll. It will show too the moderation of my part in these affairs, a thing which some have called recklessly in question.

"DURRISDEER, 1757.

"HONORED MADAM,

"I trust I would not step out of my place without occasion; but I see how much evil has flowed in the past to all of your noble house from that unhappy and secretive fault of reticency, and the papers on which I venture to call your attention are family papers and all highly worthy your acquaintance.

"I append a schedule with some necessary observations,

"And am,

"Honored Madam,

"Your ladyship's obliged,

"obedient servant,

"EPHRAIM MACKELLAR.

"*Schedule of Papers.*

"A. Scroll of ten letters from Ephraim Mackellar to the Hon. James Durie, Esq., by courtesy Master of Ballantrae, during the latter's residence in Paris: under dates . . ." (*follow the dates*) . . . "*Nota:* to be read in connection with B. and C.

"B. Seven original letters from the said Mr of Ballantrae to the said E. Mackellar, under dates . . ." (*follow the dates*).

"C. Three original letters from the said Mr of Ballantrae to the Hon. Henry Durie, Esq., under dates . . ." (*follow the dates*) . . . "*Nota:* given me by Mr. Henry to answer: copies of my answers, A 4, A 5, and A 9 of these productions. The purport of Mr. Henry's communications, of which I can find no scroll, may be gathered from those of his unnatural brother.

"D. A correspondence, original and scroll, extending over a period of three years till January of the current year, between the said Mr of Ballantrae and —— ——, Under Secretary of State; twenty-seven in all. *Nota:* found among the Master's papers."

Weary as I was with watching and distress of mind, it was impossible for me to sleep. All night long, I walked in my chamber, revolving what should be the issue and sometimes repenting the temerity of my immixture in affairs so private; and with the first peep of the morning I was at the sick-room door. Mrs. Henry had thrown open the shutters and even the window, for the temperature was mild. She looked steadfastly before her; where was nothing to see, or only the blue of the morning creeping among woods. Upon the stir of my entrance, she did not so much as turn about her face: a circumstance from which I augured very ill.

"Madam," I began; and then again, "Madam;" but could make no more of it. Nor yet did Mrs. Henry come to my assistance with a word. In this pass I began gathering up the papers where they lay scattered on the table; and the first thing that struck me, their bulk appeared to have diminished. Once I ran them through, and twice; but the correspondence with the Secretary of State, on which I had reckoned so much against the future, was nowhere to be found. I looked in the chimney; amid the smouldering embers, black ashes of paper fluttered in the draught; and at that my timidity vanished.

"Good God, madam," cried I, in a voice not fitting for a sick-room, "Good God, madam, what have you done with my papers?"

"I have burned them," said Mrs. Henry, turning about. "It is enough, it is too much, that you and I have seen them."

"This is a fine night's work that you have done?" cried I. "And all to save the reputation of a man that ate bread by the shedding of his comrades' blood, as I do by the shedding ink."

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"To save the reputation of that family in which you are a servant, Mr. Mackellar," she returned, "and for which you have already done so much."

"It is a family I will not serve much longer," I cried, "for I am driven desperate. You have stricken the sword out of my hands; you have left us all defenceless. I had always these letters I could shake over his head; and now—what is to do? We are so falsely situate, we dare not show the man the door; the country would fly on fire against us; and I had this one hold upon him—and now it is gone—now he may come back to-morrow, and we must all sit down with him to dinner, go for a stroll with him on the terrace, or take a hand at cards, of all things, to divert his leisure! No, madam; God forgive you, if he can find it in his heart, for I cannot find it in mine."

"I wonder to find you so simple, Mr. Mackellar," said Mrs. Henry. "What does this man value reputation? But he knows how high we prize it; he knows we would rather die than make these letters public; and do you suppose he would not trade upon the knowledge? What you call your sword, Mr. Mackellar, and which had been one indeed against a man of any remnant of propriety, would have been but a sword of paper against him. He would smile in your face at such a threat. He stands upon his degradation, he makes that his strength; it is in vain to struggle with such characters." She cried out this last a little desperately, and then with more quiet: "No, Mr. Mackellar, I have thought upon this matter all night, and there is no way out of it. Papers or no papers, the door of this house stands open for him; he is the rightful heir, forsooth! If we sought to exclude him, all would redound against poor Henry, and I should see him stoned again upon the streets. Ah! if Henry dies, it is a different matter! They have broke the entail for their own good purposes; the estate goes to my daughter; and I shall see who sets a foot upon it. But if Henry lives, my poor Mr. Mackellar, and that man returns, we must suffer: only this time, it will be together."

On the whole, I was well pleased with Mrs. Henry's attitude of mind; nor could I even deny there was some cogency in that which she advanced about the papers.

"Let us say no more about it," said I. "I can only be sorry I trusted a lady with the originals, which was an unbusinesslike proceeding at the best. As for what I said of leaving the service of the family, it was spoken with the tongue only; and you may set your mind at rest. I belong to Durrisdeer, Mrs. Henry, as if I had been born there."

I must do her the justice to say she seemed perfectly relieved; so that we began this morning, as we were to continue for so many years, on a proper ground of mutual indulgence and respect.

The same day, which was certainly prededicate to joy, we observed the first signal of recovery in Mr. Henry; and about three of the following afternoon, he found his mind again, recognizing me by name with the strongest evidences of affection. Mrs. Henry was also in the room, at the bed foot; but it did not appear that he observed her. And indeed (the fever being gone) he was so weak that he made but the one effort and sank again into a lethargy. The course of his restoration was now slow but equal; every day, his appetite improved; every week, we were able to remark an increase both of strength and flesh; and before the end of the month, he was out of bed and had even begun to be carried in his chair upon the terrace.

It was perhaps at this time that Mrs. Henry and I were the most uneasy in mind. Apprehension for his days was at an end; and a worse fear succeeded. Every day we drew consciously nearer to a day of reckoning; and the days passed on, and still there was nothing. Mr. Henry bettered in strength, he held long talks with us on a great diversity of subjects, his father came and sat with him and went again; and still there was no reference to the late tragedy or to the former troubles which had brought it on. Did he remember, and conceal his dreadful knowledge? or was the whole blotted from his mind? this was the problem that kept us watching and trembling all day when

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we were in his company, and held us awake at night when we were in our lonely beds. We knew not even which alternative to hope for, both appearing so unnatural and pointing so directly to an unsound brain. Once this fear offered, I observed his conduct with sedulous particularity. Something of the child he exhibited: a cheerfulness quite foreign to his previous character, an interest readily aroused, and then very tenacious, in small matters which he had heretofore despised. When he was stricken down, I was his only confidant, and I may say his only friend, and he was on terms of division with his wife; upon his recovery, all was changed, the past forgotten, the wife first and even single in his thoughts. He turned to her with all his emotions like a child to its mother, and seemed secure of sympathy; called her in all his needs with something of that querulous familiarity that marks a certainty of indulgence; and I must say, in justice to the woman, he was never disappointed. To her, indeed, this changed behavior was inexpressibly affecting; and I think she felt it secretly as a reproach; so that I have seen her, in early days, escape out of the room that she might indulge herself in weeping. But to me, the change appeared not natural; and viewing it along with all the rest, I began to wonder, with many headshakings, whether his reason were perfectly erect.

As this doubt stretched over many years, endured indeed until my master's death, and clouded all our subsequent relations, I may as well consider of it more at large. When he was able to resume some charge of his affairs, I had many opportunities to try him with precision. There was no lack of understanding, nor yet of authority; but the old continuous interest had quite departed; he grew readily fatigued and fell to yawning; and he carried into money relations, where it is certainly out of place, a facility that bordered upon slackness. True, since we had no longer the exactions of the Master to contend against, there was the less occasion to raise strictness into principle or do battle for a farthing. True again, there was nothing excessive in these relaxations, or I would have been no party to them. But the whole thing marked a change, very slight yet very perceptible; and though no man could say my master had gone at all out of his mind, no man could deny that he had drifted from his character. It was the same to the end, with his manner and appearance. Some of the heat of the fever lingered in his veins: his movements a little hurried, his speech notably more voluble, yet neither truly amiss. His whole mind stood open to happy impressions, welcoming these and making much of them; but the smallest suggestion of trouble or sorrow he received with visible impatience and dismissed again with immediate relief. It was to this tenor that he owed the felicity of his later days; and yet here it was, if anywhere, that you could call the man insane. A great part of life consists in contemplating what we cannot cure; but Mr. Henry, if he could not dismiss solicitude by an effort of the mind, must instantly and at whatever cost annihilate the cause of it; so that he played alternately the ostrich and the bull. It is to this strenuous cowardice of pain that I have to set down all the unfortunate and excessive steps of his subsequent career. Certainly this was the reason of his beating McManus, the groom, a thing so much out of all his former practice and which awakened so much comment at the time. It is to this, again, that I must lay the total loss of near upon two hundred pounds, more than the half of which I could have saved if his impatience would have suffered me. But he preferred loss or any desperate extreme to a continuance of mental suffering.

All this has led me far from our immediate trouble: whether he remembered or had forgotten his late dreadful act; and if he remembered, in what light he viewed it. The truth burst upon us suddenly, and was indeed one of the chief surprises of my life. He had been several times abroad, and was now beginning to walk a little with an arm, when it chanced I should be left alone with him upon the terrace. He turned to me with a singular furtive smile, such as schoolboys use when in fault; and says he, in a private whisper and without

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the least preface: "Where have you buried him?"

I could not make one sound in answer.

"Where have you buried him?" he repeated. "I want to see his grave."

I conceived I had best take the bull by the horns. "Mr. Henry," said I, "I have news to give that will rejoice you exceedingly. In all human likelihood, your hands are clear of blood. I reason from certain indices; and by these it should appear your brother was not dead but was carried in a swound on board the lugger. By now, he may be perfectly recovered."

What there was in his countenance, I could not read. "James?" he asked.

"Your brother James," I answered. "I would not raise a hope that may be found deceptive; but in my heart, I think it very probable he is alive."

"Ah!" says Mr. Henry; and suddenly rising from his seat with more alacrity than he had yet discovered, set one finger on my breast, and cried at me in a kind of screaming whisper, "Mackellar" —these were his words—"nothing can kill that man. He is not mortal. He is bound upon my back to all eternity—to all God's eternity!" says he, and sitting down again, fell upon a stubborn silence.

A day or two after, with the same secret smile, and first looking about as if to be sure we were alone, "Mackellar," said he, "when you have any intelligence, be sure and let me know. We must keep an eye upon him, or he will take us when we least expect."

"He will not show face here again," said I.

"Oh yes, he will," said Mr. Henry. "Wherever I am there will he be." And again he looked all about him.

"You must not dwell upon this thought, Mr. Henry," said I.

"No," said he, "that is a very good advice. We will never think of it, except when you have news. And we do not know yet," he added: "he may be dead."

The manner of his saying this convinced me thoroughly of what I had scarce ventured to suspect: that so far from suffering any penitence for the attempt, he did but lament his failure. This was a discovery I kept to myself, fearing it might do him a prejudice with his wife. But I might have saved myself the trouble; she had divined it for herself, and found the sentiment quite natural. Indeed I could not but say that there were three of us all of the same mind; nor could any news have reached Durrisdeer more generally welcome than tidings of the Master's death.

This brings me to speak of the exception, my old lord. As soon as my anxiety for my own master began to be relaxed, I was aware of a change in the old gentleman, his father, that seemed to threaten mortal consequences. His face was pale and swollen; as he sat in the chimneyside with his Latin, he would drop off sleeping and the book roll in the ashes; some days he would drag his foot, others stumble in speaking. The amenity of his behavior appeared more extreme; full of excuses for the least trouble, very thoughtful for all; to myself of a most flattering civility. One day, that he had sent for his lawyer and remained a long while private, he met me as he was crossing the hall with painful footsteps, and took me kindly by the hand. "Mr. Mackellar," said he, "I have had many occasions to set a proper value on your services; and to-day, when I recast my will, I have taken the freedom to name you for one of my executors. I believe you bear love enough to our house to render me this service?" At that very time he passed the greater portion of his days in slumber, from which it was often difficult to rouse him; seemed to have lost all count of years and had several times (particularly on waking) called for his wife and for an old servant whose very gravestone was now green with moss. If I had been put to my oath, I must have declared he was incapable of testing; and yet there was never a will drawn more sensible in every trait, or showing a more excellent judgment both of persons and affairs.

His dissolution, though it took not very long, proceeded by infinitesimal gradations. His faculties decayed together steadily; the power of his limbs was almost gone, he was extremely deaf, his speech had sunk into mere mumblings; and yet to the end he managed to discover something of his former

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courtesy and kindness, pressing the hand of any that helped him, presenting me with one of his Latin books in which he had laboriously traced my name, and in a thousand ways reminding us of the greatness of that loss which it might almost be said we had already suffered. To the end, the power of articulation returned to him in flashes; it seemed he had only forgotten the art of speech as a child forgets his lesson, and at times he would call some part of it to mind. On the last night of his life, he suddenly broke silence with these words from Virgil: "Gratique patrisque, alma, precar, miserere," perfectly uttered and with a fitting accent. At the sudden clear sound of it, we started from our several occupations; but it was in vain we turned to him; he sat there silent and to all appearance fatuous. A little later, he was had to bed with more difficulty than ever before; and some time in the night, without any mortal violence, his spirit fled.

At a far later period, I chanced to speak of these particulars with a doctor of medicine, a man of so high a reputation that I scruple to adduce his name. By his view of it, father and son both suffered from the same affection: the father from the strain of his unnatural sorrows, the son more likely in the excitation of the fever, each had ruptured a vessel on the brain; and there was probably (my doctor added) some predisposition in the family to accidents of that description. The father sank, the son recovered all the externals of a healthy man; but it is like there was some destruction in those delicate tissues where the soul resides and does her earthly business; her heavenly, I would fain hope, cannot be thus obstructed by material accidents. And yet, upon a more mature opinion, it matters not one jot; for he who shall pass judgment on the records of our life is the same that formed us in frailty.

The death of my old lord was the occasion of a fresh surprise to us who watched the behavior of his successor. To any considering mind, the two sons had between them slain their father; and he who took the sword might be even said to have slain him with his hand. But no such thought appeared to trouble my new lord. He was becomingly grave; I could scarce say sorrowful, or only with a pleasant sorrow; talking of the dead with a regretful cheerfulness, relating old examples of his character, smiling at them with a good conscience; and when the day of the funeral came round, doing the honors with exact propriety. I could perceive, besides, that he found a solid gratification in his accession to the title; the which he was punctilious in exacting.

And now there came upon the scene a new character, and one that played his part too in the story: I mean the present lord, Alexander, whose birth (17th July, 1757) filled the cup of my poor master's happiness. There was nothing then left for him to wish for; nor yet leisure to wish for it. Indeed, there never was a parent so fond and doting as he showed himself. He was continually uneasy in his son's absence. Was the child abroad? the father would be watching the clouds in case it rained. Was it night? he would rise out of his bed to observe its slumbers. His conversation grew even wearyful to strangers, since he talked of little but his son. In matters relating to the estate, all was designed with a particular eye to Alexander; and it would be:—"Let us put it in hand at once, that the wood may be grown against Alexander's majority;" or "This will fall in again handsomely for Alexander's marriage." Every day this absorption of the man's nature became more observable, with many touching and some very blameworthy particulars. Soon the child could walk abroad with him, at first on the terrace hand in hand, and afterward at large about the policies; and this grew to my lord's chief occupation. The sound of their two voices (audible a great way off, for they spoke loud) became familiar in the neighborhood; and for my part I found it more agreeable than the sound of birds. It was pretty to see the pair returning full of briars, and the father as flushed and sometimes as bemuddied as the child: for they were equal sharers in all sorts of boyish entertainment, digging in the beach, damming up streams, and what not; and I have seen them gaze through

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a fence at cattle with the same childish contemplation.

The mention of these rambles brings me to a strange scene of which I was a witness. There was one walk I never followed myself without emotion, so often had I gone there upon miserable errands, so much had there befallen against the house of Durrisdeer. But the path lay handy from all points beyond the Muckle Ross; and I was driven, although much against my will, to take my use of it perhaps once in the two months. It befell when Mr. Alexander was of the age of seven or eight, I had some business on the far side in the morning, and entered the shrubbery on my homeward way, about nine of a bright forenoon. It was that time of year when the woods are all in their spring colors, the thorns all in flower, and the birds in the high season of their singing. In contrast to this merriment, the shrubbery was only the more sad and I the more oppressed by its associations. In this situation of spirit, it struck me disagreeably to hear voices a little way in front, and to recognize the tones of my lord and Mr. Alexander. I pushed ahead, and came presently into their view. They stood together in the open space where the duel was, my lord with his hand on his son's shoulder and speaking with some gravity. At least, as he raised his head upon my coming, I thought I could perceive his countenance to lighten.

"Ah," says he, "here comes the good Mackellar. I have just been telling Sandie the story of this place; and how there was a man whom the devil tried to kill, and how near he came to kill the devil instead."

I had thought it strange enough he should bring the child into that scene; that he should actually be discoursing of his act, passed measure. But the worst was yet to come; for he added, turning to his son: "You can ask Mackellar; he was here and saw it."

"Is it true, Mr. Mackellar?" asked the child. "And did you really see the devil?"

"I have not heard the tale," I replied; "and I am in a press of business." So far I said a little sourly, fencing with the embarrassment of the position; and suddenly the bitterness of the past and terror of that scene by candlelight rushed in upon my mind; I bethought me that, for a difference of a second's quickness in parade, the child before me might have never seen the day; and the emotion that always fluttered round my heart in that dark shrubbery burst forth in words. "But so much is true," I cried, "that I have met the devil in these woods and seen him foiled here; blessed be God that he escaped with life—blessed be God that one stone yet stands upon another in the walls of Durrisdeer! and oh, Mr. Alexander, if ever you come by this spot, though it was a hundred years hence and you came with the gayest and the highest in the land, I would step aside and remember a bit prayer."

My lord nodded his head gravely. "Ah," says he, "Mackellar is always in the right. Come, Alexander, take your bonnet off." And with that he uncovered and held out his hand. "O Lord," said he, "I thank thee, and my son thanks thee, for thy manifold great mercies. Let us have peace for a little; defend us from the evil man. Smite him, O Lord, upon the lying mouth!" The last broke out of him like a cry; and at that, whether remembered anger choked his utterance, or whether he perceived this was a singular sort of prayer, at least he came suddenly to a full stop; and after a moment, set back his hat upon his head.

"I think you have forgot a word, my lord," said I. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

"Ah, that is easy saying," said my lord. "That is very easy saying, Mackellar. But for me to forgive?—I think I would cut a very silly figure, if I had the affectation to pretend it."

"The bairn, my lord," said I with some severity, for I thought his expressions little fitted for the ears of children.

"Why, very true," said he. "This is dull work for a bairn. Let's go nesting."

I forget if it was the same day, but it was soon after, my lord, finding me alone, opened himself a little more on the same head.

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"Mackellar," he said, "I am now a very happy man."

"I think so indeed, my lord," said I, "and the sight of it gives me a light heart."

"There is an obligation in happiness, do you not think so?" says he, musingly.

"I think so indeed," said I, "and one in sorrow too. If we are not here to try to do the best, in my humble opinion, the sooner we are away the better for all parties."

"Ay, but if you were in my shoes, would you forgive him?" asks my lord.

The suddenness of the attack a little gravelled me. "It is a duty laid upon us strictly," said I.

"Hut!" said he. "These are expressions! Do you forgive the man yourself?"

"Well—no!" said I. "God forgive me, I do not."

"Shake hands upon that!" cries my lord, with a kind of jovialty.

"It is an ill sentiment to shake hands upon," said I, "for Christian people. I think I will give you mine on some more evangelical occasion."

This I said smiling a little; but as for my lord, he went from the room laughing aloud.

For my lord's slavery to the child, I can find no expression adequate. He lost himself in that continual thought: business, friends, and wife being all alike forgotten or only remembered with a painful effort, like that of one struggling with a posset. It was most notable in the matter of his wife. Since I had known Durrisdeer, she had been the burthen of his thought and the loadstone of his eyes; and now, she was quite cast out. I have seen him come to the door of a room, look round, and pass my lady over as though she were a dog before the fire:—it would be Alexander he was seeking, and my lady knew it well. I have heard him speak to her so ruggedly that I nearly found it in my heart to intervene: the cause would still be the same, that she had in some way thwarted Alexander. Without doubt this was in the nature of a judgment on my lady. Without doubt, she had the tables turned upon her as only providence can do it; she who had been cold so many years to every mark of tenderness, it was her part now to be neglected: the more praise to her that she played it well.

An odd situation resulted: that we had once more two parties in the house, and that now I was of my lady's. Not that ever I lost the love I bore my master. But, for one thing, he had the less use for my society. For another, I could not but compare the case of Mr. Alexander with that of Miss Katharine; for whom my lord had never found the least attention. And for a third, I was wounded by the change he discovered to his wife, which struck me in the nature of an infidelity. I could not but admire besides the constancy and kindness she displayed. Perhaps her sentiment to my lord, as it had been founded from the first in pity, was that rather of a mother than a wife; perhaps it pleased her (if I may so say) to behold her two children so happy in each other: the more as one had suffered so unjustly in the past. But, for all that, and though I could never trace in her one spark of jealousy, she must fall back for society on poor, neglected Miss Katharine; and I, on my part, came to pass my spare hours more and more with the mother and daughter. It would be easy to make too much of this division, for it was a pleasant family as families go; still the thing existed; whether my lord knew it or not, I am in doubt, I do not think he did, he was bound up so entirely in his son; but the rest of us knew it and (in a manner) suffered from the knowledge.

What troubled us most, however, was the great and growing danger to the child. My lord was his father over again; it was to be feared the son would prove a second Master. Time has proved these fears to have been quite exaggerate. Certainly there is no more worthy gentleman to-day in Scotland than the seventh Lord Durrisdeer. Of my own exodus from his employment, it does not become me to speak, above all in a memorandum written only to justify his father. . . .

[*Editor's Note. Five pages of Mr. Mackellar's MS. are here omitted. I have gathered from their perusal an impres-*

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sion that Mr. Mackellar, in his old age, was rather an exacting servant. Against the seventh Lord Durrisdeer (with whom at any rate, we have no concern) nothing material is alleged.—R. L. S.]

. . . But our fear at the time was lest he should turn out, in the person of his son, a second edition of his brother. My lady had tried to interject some wholesome discipline; she had been glad to give that up, and now looked on with secret dismay; sometimes she even spoke of it by hints; and sometimes when there was brought to her knowledge some monstrous instance of my lord's indulgence, she would betray herself in a gesture or perhaps an exclamation. As for myself, I was haunted by the thought both day and night: not so much for the child's sake as for the father's. The man had gone to sleep, he was dreaming a dream, and any rough wakening must infallibly prove mortal. That he should survive its death was inconceivable; and the fear of its dishonor made me cover my face.

It was this continual preoccupation that screwed me up at last to a remonstrance: a matter worthy to be narrated in detail. My lord and I sat one day at the same table upon some tedious business of detail; I have said that he had lost his former interest in such occupations; he was plainly itching to be gone, and he looked fretful, weary, and methought older than I had ever previously observed. I suppose it was the haggard face that put me suddenly upon my enterprise.

"My lord," said I, with my head down, and feigning to continue my occupation —"or rather let me call you again by the name of Mr. Henry, for I fear your anger and want you to think upon old times——"

"My good Mackellar!" said he, and that in tones so kindly that I had near forsook my purpose. But I called to mind that I was speaking for his good, and stuck to my colors.

"Has it never come in upon your mind what you are doing?" I asked.

"What I am doing?" he repeated, "I was never good at guessing riddles."

"What you are doing with your son," said I.

"Well," said he, with some defiance in his tone, "and what am I doing with my son?"

"Your father was a very good man," says I, straying from the direct path. "But do you think he was a wise father?"

There was a pause before he spoke, and then: "I say nothing against him," he replied. "I had the most cause perhaps; but I say nothing."

"Why, there it is," said I. "You had the cause at least. And yet your father was a good man; I never knew a better, save on the one point, nor yet a wiser. Where he stumbled, it is highly possible another man should fall. He had the two sons——"

My lord rapped suddenly and violently on the table.

"What is this?" cried he. "Speak out!"

"I will, then," said I, my voice almost strangled with the thumping of my heart. "If you continue to indulge Mr. Alexander, you are following in your father's footsteps. Beware, my lord, lest, when he grows up, your son should follow in the Master's."

I had never meant to put the thing so crudely; but in the extreme of fear there comes a brutal kind of courage, the most brutal indeed of all; and I burnt my ships with that plain word. I never had the answer. When I lifted my head, my lord had risen to his feet, and the next moment he fell heavily on the floor. The fit or seizure endured not very long; he came to himself vacantly, put his hand to his head which I was then supporting, and says he, in a broken voice: "I have been ill," and a little after: "Help me up." I got him to his feet, and he stood pretty well, though he kept hold of the table. "I have been ill, Mackellar," he said again. "Something broke, Mackellar— or was going to break, and then all swam away. I think I was very angry. Never you mind, Mackellar, never you mind, my man. I wouldnae hurt a hair upon your head. Too much has come and gone. It's a certain thing between us two. But I think, Mackellar, I will go to Mrs. Henry—I think I will go to Mrs. Henry," said he, and got pretty steadily from the room, leaving me overcome with penitence.

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Presently the door flew open, and my lady swept in with flashing eyes. "What is all this?" she cried. "What have you done to my husband? Will nothing teach you your position in this house? Will you never cease from making and meddling?"

"My lady," said I, "since I have been in this house, I have had plenty of hard words. For a while they were my daily diet, and I swallowed them all. As for to-day, you may call me what you please; you will never find the name hard enough for such a blunder. And yet I meant it for the best."

I told her all with ingenuity, even as it is written here; and when she had heard me out, she pondered, and I could see her animosity fall. "Yes," she said, "you meant well indeed. I have had the same thought myself, or the same temptation rather, which makes me pardon you. But, dear God, can you not understand that he can bear no more? He can bear no more!" she cried, throwing out her arms. "The cord is stretched to snapping. What matters the future, if he have one or two good days?"

"Amen," said I. "I will meddle no more. I am pleased enough that you should recognize the kindness of my meaning."

"Yes," said my lady, "but when it came to the point, I have to suppose your courage failed you; for what you said was said cruelly." She paused, looking at me; then suddenly smiled a little, and said a singular thing: "Do you know what you are, Mr. Mackellar? You are an old maid."

No more incident of any note occurred in the family until the return of that ill-starred man, the Master. But I have to place here a second extract from the memoirs of Chevalier Burke, interesting in itself and highly necessary for my purpose. It is our only sight of the Master on his Indian travels; and the first word in these pages of Secundra Dass. One fact, it is to be observed, appears here very clearly, which if we had known some twenty years ago, how many calamities and sorrows had been spared! — that Secundra Dass spoke English.

ADVENTURE OF CHEVALIER BURKE IN INDIA:

(Extracted from his Memoirs.)

. . . Here was I, therefore, on the streets of that city, the name of which I cannot call to mind, while even then I was so ill acquainted with its situation that I knew not whether to go south or north. The alert being sudden, I had run forth without shoes or stockings; my hat had been struck from my head in the mellay; my kit was in the hands of the English; I had no companion but the cipoye, no weapon but my sword, and the devil a coin in my pocket. In short I was for all the world like one of those calendars with whom Mr. Galland has made us acquainted in his elegant tales. These gentlemen, you will remember, were forever falling in with extraordinary incidents; and I was myself upon the brink of one so astonishing that I protest I cannot explain it to this day.

The cipoye was a very honest man, he had served many years with the French colors, and would have let himself be cut to pieces for any of the brave countrymen of Mr. Lally. It is the same fellow (his name has quite escaped me) of whom I have narrated already a surprising instance of generosity of mind: when he found Mr. de Fessac and myself upon the ramparts, entirely overcome with liquor, and covered us with straw while the commandant was passing by. I consulted him therefore with perfect freedom. It was a fine question what to do; but we decided at last to escalade a garden wall, where we could certainly sleep in the shadow of the trees, and might perhaps find an occasion to get hold of a pair of slippers and a turban. In that part of the city we had only the difficulty of the choice, for it was a quarter consisting entirely of walled gardens, and the lanes which divided them were at that hour of the night deserted. I gave the cipoye a back, and we had soon dropped into a large enclosure full of trees. The place was soaking with the dew which, in that country, is exceedingly unwholesome, above all to whites; yet my fatigue was so extreme that I was already half asleep, when the cipoye recalled me to my senses. In the far end of the enclosure a bright light had

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suddenly shone out, and continued to burn steadily among the leaves. It was a circumstance highly unusual in such a place and hour; and in our situation it behoved us to proceed with some timidity. The cipoye was sent to reconnoitre, and pretty soon returned with the intelligence that we had fallen extremely amiss, for the house belonged to a white man, who was in all likelihood English.

"Faith," says I, "if there is a white man to be seen, I will have a look at him; for, the Lord be praised! there are more sorts than the one!"

The cipoye led me forward accordingly to a place from which I had a clear view upon the house. It was surrounded with a wide verandah; a lamp, very well trimmed, stood upon the floor of it, and on either side of the lamp there sat a man, cross-legged after the oriental manner. Both, besides, were bundled up in muslin like two natives; and yet one of them was not only a white man, but a man very well known to me and the reader: being indeed that very Master of Ballantrae of whose gallantry and genius I have had to speak so often. Word had reached me that he was come to the Indies; but it appeared he kept with the English party, for we had never met and I heard little of his occupations. But sure, I had no sooner recognized him, and found myself in the arms of so old a comrade, than I supposed my tribulations were quite done. I stepped plainly forth into the light of the room, which shone exceeding strong, and hailing Ballantrae by name, made him in a few words master of my grievous situation. He turned, started the least thing in the world, looked me fair in the face while I was speaking, and when I had done, addressed himself to his companion in the barbarous native dialect. The second person, who was of an extraordinary delicate appearance, with legs like walking canes and fingers like the stalk of a tobacco pipe . . . [*Note by Mr. Mackellar;* plainly Secundra Dass.—E. McK.] now rose to his feet.

"The Sahib," says he, "understands no English language. I understand it myself, and I see you make some small mistake—oh, which may happen very often! But the Sahib would be glad to know how you come in a garden."

"Ballantrae!" I cried. "Have you the damned impudence to deny me to my face?"

Ballantrae never moved a muscle, staring at me like an image in a pagoda.

"The Sahib understands no English," says the native, as glib as before. "He will be glad to know how you come in a garden."

"Oh, the divil fetch him!" says I. "He would be glad to know how I come in a garden, would he? Well now, my dear man, just have the civility to tell the Sahib, with my kind love, that we are two soldiers here whom he never met and never heard of, but this cipoye is a broth of a boy, and I am a broth of a boy myself; and if we don't get a full meal of meat, and a turban, and slippers, and the value of a gold mohur in small change as a matter of convenience, bedad, my friend, I could lay my finger on a garden where there is going to be trouble."

They carried their comedy so far as to converse awhile in Hindustanee, and then says the Hindu, with the same smile, but sighing as if he were tired of the repetition: "The Sahib would be glad to know how you come in a garden."

"Is that the way of it?" says I, and laying my hand on my sword-hilt I bade the cipoye draw.

Ballantrae's Hindu, still smiling, pulled out a pistol from his bosom, and though Ballantrae himself never moved a muscle, I knew him well enough to be sure he was prepared.

"The Sahib thinks you better go away," says the Hindu.

Well, to be plain, it was what I was thinking myself; for the report of a pistol would have been, under providence, the means of hanging the pair of us.

"Tell the Sahib, I consider him no gentleman," says I, and turned away with a gesture of contempt.

I was not gone three steps, when the voice of the Hindu called me back. "The Sahib would be glad to know if you are a dam, low Irishman," says he; and at the words Ballantrae smiled and bowed very low.

"What is that?" says I.

"The Sahib say you ask your friend

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Mackellar," says the Hindu. "The Sahib he cry quits."

"Tell the Sahib I will give him a cure for the Scots fiddle when next we meet," cried I.

The pair were still smiling as I left.

There is little doubt some flaws may be picked in my own behavior; and when a man, however gallant, appeals to posterity with an account of his exploits, he must almost certainly expect to share the fate of Cæsar and Alexander, and to meet with some detractors. But there is one thing that can never be laid at the door of Francis Burke: he never turned his back on a friend. . . .

(Here follows a passage which the Chevalier Burke has been at the pains to delete before sending me his manuscript. Doubtless it was some very natural complaint of what he supposed to be an indiscretion on my part; though indeed, I can call none to mind. Perhaps Mr. Henry was less guarded; or it is just possible the Master found the means to examine my correspondence, and himself read the letter from Troyes: in revenge for which this cruel jest was perpetrated on Mr. Burke in his extreme necessity. The Master, for all his wickedness, was not without some natural affection; I believe he was sincerely attached to Mr. Burke in the beginning; but the thought of treachery dried up the springs of his very shallow friendship, and his detestable nature appeared naked.—E. McK.)

NOT STRAND BUT SEA.

By Mrs. Fields.

Upon the storm-swept beach brown broken weeds
Lay scattered far abroad, and as I saw
The wild disordered strand, "Behold the law,"
I cried, "of my sad mind and her dread needs."
But as I wandered there those fruitless seeds
Were trampled by my feet, while quiet lay
My spirit on the waves and joined their play
Round a far rock where safe the sea-bird breeds;
And then I knew, not like the strand forlorn
But like the sea my soul her color drew
From heaven, and all the splendors of the morn
And greater glories that with ripeness grew
Were hers, and hers the calm that evening knew,
And every grace that out of heaven is born.

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THE LACK OF OLD HOMES IN AMERICA.

By Charles Eliot Norton.

"We shall live to see the day," says Holgrave, the artist, in the "House of the Seven Gables," "we shall live to see the day, I trust, when no man shall build his house for posterity." The wish comes little short of fulfilment in America, for we have already lived to see the day when scarcely a man builds his house for his own posterity. If one runs over the list of the persons known to him he finds very few of more than forty years old living in the houses in which they were born. Of the twenty houses built more than fifty years ago nearest my own, only one is lived in by the family by which it was originally occupied, while most of the others have had numerous successive owners or tenants. Of my own friends near my own age there are but two or three anywhere who live in the houses which their fathers occupied before them. This lack of hereditary homes—homes of one family for more than one generation—is a novel and significant feature of American society. In its effect on the disposition of the people and on the quality of our civilization it has not received the attention it deserves.

The conditions which have brought about this state of things are obvious. The spirit of equality, and the practices, especially in regard to the distribution of property, that have resulted from it; the general change in the standards of living arising from the enormous development of the natural resources of the country, and the consequent unexampled diffusion of wealth and material comfort; the rapid settlement of our immense territory, and the astonishing growth of our old as well as of our new cities, have been unfavorable to the existence of the hereditary home.

There is scarcely a town in the long-settled parts of the Northern States from which a considerable portion of its people has not gone out in the course of the past fifty years to seek residence elsewhere. Attachment to the native soil, affection for the home of one's youth, the claims of kindred, the bonds of social duty, have not proved strong enough to resist the allurements of hope, the fair promise of bettering fortune, and the love of adventure. The increasing ease and the vast extension of means of communication between distant parts of the country have promoted the movement of the population. The railroad has been like a stream with a steady current bearing boat-load after boat-load of adventurers. The active employments, the animated life, and high wages of manufacturing towns have competed with the more fertile fields of the West to depopulate the quiet villages of New England.

Moreover, while new cities in the West have been building, the old cities on the seaboard have been rebuilding. In Boston and New York, for example, scarcely a house remains that was a home at the beginning of the century, and of the few of this sort that may still exist very few, if any, are occupied by persons of the same social position, and hardly a single one by persons of the same family that dwelt in it fifty years ago. In the country districts possession has been somewhat more stable. Here and there a home has been handed down from father to son since the land was first settled. But a majority of the farms in the older Northern States has changed hands in the course of the last two generations.

> Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva;
> Nos patriam fugimus.

In the older Southern States, in Virginia and South Carolina, owing to the character of their social institutions, hereditary estates have been more common than at the North. The influences tending to change were less strong. But the spirit of the time was already, before the war, beginning to break the continuity of succession, and the new social order that has come into existence since the emancipation of the slaves

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is less favorable than the old to the transmission of a home from generation to generation.

So it has come to pass that the American is a marvel who lives as an old man in the house in which he was born, who inherits and transmits hereditary acres, who, like Claudian's Old Man of Verona,

A neighboring wood born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees,

and who closes his eyes at the end of life on the same landscape which they beheld when they first opened.

Since the days of the great wanderings of the nations there has been nothing like the movement of migration from Europe to America, and the shifting of residence of the American people during the last fifty years. The mixture of new elements in the population and the habit of change and transiency of abode have not only affected the aspect of the land, giving to the landscape, so far as it is shaped by man, a different character from that which it assumes in countries where the population is more stable, but they have affected still more the nature of the people themselves, their relations to each other, their associations, their attachments, their sympathies, and their imaginations.

In the older parts of the country, the pleasant, old-fashioned virtue of neighborliness does not flourish as it once did. Railroads and other modern improvements have weakened the bonds that used to unite men in a genuine community. The village, in becoming more dependent on the city, has lost in self-reliance, in interest to its own people, and in local pride. Trades have died out one after another, and with their extinction the cheerful spirit of self-dependence and of confidence in the combined resources of the community had declined; local relations, local news have lost importance, the neighborhood has lost individuality of character. The railroad train brings the city newspaper and the outer world, opens the way to a larger, less concentrated, less friendly and domestic life; it brings strangers, it carries away neighbors, it empties homes.

But the city suffers from this instability of residence no less than the village. The misgovernment of our great cities is due largely to the facts that a comparatively small part of their inhabitants are native to them, that a great portion of their inhabitants are but temporary residents in them, and that of their permanent residents the greater part have in the course of a lifetime changed their abodes. The sense in the individual of responsibility for the good of the community is weakened by the constant shifting and alteration of its members. A man naturally takes less interest in the affairs that concern the welfare of comparative strangers than in those which affect his friends; and naturally cares less for the welfare of a community of which he is a mere transient member than of one to which he is bound for life, and with whose past and future he is united by indissoluble ties. New York is a city of strangers to each other, without common traditions or controlling common interests. So vast an aggregation of men with so few of the elements of a true community has never before been seen. In such a city the social sentiment is feeble, and its part is largely taken by the mere sense of the necessity of maintaining the institutions requisite for the defence of material interests. Civic pride, one of the most powerful motives in the history of the progress of civilization, has lost its force among us. Such an inscription, full of feeling not less tender than proud, as that which may be read to-day on the front of one of the most beautiful of the Renaissance palaces of Venice, *Genio urbis Joannes Darius*, "John Dario to the Genius of his city," would excite a smile if read on the mansion of a Stewart or a Vanderbilt. Venice was an inspiration to great deeds and to noble life for her citizens; so were Florence and Pisa and Siena, Nuremberg and Augsburg. Men not only knew each other, but knew who had been each other's father and grandfathers; their lives were bound up together; they had common traditions, common interests and hopes, common loves and hates. The "floater," with all that the name implies, was unknown.

Sempre la confusion delle persone
Principio fu del mal della cittade.

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"Ever the confused mixture of the people has been the source of harm to cities."

But the public and general evil resulting from the confusion and instability of the citizens is not so marked, is not, perhaps, so great a hinderance to the development of a high type of civilization, as the pervasive influence of the fact that, throughout the land, the home in its real sense, as the continuous, hereditary residence of a family, has become scarce, and is becoming scarcer.

No human life is complete in itself; it is but a link, however individual in its form, however different from every other, in a chain reaching back indefinitely into the past, reaching forward indefinitely into the future. Whatever weakens the sense of its linked relation is an evil. To strengthen its connection in both directions, to quicken the electric current of conscious existence conveyed from the past through the present to the future, is to increase the vital power of the individual, his sense of dignity, and of responsibility. To the future every man owes the immeasurable debt for which he stands indebted to the past. Whatever lessens the force and volume of the current of transmitted life lessens the energy and saps the main source of moral being. To maintain in full vigor the sense of the dependence of the individual life upon the past, more is needed than a mere intellectual recognition of the fact. Such is the frailty of our nature that our principles require to be supported by sentiment, and our sentiments draw nourishment from material things, from visible memorials, from familiar objects to which affection may cling. And it is this nourishment that the true home supplies. Sentiments need time for their growth. "If men," says Wordsworth, in a letter written in 1802, "are proprietors of small estates that have descended to them from their ancestors, the power which the domestic affections will acquire amongst them is inconceivable by those who have only had an opportunity of observing hired labourers and the manufacturing poor. This little tract of land serves as a kind of rallying point for their domestic feelings, as a tablet on which they are written, which makes them objects of memory in a thousand instances when they would otherwise be forgotten. It is a fountain fitted to the nature of social man, from which supplies of affection as pure as his heart was intended for are daily drawn."

An old home acquires power over the heart with course of time; it comes by degrees to touch the imagination with a sense of life inherent in itself. Its timbers are not dead wood. As the vibrations of the music constrain the fibres of the violin till, year by year, it gives forth a fuller and deeper tone, so the vibrations of life as generations go by shape the walls of a home into a responsive accord with the human experience that goes on within them. Birth and death, joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment—all that men endure and enjoy, give to it a constantly increasing sanctity, and a power to affect the hearts of those who dwell within it. Memory awakes imagination. Each generation has set its stamp upon the home, in some change, some improvement. The lapse of years alone makes it venerable, but if a succession of kindly, humane, and loving men and women have dwelt in it, it becomes the memorial of happiness and an incentive to excellence. The older it is the sweeter and richer garden does it become of human charities and affections.

In our country, barren as it is of historic objects that appeal to the imagination and arouse the poetic associations that give depth and charm to life, such a home is even more precious than in lands where works abound that recall the past by transmitting its image to our eyes. And yet we of all people seem to care least for an old home. Most of us seem to agree with Hawthorne, that "a lodging in a wigwam or under a tent has really as many advantages when we come to know them as a home beneath the roof-tree of Charlecote Hall." But it was the shadow not the sunlight of the past by which Hawthorne's sensitive nature was mainly impressed. Its ponderous gloom, the myriads of dead hopes that lay buried in it, the weight, too heavy to lift, of care passed on from father to son, the hereditary tendency to evil, the taint of guilt—all these oppressed him, and

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made him dread the influence of an old home, and wish that each generation should build its own transient shelter unhampered and unwarped by memory and tradition.

Whether we share Hawthorne's feeling, or hold to the more healthy and sustaining conception of the preponderance of good in the influences of the past, of the preciousness of its gifts, and of the need to the best within us of keeping fresh and strong our sense of relation to it, it is plain that no people have less to dread than we of the transmission from it of what may be evil, or have less desire to preserve of it what might be good. *Alla giornata*, "For the day," is our creed, and we tear down our father's house, and sell our grandfather's orchard, and expect our heirs to treat in the same way the house that we build and the orchard which we plant.

But there are advantages belonging to Charlecote Hall which do not attach to the wigwam or the tent. It was of the trees of Charlecote itself that Irving wrote that "their size bespoke the growth of centuries," while "they betoken also the long-settled dignity of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that 'money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks.'" "The commodiousness of money," says Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey to the Western Islands," "is indeed great; but there are some advantages which money cannot buy, and which therefore no wise man will by the love of money be tempted to forego." It can buy the finest of new houses indeed, but it cannot buy the associations and memories that belong to an old home, associations and memories by which life is elevated and enriched, any more than it can build suddenly an avenue of oaks. And these unpurchasable treasures are not the appanage of wealth. The cottage may be as venerable as the hall. "The common features of English landscape," I cite from Irving again, "evince a calm and settled security, an hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues, and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation." The landscape in America nowhere bears a like witness to the domestic virtues of the people, to its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The effect of the restlessness of American life tells upon the land itself, and the landscape even in the older parts of the country is apt to reflect the lack of tranquillity and of local attachments in the people. Seldom is it pervaded by the sense of repose and sheltered quiet. Everywhere the new supplants the old, and the present effaces the past.

This characteristic of our civilization is a novel thing in history, and the results of the moral dispositions which it indicates are not to be easily foretold. Certain effects of it are, however, already plain. The latest foreign student of our conditions, and the one who has been most impressed by their brilliant aspects, Mr. Bryce, remarks that the one serious drawback, "the only one," he says, to the pleasantness of American life is its uniformity; "in the ideas of men and women, their fundamental beliefs and superficial tastes, their methods of thinking and fashions of talking," he finds, "the similarity of type over the country is surprising." The fact has been often remarked upon. But neither Mr. Bryce nor any other observer, so far as I know, has noticed that this similarity is greatly enhanced by the almost universal newness of the homes of the people, and by the general destruction of the homes of the past generations. Boston is in its aspect as new as Chicago, and a large part of New York is as fresh as Kansas City. Such newness is equivalent to uniformity. It does not mean merely that the great majority of the houses in one city are of the same type in construction and decoration, but that the houses of a hundred cities are alike. If the genius of the lamp were employed in transporting in a night twenty houses from twenty cities, east and west, and in placing them side by side in a block, there would be no incongruity in their juxtaposition. They would be alike in their exterior aspect, and not less alike in their interior disposition and furniture. They would offer a dull level of uniformity, and the dwellers within them

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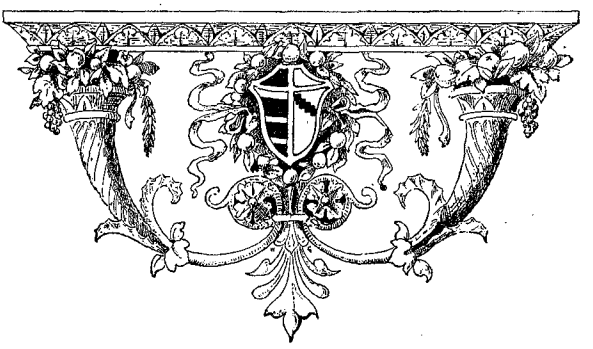
would be as indistinguishable as the dwellings themselves. It is no wonder that Mr. Bryce should declare that the monotony of the American town "haunts one like a nightmare," and that "in pacing their busy streets and admiring their handsome city-halls and churches one's heart sinks at the feeling that nothing historically interesting ever has happened here, perhaps ever will happen."

The time is still far distant before the influences which have made the American restless and home-changing will lose their force, and their effect upon national character grows stronger with each generation that is exposed to them. They tend not only to produce uniformity and monotony, but to weaken the force of other influences of a different order that have been among the most powerful in shaping the moral nature of the English race. Sentiments which have been among the most sacred and the most deeply rooted in the hearts of our forefathers, sentiments which have been the steadiest supports of virtue, and sources of the purest joys, have lost their hold on our lives, for they only flourish where their roots can strike deep into the past. Never has there been seen on the face of the world such a multitude of new houses, comfortable, convenient, excellent for the passing day; but in no civilized country are there so few old homes.



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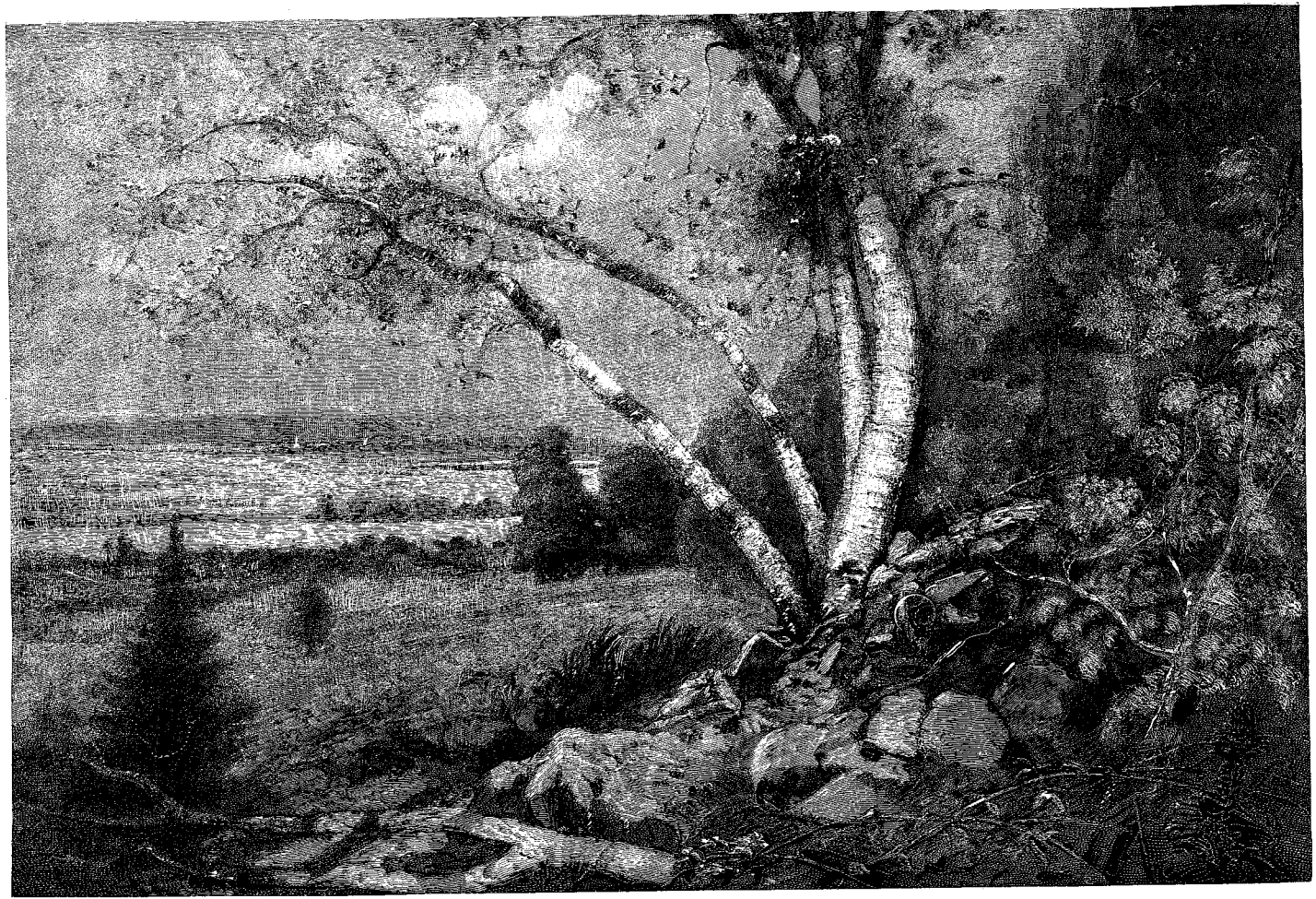

"Wheat-field and Pasture Stretch in Sight."—*Vespers*, p. 684.

Drawn and engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

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